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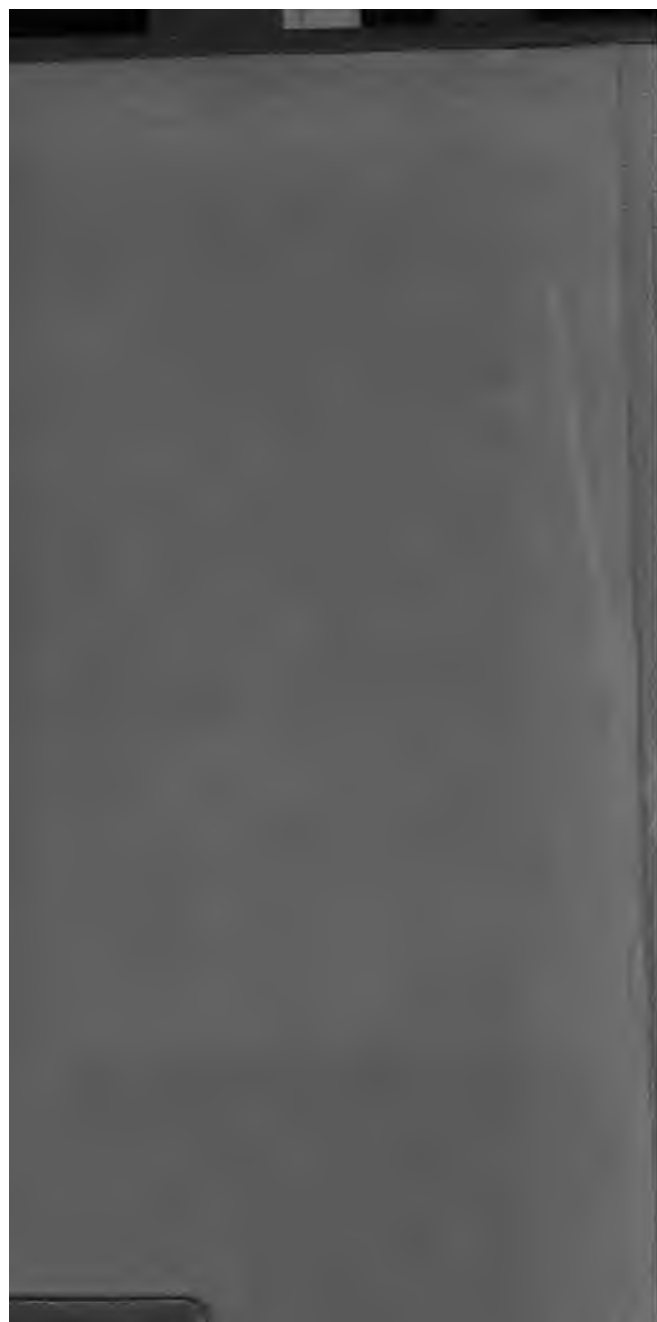
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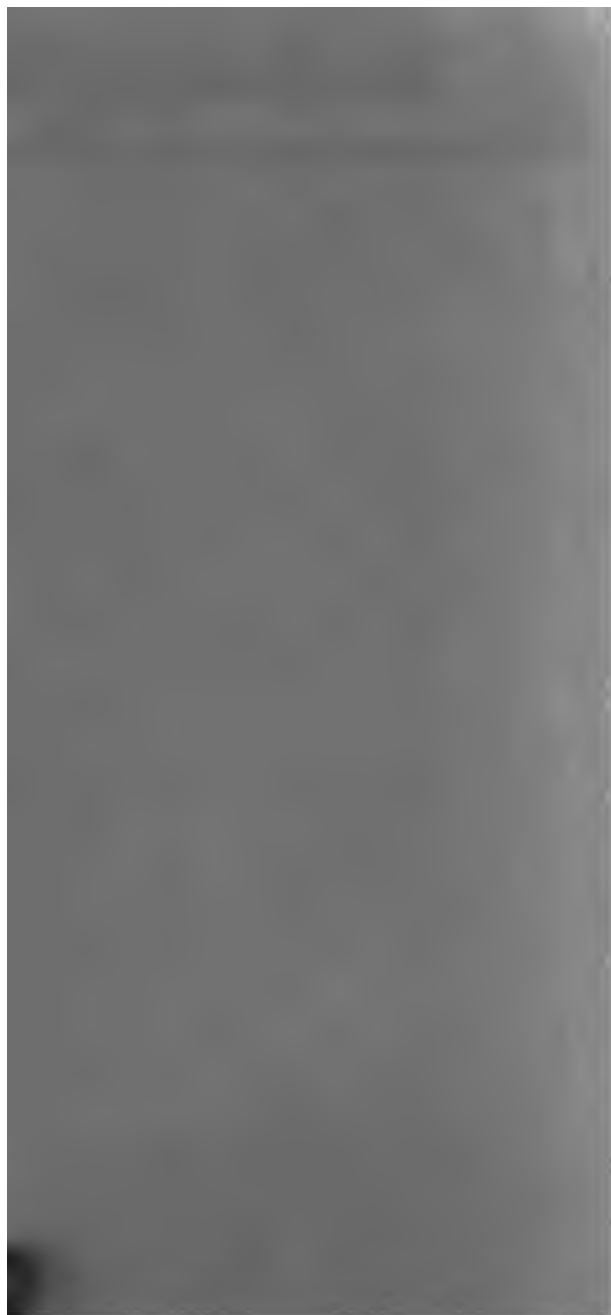
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ACCRENT SORCS,

FROM THE TIME OF
KING HENRY THE THIRD,

TO THE
REVOLUTION,



— CALAMIS ACRESTIBUS INSONAT ILLE,
BARBARICOQUE MIDAN —
CARMINE DELINIT. —

OVID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JOHNSON, in St. Pauls Church Yard,
M DCC XC.

WROTE
TO
THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favorable attention which the public has constantly shewn to works illustrating the history, the poetry, the language, the manners, or the amusements of their ancestors, and particularly to such as have professed to give any of the remains of their lyric compositions, has induced the Editor of the present volume to communicate a small but genuine collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads, which his attachment to the subject had occasionally led him to form.

The reader must not expect to find, among the pieces here preserved, either the interesting fable, or the romantic wildness of a late elegant publication. But, in whatever light they may exhibit the lyric powers of our ancient Bards, they will at least have the recommendation of evident and indisputable authenticity: the sources from which they have been derived will be faithfully referred to, and are, in general, public and accessible.

The **ESSAYS** prefixed to the collection, and the **NOTES** with which it is accompanied, will be found to contain some little information, of which every one may not be already possessed, and which may serve to amuse at least if it fail to interest.

A **GLOSSARY** is subjoined, which the Editor regrets his inability to render more perfect. Without other assistance, however, than what is to be scantily gleaned from a few printed books, he thinks he has a claim to the indulgence of the more critical reader; and they who have laboured in the same field, he is persuaded, will be the most ready to afford it.

ABBRE-

A B B R E V I A T I O N S

used in the following work.

xps	Christus
er.	er.
es, is, s.	es, is, s.
(above a letter) i, ri.	(above a letter) i, ri.
per.	per.
(over a letter) m. n.	(over a letter) m. n.
re, ri, r.	re, ri, r.
th.	th.
us, es, s.	us, es, s.

* * * The indiscriminate use made of the two characters þ and p may to those who have not paid much attention to ancient MSS. be apt to appear improper. But it is to be observed, that although previously to the fourteenth century, the *th* is generally found written with the þ, yet even before that period, the p had begun to be used in its place, which it afterward constantly is: this latter character being rarely in use for the *w* after the Conquest (unless where the language or character was entirely Saxon); and being, on such occasions, frequently distinguished by a dot.

The Reader is desired to make the following

C O R R E C T I O N S.

Page 10. v.	115. for <i>on</i> read <i>tu</i> .
— 101. v.	9. and p. 102. v. 24. make the <i>comma</i> a <i>period</i> .
— 103. v.	9. dele the <i>femicolon</i> .
— 108. v.	8. make the <i>femicolon</i> a <i>period</i> .
— 118. v.	15. make the <i>period</i> a <i>comma</i> .
— 206. l.	4. for <i>Newbury</i> read <i>Newborough</i> .
— 322. l.	19. dele <i>noble</i> ; and l. 20. the note of interrogation.
— 326. l.	31. adde <i>cease</i> .
— 331. l.	11. for <i>Chester</i> read <i>Gbichester</i> .

O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE

ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

I. **T**HE Minstrels, by a learned, ingenious, and elegant writer, whom there will be frequent occasion to quote, are described to be “an order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing; who appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainments; whom these arts rendered extremely popular and acceptable, in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and, where so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit (1).” This is certainly a fine, and possibly an unflattering description of a set of men, who unquestionably existed and flourished in France for several centuries, and whom several ingenious writers have contributed to render famous. Num-

(1) Percy, Essay on the Ancient English Minstrels (prefixed to Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. I.) p. xix. All the passages distinguished by double commas, to which there is no particular reference, will be found in the Essay.

bers of these, no doubt, owing to the free intercourse between this country and the continent, so long as the English monarchs retained any of their Norman territories, were constantly flocking to their court and to the castles of their barons, where it may be easily believed they would experience the most favorable reception. They were still French, however; and it is to be remembered, that if this language were not the only, it was at least the usual one, spoken by the English monarchs and great men for several centuries after the conquest; a fact which, if not notorious, must be evident to every person in any degree conversant with the history of those times. If therefore, by "Ancient English Minstrels," we are to understand a body of our own countrymen who united the arts of poetry and music, and got their livelihood by fingering verses to the harp of their own composing in their native tongue, who were well known to the Saxons, "continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest," and were hospitably and respectfully received at the houses of the great, all the facts, anecdotes and other circumstances which have been collected relative to the Provençal Troubadours or Norman Minstrels, however numerous or authentic, are totally foreign to the subject; and do not even prove the mere existence of the character supposed.

The incidents referred by the above learned writer to the times and manners of the Anglo-Saxons, though probably nothing more than the fictions of romance (2), do

(2) The story of Alfred and Anlaf (Essay, p. xxv.) are evidently the same with that of Colgrin (p. xxiv.) That the fables of Arthur were popular before Geoffrey of Monmouth published his British History, seems evident, both from Alfred of Beverley (*Annales*, p. 2.) and from Geoffrey himself, who says, the actions of Arthur, and the kings who lived here before the incarnation of Christ, were celebrated by many people in a pleasant manner, and by heart, as if they had been written. These pleasures were in all probability parts of some French Romance, of which Geoffrey had got a prose translation.

not

not seem to require examination; since, allowing the facts themselves, they by no means affect the question proposed to be here considered, which is, Whether at any time, since the Norman Conquest, there has existed a distinct order of English men, who united the arts of poetry and music, and got their livelihood by singing to the harp verses in their native tongue of their own composing? And if the elucidation of an obscure and interesting subject, or the attainment of just and distinct ideas of ancient characters and manners, be an object of any consequence, the discussion of this question will not be impertinent or useless.

It is admitted that no "very particular fact concerning the Minstrels," is to be met with till we come down to the reign of Richard the First; "and under him their profession seems to have revived with additional splendour." This monarch, "who was the great restorer and hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of poets and minstrels: he was himself of their number, and some of his verses are still extant." These verses, however, we find to be all in French or Provençal; but still "the distinction which Richard shewed to men of this profession, although his favours were chiefly heaped upon foreigners, could not but recommend the profession itself among his own subjects; and therefore we may conclude that English Minstrelsy would, in a peculiar manner, flourish in his time." It should however seem altogether as just and natural a conclusion from the premises, that since he cannot be discovered in a single instance to have shewn his favours to any but foreigners, English Minstrelsy did not in his time flourish at all.

The adventure of this king and his Norman Minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, so elegantly dramatized by M. Sedaine, whatever honour it may be thought to confer upon poets or their art, certainly makes nothing in favour of the English Minstrels, whose existence is still left undecided.

v OBSERVATIONS ON

The next memorable event which is found in history concerning the Minstrels, and is "much to their credit," was their rescuing one of the great earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. "This happened in the reign of king John (3), and is related as follows:

"Hugh the first earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection caused multitudes of loose and disorderly people to resort to that fair; which afterwards proved of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph, the last Earl of Chester [of that name], marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan, or Rhuydland; in which he was straightly besieged by the Welsh. Finding himself hard pressed, he contrived to give notice of his danger to LORD Roger (or John) de Lacy, Constable of Chester, who, making use of the MINSTRELS then assembled at Chester fair: These men, LIKE SO MANY TYRTÆUS'S, BY THEIR MUSIC AND THEIR SONGS SO ALLURED AND INSPIRED the multitudes of loose and lawless persons then brought together, that they resolutely marched against the Welsh: Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was steward to Lacy, putting himself at their head. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

"For this good service, Ranulph granted to the Lacies, by charter, a peculiar patronage *over men of this sort*: who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs. And the MINSTRELS, his assistants, enjoyed for many ages pe-

(3) "Vid. Dugdale, (Baronage, vol. 1. p. 42. 101.) who places it after the 13th year of K. Joh. Anno Dom. 1212.— See also Camden's Britannia, Plott's Staffordsh. &c."

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earlier honours and privileges under the descendants of that family."

The above relation is in the Essay marked with double commas, as a quotation, but the only reference to any authority is that indirectly made in the note; and it is certain, that the writers, there mentioned, give little countenance to a remarkable passage, introduced, it should seem, by the learned essayist, to serve the purpose of an hypothesis, which, by this time perhaps, he begun to perceive would need more support than any author ancient or modern was ready to afford.

The story is thus told, by a writer who cannot be suspected of a design to render the actors less respectable than he found them represented.

"This Randle (4), among the many conflicts he had with the Welsh, . . . was distressed by 'them,' and forced to retreat to the castle of Rothelent, in Flintshire, about the reign of king John, where they besieged him: he presently sent to his constable of Cheshire, Roger Lacy, surnamed Hell, for his fierce spirit, that he would come with all speed, and bring what forces he could towards his relief. Roger, having gathered a tumultuous rout of FIDLERS, PLAYERS, COBLERS, DEBAUCHED PERSONS, both men and women, out of the city of Chester (for 'twas then the fair-time in that city), marcheth immediately towards the earl. The Welsh, perceiving a great multitude coming, raised their siege and fled. The earl, coming back with his constable to Chester, gave him power over all the FIDLERS and SHOEMAKERS in Chester, in reward and memory of this service. The constable retained to himself the authority and donation of the SHOEMAKERS, but conferred the authority of the FIDLERS and PLAYERS on his steward, which then was Dutton of Dutton (4*)." The

(4) The Third, surnamed Blundevil, sixth earl of Chester.

(4*) Sir Peter Leycesters Historical Antiquities, p. 147. See also Blounts Ancient Tenures, p. 156.—Sir W. Dugdale only tells us, that the earl in his distress "sent to the constable of Chester for help: who, making use of the *Minstrels of all sorts*, then met at Chester fair, by the allurements of the *music*, got to-

The words of the grant to Dutton are, "*Magisterium omnium LECCATORUM & MERETRICIUM totius Cestresbire, sicut liberius illum magisterium teneo de comite; salvo jure meo mihi & heredibus meis* (5)." No mention is made of Fiddlers or Minstrels; we must therefore presume them to have passed as an appendage or appurtenance to the whores and lechers, for whose diversion this respectable order of men, "who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing,"

gether a vast number of such loose people, as by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city, whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his steward) towards Rothelan." *Baronage*, i. 101. He refers to the History of Cambria, by D. Powel, p. 296. And, though he allows this might have been done as was reported in the time of Roger constable of Chester, says, it is most certain that it was John, his son, who had the patronage of *that rabble* given him by the earl, and thereupon granted the same to Hugh de Dutton.

The words of Camden are, that "this family [of Dutton], by an old custom, hath a particular authority over all *pipers, fiddlers, and barpers* of this county, ever since one R. Dutton, with a rabble of such men, rescued Ranulf, the last earl of Chester, &c." *Britannia*, in *Cheeshire*. His authority is a "*Chronicon Wallie*," by which he doubtless means Powells History, where the story seems to have originally appeared. All that this writer says is, that "Ralph [r. Hugh] Dutton, 'Lacy's' son-in-law, being a lustie youth, assembled together all the PLAIIERS, MUSICIANS, and MERIE COMPANIONS in the citie (being then the fair time) and came to the constable, who forthwith went to Ruthlan, raised the siege, and deliuered the earle from danger. In recompence of which seruice, the earle gaue vnto his constable diuers freedoms and priuileges, and granted vnto the said Dutton, the ruling and ordering of all the plaiers and musicians within that countie, which his heire enioyeth euen unto this day." *Hist. of Cambria*, 1584, p. 296.

(5) Dug. Baro. i. 101. Sir P. Leycesters Historical Antiquities, p. 142. 251. This author supposes "the rout which the constable brought to the rescuing of the earl were *debauched persons* drinking with their sweethearts in the fair, *fiddlers, &c.*" And obserues, that "the custom seems to have been altered to the *fullers*, as necessary attendants on *revellers in bawdy-houses and taverns.*" It appears, however, from Ducange's Glossary, that *Leccatores* may mean *buffoons*.

were most miserably twanging and scraping in the booths of Chester fair.

True it is, that in the 14th year of king Henry VII, Laurence Dutton, lord of Dutton (in answer to a *quo warranto*, on behalf of prince Arthur, as earl of Chester) claimed that all Minstrels inhabiting, or exercising their office, within the county and city of Chester, ought to appear before him, or his steward, at Chester, at the feast of St. John Baptist yearly, and should give him at the said feast four flagons of wine, and one lance; and also every Minstrel should pay him four pence half-penny, at the said feast; and to have from every whore, residing and exercising her office within the county and city of Chester, four pence yearly, at the feast aforesaid; for all which he pleaded prescription (6).

It is likewise admitted, that the Duttons were wont to keep a court every year upon the above feast, being the fair day, where all the Minstrels of the county and city did attend and play before the lord of Dutton, or his steward, upon their several instruments, to and from divine service; after which, the old licences granted to the Minstrels were renewed, and such new ones granted as he thought fit, none presuming to exercise that faculty without licence (7); and that this privilege has been excepted in many acts of parliament, whereby Minstrels have been declared, and directed to be punished as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars.

In the reign of Edward I. it seems, a MULTITUDE OF MINSTRELS are expressly mentioned to have given their attendance in his court, at the solemn act of knighting his son. This is sufficiently credible, but will by no means prove them to have been Englishmen, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing.

(6) Blounts Ancient Tenures, 1679.⁴—Law Dictionary, v. Minstrel.

(7) Blounts Ancient Tenures.

The woman whom Stow relates to have entered into Westminster Hall, adorned like a MINSTREL, sitting on a great horse trapped as MINSTRELS then used, who rode round about the tables, *showing pastime*, and at length came up to the king and delivered a letter, had evidently assumed the character of a tumbler or *tumbletere*, the profession, we find, of females, in the time of Chaucer. Stow might translate the word *bistris* by *Minstrel* properly enough, without meaning one who sung to the harp; for he undoubtedly knew, both that the word had no such implication, and that women never sung to the harp.

In the fourth year of Richard II. John of Gaunt ordained a king of the Minstrels (*Roy des Ministraulx*) within his honor of Tutbury in Staffordshire, to whom he gave power to take and arrest all the Minstrels within that honor who should refuse to make their services and minstrelcie, &c. In virtue of this grant, a court of Minstrels used to be kept, where defaulters were amerced, and some other proceedings had, till the latter end of the last century. Now the Minstrels, to whom a sovereign was thus given, could have been only the retainers to the castle and honor of Tutbury, or in other words, the duke's band of music; and this monarch perhaps was a sort of *maestro di capella*. Dr. Plot, who was present at one of the minstrel courts, has left us a pretty full account of the whole ceremony; but in his time, the Essay allows, the Minstrels "appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have become mere musicians." As to *singing talents*, it is most likely they never possessed any; and what sort of *musicians* they were, may be in some measure conceived from a part of the ceremony which the Essayist has carefully and judiciously suppressed. After the court was over, the steward to the duke of Devonshire, as representative of the prior of Tutbury, used to deliver a bull, prepared for the occasion, and turn him loose among the Minstrels—among those respectable characters who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing!—and, if they succeeded in their
endeavours

endeavours to take him before he got over the Dove, he was brought to the stake, and baited for their further diversion. The whole of this infamous business was attended with circumstances of the most shocking and brutal barbarity, which it would be disgusting to repeat, and which a fidler or ballad-singer of the present times (low as the profession may be now sunk) would scorn to countenance (8).

Such was the famous BULL RUNNING OF TUTBURY, or, if Dr. Percy will have it, COURT OF MINSTRELS, of which one of that profession thus speaks, in the assumed character of the ROY DES MINISTRAULX, long before Dr. Plotts time :

This battle was fought near Tutbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull,
I'm KING OF THE FIDLERS, and swear tis a truth,
And call him that doubts it a gull.
For I saw them fighting, and *fiddled* the while, &c. (9).

“ Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. (it is observed) a stated number of Minstrels were retained in all great and noble families, as appears from the establishment of the household of the then earl of Northumberland.”

“ Item, MYNSTRALES in household iij, viz. a *taberet*, a *luyte*, and a *rebec* (10).” But this surely cannot be pro-

(8) See Plotts Staffordshire, p. 435.—Blounts Ancient Tenures, p. 167.

(9) Robin Hood's Garland, Song I.

(10) Essay, p. lxxiv. In the celebration of Christmas, Sir J. Hawkins says, *fiddlers* were deemed so necessary, that in the houses of the nobility, they were retained by small stipends, as also cloaks and badges, with the cognizance or arms of the family, like certain other domestic servants. From the houses of great men, to wakes, fairs, and other assemblies of the common people, the transition of these vagrant artists was natural. Hist. Music, iv. 382.

duced to prove, that these Mynstrals were an order of men who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing. However this may be, "the Minstrels," we are told, "continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect." As to dignity; it is pretty clear they never had any to lose, and if we find them treated with contempt and neglect, it is because we are now become better acquainted with them, and do not view them through the medium of Ducange or Fontenelle.

"Still," however, "they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the fingers of old ballads;" or rather of the *players on fiddles*; for we have hitherto only found them to be musicians; not a song has a single one of them been yet proved to have sung.

A passage, quoted by the Essayist (p. xxxv.), from a writer of this period, gives us, it must be confessed, a distinct idea of the character he describes; but it is evidently of a character that existed only in the imagination of those who contrived the device or pageant in which he is introduced, and who had met with him in *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been well studied for the occasion (1). If Minstrels had been common, a REAL
one

(1) That a Minstrel or singing harper is a very useful personage in this ancient and popular romance, will appear from the following anecdote. Sir Lancelot being in a violent passion, on account of a threatening abusive letter which king Marke of Cornewaile had sent to queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and by Sir Lancelot;" Sir Dinadan, to comfort him, bids him "set right nought by all these threatnings, for king Marke 'was' so vilanous, that by faire speach 'should' neuer no man get ought of him; but (continues he) yee shall see what I shall doe, I will make a lay for him, and when it is made, I shall make an harper to sing it before him. So anon
hee

one would have been procured, and not "one personating that character."

"Towards the end of the sixteenth century, this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that, in the 39th year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed, by which "Minstrels wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned."

Of the language of this statute, the Minstrels should not seem to have had much to complain, as vagabond was a title to which the profession had been long accustomed (2).

II. It

hee went and made it, and taught it an harper, that hyght Elyot, and when hee could it, hee taught it to many harpers. And so . . . the harpers went straight vnto Wales and Cornewalle to sing the lay, . . . which was the worst lay that euer harper fung with harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at] the great feast that king Marke made for ioy of the victorie which hee had, because the seffoines were put out of his countrey, came Eliot the harper; . . . and because he was a curious harper, men heard him sing the same lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by king Marke, of his treason, that euer man heard. When the harper had fung his song to the end, king Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou harper, how durst thou be so bold on thy head to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a MINSTRELL, and I must doe as I am commanded of these lords that I beare the armes of. And Sir king, wit you well that Sir Dinadan, a knight of the round table, made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said king Marke, I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight. So the harper departed, &c. But for to say that king Marke was wonderous wroth, he was. Part II. c. 113. (Ed. 1634). See also part III c. 5.

(2) "*Item pur eschuir plusieurs diseases & meschiefs qont aduenuz devant ces heures en la terre de Gales, par plusieurs weffours rymours* MINISTRALX, & AUTRES VACABONDES, *ordaignez est, &c.*" Stat. 4. H. IV. c. 27.

II. It is somewhat remarkable, that we have yet seen no authority which should induce one to think, that there ever was a single Englishman, who "united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of his own composing;" nor in fact is any such authority to be found. If those writers who have become the historians or panegyrists of the Provençal *troubadours*, or the French Minstrels, had been possessed of no better evidence than we are, the mere existence of such a body would not have been at present known. The *tensons*, the *sirventes*, the *pastourelles* of the former, the *lais*, *contes*, and *fabliaux* of the latter are innumerable, and not only prove their existence, but afford sufficient materials for their description and history. But this is by no means the case with the "Ancient English Minstrels," of whom it is not pretended that we have any thing more than a few rude ballads, which prove nothing less than their origin. Not a single piece is extant in which an English Minstrel speaks of himself; whereas, the importance or vanity of the French Minstrel, for ever leads him to introduce himself or his profession, and to boast of his feats and his talents. That there did exist in this country an order of men called Minstrels, is certain; but then it is equally clear, that the word was never used by any English writer, for "one who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of his own composing," before the ingenious writer so often quoted; but,

It might not be long after the passing of the above act against the Minstrels, that Dr. Bull wrote satyrical verses upon them, of which, part of the first stanza (if the reader will pardon a quotation from memory) is as follows:

When Jesus went to Jairus' house,
 He turn'd the Minstrels out of doors,
 Among the rascal company;
 Beggars they are with one consent,
 And Rogues by act of parliament.

on

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on the contrary, that it ever implied an instrumental performer, and generally a fidler, or such like base musician.

To begin with the Glossarists: Sir Henry Spelman explains the word "Minstrell," by "*fidicen, tibicen*;" Blount, by "a musician, a fidler;" Cotgrave translates *menestraudier*, "a minstrell or fidler;" and Minshew says, that "Minstrel," is in German, "*ein fidler*."

The "Minstrells" of the kings household, in the time of Edward III., were "trumpeters, cytelers, pypers, tabrete, mabriers, clarions, fedeler, wayghtes (3)."

An old chronicler, speaking of the battle of Halidon Hill, in this reign, observes, that "the Engliſhe *mygnestralis* blew hir *trumpes* and hir *pipes*, and hidously aſtred the Scottis." (MS. Harl. 266).

The "Minstrels" of king Edward IV. were musicians, "whereof some 'were' *trompets*, some with the *ſhalmes* and *ſmalle pypes*, and some ſtrange mene coming to 'the' court at fyve feaſtes of the year, and then take their wages, . . . after iiij. d. ob. by daye, &c. (4)."

Thoſe of the earl of Northumberland, in the time of king Henry VIII. we have already ſeen were "a tabret, a luyte, a rebecca."

And in a liſt of the houſehold muſicians of king Edward VI. we find "trumpeters, luters, *harpers*, *fingers*, rebeck ſagbutts, vyalls, bagpiper, MINSTRELLES, dromlades, and players on the flutes and virginals (5)." The particular office of the Minſtrels does not indeed appear; but it muſt be evident, that they were not *fingers to the harp*.

Skelton, laureat, treats the character with the utmoſt contempt:

(3) Hawkins's Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 107.—*Wayghtes* were players on hautboys or other pipes during the night; as they are in many places at this day. See 291.

(4) Hawkins's Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 290.

(5) Ibid. iii. 479.

This Doctor Dellias commenced in a cart,
A master, a *mynstrel*, a *fydler*, a fart (6).

It should seem, by the way, that the *Minstrels* of this æra had a dress to distinguish their profession. The company, described by the author whose words are quoted, being seated in a tavern, "in comes a *noise of musicians*, IN TAWNEY COATS, who taking off their caps, asked if they would have any MUSIC? The widow answered, No; they were merry enough. Tut, said the old man, let us hear, good fellows, what you can do; and PLAY ME, *The beginning of the world* (7)."

In the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, written and printed in the time of king Edward VI. *Youth* says,

Who knoweth where is a *mynstrell*?
By the masse, I would fayne go daunce a fite.

Again:

Well I met father, well I met;
Dyd you here anye *mynstrels* playe?

Good Councel. What would you with the *minstrell* do?
Juventus. Nothyng, but haue a daunce or two.

Thus too, in an ancient poetical tract, entitled the *Taming of a Shrew*; or the *Wife lapped in Morels Skin*, 4to. (fig. c. i.)

The *mynstrelles* played at every borde.

(6) Against a comely coystrowne, &c. Works, p. 256.

(7) *History of Jack of Newbury*, by Tho. Delony. The times referred to, are those of king Henry VIII. The widow being importuned to drink to such one of the company as she loved best, says, "with this cup of claret and sugar, I heartily drink to the MINSTRELS BOY."

A *noise of musicians*, was a company of them. In the *second part of King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene IV. One of the drawers bids his fellow see if he can find out "Sneak's *noise*;" Mrs. Tearsheet being desirous to have some *music*."

Spenser,

Spenser, in his *Epithalamium*, gives a very accurate description of them:

Hark, how the *Minstrils* gin to *shrill* aloud
 Their *merry musick* that resounds from far,
 The *pipe*, the *taber*, and the *trembling croud*,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all the *damxels* doe delite,
 When they their *tymbrels* smite,
 And thereunto doe *daunce* and *carroll* sweet,
 That all the senses they doe ravish quite (8).

In the pleasant history of Thomas of Reading, mention is made of one Rahere (a pleasant witty gentleman, according to Stow, and who, as he says, founded the priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, about the year 1103) with this additional circumstance, that he was a great musician, and kept a company of Minstrels, *i. e.* fiddlers, who played with silver bows (9).

In *Follie's Anatomie*, by H. Hutton, *Dunelmensis*, 1618, 8vo. is an Epigram, which begins,

Shouldring a *Minstrell* in a lane, I broke
 His *viells case*.

Lastly, by an ordinance of the Commonwealth, in 1656, c. 21. It was enacted, "that if any person or persons, commonly called FIDLERS or MINSTRELS, shall at any

(8) Thus too, Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Rose* :

There was many a timbestere,
 And salloours, that I dare well swere
 Couth her craft full perfitly :
 The timbres up full subtilly
 They cast, and hent full oft
 Upon a finger faire and soft, &c.

These timbrels are the *tambour de basque*, an instrument of the greatest antiquity.

(9) Hawk. Hist. Music, iii. 85.

time

time be taken *playing, fidling, and making musick*, in any *Inn, Alehouse, or Tavern*, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any person or persons to hear them play or make musick, in any the places aforesaid, every such person or persons, so taken, shall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggers."

After this, the word *Minstrel* was scarcely ever mentioned (unless in dictionaries or vagrant acts) till it appeared with such eclat in the Essay prefixed to the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

III. That there were individuals formerly, who made it their business to wander up and down the country chanting romances, and singing songs and ballads to the harp, fiddle, or other more humble and less artificial instrument, cannot be doubted. These men were in all probability comprehended within the general term of *Minstrels*, but are by no means to be exclusively distinguished by that title; and indeed were generally denominated from the particular instruments on which they performed. It may be easily imagined, that many of these people, though entirely destitute of education, and probably unable either to write or read, possessed the talent of inventing historical or legendary songs, which would sometimes have merit; but it is to be observed, that all the minstrel songs which have found their way to us, are merely narrative; nothing of passion, sentiment, or even description, being to be discovered among them. Men equally ignorant, have in all ages and in all countries, been possessed of the same talent, and such a character is only rare at present, because it is become more difficult to please. It is however worthy of remark, that no English Minstrel was ever famous for his composition or his performance; nor is the name of a single one preserved. And it has been seen, that we only commence our acquaintance with these Minstrel-songsters, when "they had lost all credit, and were sinking into contempt and neglect." It will be conceived, that in rude and barbarous times, men who contributed

contributed to the general amusement of the common people, were held in much greater estimation than they are at present ; and that two or three centuries ago, the wooden wit of old England was a much more welcome visitant in many a populous city, than even a Garrick or a Siddons would be in the present age. The art of printing was fatal to the Minstrels who sung ; people began to read, and, unfortunately for the Minstrels, their compositions would not bear reading ; of course not above one or two of them ever got to the press : the songs used by the ballad-fingers, on the contrary, were smooth and regular, were all printed, and, what was much more to their advantage, were generally united to a simple but pleasing melody, which was easily acquired, and any one could sing ; whereas the Minstrels songs were without tune, and could not be performed, even by themselves, without the twang of a harp, or the scrape of a fiddle. These two (not to speak of the cultivation of poetry and music by persons of genius and learning) seem to have been the principal causes of the rapid decline of the Minstrel profession, since the time of queen Elizabeth, though it is conceived that a few individuals resembling the character might have been lately, and may possibly be still found in some of the least polished or less frequented parts of the kingdom. It is not long since that the public papers announced the death of a person of this description somewhere in Derbyshire, and another was within these two years to be seen in the streets of London ; he played on an instrument of the rudest construction, which he, properly enough, called a *bum-strum*, and chanted (amongst others) the old ballad of *Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor*, which, by the way, has every appearance of being originally a Minstrel song. It is not improbable that a Minstrel being so rare a character at this day, is in a great measure owing to the puritanical innovations of the last and latter part of the preceding century, and particularly to the abolition of sports or public amusements on Sunday afternoons, which a spirit of Calvinistical bigotry

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still

still teaches groveling minds to think repugnant to religion.

Dr. Percy, though he admits, that as the Minstrels art "declined, some of them only recited the compositions of others," says, that "many of them still composed songs, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas upon occasion." He has no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads, printed in his own collection, "were composed by this order of men." In another place he says, that "the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are [in his work] occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause and present subsistence."

The ballads which Dr. Percy is inclined to refer to the Minstrels, are those in which a reader will observe "a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

<i>Countrie</i>	<i>harpier</i>	<i>battell</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladie</i>	<i>singer</i>	<i>damsel</i>	<i>loving</i>

instead of *country, lady, harper, singer, &c.*"—This liberty seems however to have been "sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age;" and "the latter composers of heroical ballads." The old Minstrel ballads are likewise "in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry." It is also observed, "that so long as the Minstrels sub-

sisted,

sisted, they seem never to have designed their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their own mouths."

This being the case, it ought not to have been a matter of wonder if not a single specimen of these Minstrel rhimes had descended to us. It is rather a subject of astonishment, that we should be possessed of such a number. Dr. Percy had the good fortune to meet with "an ancient folio manuscript, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I." And from this MS. the greater part of the contents of the above collection, particularly the Minstrel ballads, are said to be extracted.

This MS. is doubtless the most singular thing of the kind that was ever known to exist. How such a multifarious collection could possibly have been formed so late as the year 1650, of compositions from the ages prior to Chaucer, most, if not all of which had never been printed, is scarcely to be conceived by those versed in ancient MSS. a similar instance perhaps not being to be found in any library public or private. This MS. to increase its singularity, no other writer has ever pretended to have seen. The late Mr. Tyrwhitt, an excellent judge and diligent peruser of old compositions, and an intimate friend of the owner, never saw it. It is stated by Dr. Percy to have been a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esquire, of Priors Lee in Shropshire. An acquaintance of Dr Percys has been heard to say, that he rescued it from a maid servant at a country inn, who made use of it in lighting the fire. And it is remarkable, that scarcely any thing is published from it, not being to be found elsewhere, without our being told of the defects and mutilation of the MS.

"Sir Cauline" (vol. i. p. 41.) was "in so *defective* and *mutilated* a condition, that it *was necessary* to supply *several stanzas* in the *first* part, and *still more* in the *second*, to connect and complete the story." They who could supply so many of the stanzas, might without any great difficulty have supplied the whole. "The Child of Elle" (i. 109.) is "given from a fragment," which, "tho' *extremely defective* and *mutilated*," "*excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story.*"

"Sir Aldingar" (ii. 50.) is not given without "a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of three or four stanzas to supply defects in the original copy."

In the ballad beginning "Gentle Herdsman" (ii. 79.) "vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are, in this one ballad, distinguished by *italicks*." This is a measure to which there can be no other objection, than that it is confined to "this one ballad," which however has not the least appearance of being a Minstrel song. "As ye came from the Holy Land" (iii. 93.) is communicated by Mr. Shenstone, "as corrected by him from an ancient MS. and supplied with a concluding stanza." Mr. Shenstone was a very pretty poet.

In "the Heir of Linne" (ii. 128.) "breaches and defects rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary," which "it is hoped the reader will pardon," though he is not instructed how to distinguish them.

In "The Beggars Daughter of Bethnal Green" (ii. 162.) "the concluding stanzas" are acknowledged to be an interpolation; and in the prefatory introduction is an interpolation by Mr. Guthrie, of "the only stanza he remembered" of another old song on the same subject. Mr. Guthrie was a Scotchman.

"The marriage of Sir Gawaine" (iii. 11.) was "so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it would have been improper for the collection." "They are not however particularly

particularly pointed out, because the fragment itself will some time or other be given to the public." This was said above twenty years ago.

"King Arthur's death" (iii. 28.) "being very incorrect and imperfect, . . . received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas."

"It cannot be denied, but that a great part of 'The Birth of St. George,' is modern," (iii. 219). But it may be safely denied, that the least part of it is ancient.

As to "Valentine and Orson," (iii. 280.) "it would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editors possession, [not however in the folio MS.]; which being in a wretched corrupt state [as all the Editors MSS. have the good fortune to be] the subject was thought worthy of some embellishments."

Many other instances might be noticed, where the learned collector has preferred his ingenuity to his fidelity, without the least intimation to the reader.

It follows, from the manner in which this celebrated collection is avowedly published, even allowing the MS. to be genuine, and to contain what it is said to do, that no confidence can be placed in any of the "old Minstrel ballads" inserted in that collection, and not to be found elsewhere.

There are however some pieces of which we are otherwise in possession, and which according to the rules laid down by Dr. Percy, may be supposed to have been originally written for and sung to the harp. Such are the following (being all of this kind known to exist) :

1. The Battle of Chevy Chase.
2. The Battle of Otterbourne.
3. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.
4. Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.
5. Fair Margaret and Sweet William.
6. John Dory.

b 3

7. John

7. John Armstrong,
8. Captain Care.

The first was originally printed by Mr. Hearne, at the end of his edition of William of Newborough, and reprinted by Dr Percy, (i. 1.) Of the second, two MS. copies are extant, one in the Harleian and the other in the Cotton library; from the latter of which it is printed in the second edition of the *Reliques* (15). The third is printed in Drydens Miscellany, (iii. 307.) and from thence in a "Select Collection of English Songs," vol. ii. p. 215. A circumstance attending this ballad will make it evident, that the Minstrel songs were thought improper for the press. The old black letter copies are very different, and have been modernised and polished for publication. Dr. Percy professes to have given the song in his collection from an old printed copy in the British Museum, and observes, that "in the Pepys collection is an imitation of 'it' in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse." It is however no less certain than remarkable, that the old printed copy in the Museum differs in no respect from the imitation in the Pepysian library.

The fourth is one of the two or three ballads of this kind known to be printed in black letter, and yet it has not been thought sufficiently smooth for recitation or melody, since there is a *rifacimento* of it extant, but of the most contemptible nature.

John Dory is a well-known Minstrel song, and was

(10) It was in the two first editions given from the Harleian MS. which according to Percy reads the second line,

When husbands *wynn* ther *haye*,

thus :

When husbands *winn* their *waye*,

which is not a fact, the word in question being obviously *heaye*.

never

never printed in black letter, nor at all (till of late) except in the book whence it is taken. Both the fifth and the seventh are also to appearance Minstrel songs, and were printed in black letter. The eighth is now first printed.

These songs, from their wild and licentious metre, were incapable of any certain melody or air; they were chanted in a monotonous stile to the harp or other instrument, and both themselves and the performers banished by the introduction of ballad-singers without instruments, who sung printed pieces to fine and simple melodies, possibly of their own invention, most of which are known and admired at this day (1). These, from the smoothness of the language, and accuracy of the measure and rime, were thought to be more poetical than the old harp or instrument songs; and though critics will judge otherwise, the people at large were to decide, and did decide: and in some respects at least not without justice, as will be evident from a comparison of the following specimens.

The first is from the old Chevy Chase, a very popular Minstrel ballad in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviat within days three,
In the mauger of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviat
He said he would kill, and carry them away,
By my faith, said the doughty Douglas again,
I will let that hunting if that I may.

(1) Hence we perceive one reason why the ballad-singers were under the necessity of having most of the old Minstrel ballads they adopted new written; another might be, that the originals were too short.

How was it possible that this rude language, miserably chaunted "by some BLIND CROWDER, with no rougher voice than rude stile (2)," should maintain its ground against such lines as the following, sung to a beautiful melody, which we know belongs to them?

When as king Henry rul'd the land,
 'The second of that name,
 Besides the queen he dearly lov'd
 A fair and comely dame;

Most peerless was her beauty found,
 Her favour and her face;
 A sweeter creature in the world
 Did never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold
 Appear'd to each man's sight,
 Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
 Did cast a heav'nly light:

The blood within her chrystal cheeks
 Did such a colour drive,
 As if the lily and the rose
 For mastership did strive (3)."

The Minstrels would seem to have gained little by such a contest. In short, they gave up the old Chevy Chase to the ballad-fingers, who, desirous no doubt to avail themselves of so popular a subject, had it new written, and sung it to the favourite melody just mentioned. The original, of course, became utterly neglected and forgotten, and but for its accidental discovery by Mr. Hearne, would never have been known to exist.

(2) Sir P. Sidney, Defence of Poetry,
 (3) "Fair Rosamond."

John Dory was the constant companion of the Min-
ls; he stuck by them to the last, and may be said
to have died in the service. Let us see what sort
a figure he would cut in company with *Jane Shore*.

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon a holy tide a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

If Rosamond, that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a king.

ie comparison more, and we have done.

Methinks I hear the throstle cock,
Methinks I hear the jay,
Methinks I hear lord Barnards horn ;
And I would I were away.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold ;
'Tis nothing but a shepherds boy,
A driving his sheep to the fold (4).

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man,
Returning from the town :

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They fate them down and cry'd (5).

- (4) Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.
(5) Children in the Wood.

These

These stanzas, exclusive of their superior smoothness, may defy all the Minstrel songs extant, nay even those in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, for simplicity, nature, interest, and pathos, to which it must be confessed these celebrated rhapsodies have very small pretensions.

After all, the Minstrel songs, under the circumstances in which they were produced, are certainly both curious and valuable compositions, and could any further lights be thrown upon the history of those by or for whom they were invented, a collection of all that can be discovered would still be a very entertaining and interesting work; but if such a publication should ever appear, it is to be hoped that it will come from an Editor who prefers truth to hypothesis, and the genuine remains of the Minstrel Poets, however mutilated or rude, to the indulgence of his own poetical vein, however fluent or refined.

D I S S E R T A T I O N

O N T H E

SONGS, MUSIC, AND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE

O F T H E

A N C I E N T E N G L I S H.

I. **T**O pretend to frame a History, or any thing resembling one, from the scanty gleanings it is possible to collect upon the subject of our Ancient Songs and vulgar music, would be vain and ridiculous. To bring under one view the little fragments and slight notices which casually offer themselves in the course of extensive reading, and sometimes where they are least likely to occur, may possibly serve to gratify a sympathetic curiosity, which is all here aimed at; and when so little is professed, there can scarcely be reason to complain of disappointment.

The little information that can be obtained upon the songs and music of the Anglo-Saxons has been already collected (1), and is unnecessary to be here repeated. The pre-

(1) See Percys Essay on the Ancient English Minstrels, p. xxiii. &c. and a Historical Essay on National Song, prefixed to "A Select Collection of English Songs," published in 1783, by J. Johnson, p. xlii.

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sent enquiry therefor must be supposed to commence from the Norman Conquest, although the first thing to be met with in it does not occur till long after. This is a couple of lines preserved by old Lambarde, which, with the anecdote they relate to, the reader may not be displeased to see. If he be, indeed, it is apprehended there will be very little in this Essay capable of attracting his attention, or preserving his good humour.

“ In tyme of Hen. II. [*anno* 1173] Robert therl of Leycester (after the spoile of his towne of Leicester) came from beyond the seas with a rabble of Fleminges and Normanes, whom he made to beleve that al was theirs before hand, and as he was on his way, he purposed to spoile ‘ the ’ town and thabbey [of St. Edmundes Burye] ; but bycause he might come upon them the more unwares, he swarved a litel out of the waye, as thoughte he ment not to come neare theim. Now while his Gallantes paused upon the heathe, they fell to daunce and singe,

Hoppe Wylikin, hoppe Wylykin,
Ingland is thyne and myne, &c.

In the meane tyme the kinges army came sodenly upon them, and cyther slew, drowned, or toke them all (2).” For this story Mr. Lambarde refers us to Matthew Paris; but where he found the song, or whether he had any more of it, is not mentioned.

Mr. Camden has noticed another rime of the same age, not strictly a song, perhaps, but deserving, nevertheless, to be brought forward upon the present occasion. Having observed that the river Waveney runs to Bungey in Suffolk, and almost encompasses it, “ Here,” says he, “ Hugh Bigod [earl of Norfolk] when the seditious barons put all England in an uproar, fortify’d a castle, to

(2) Dictionary of England, p. 36.

the strength whereof nature very much contributed. Of which he was wont to boast, as if it were impregnable :

Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the king of Cokeney.

Notwithstanding which, he was afterwards forc'd to compound with a great sum of money and hostages with Henry the Second, to save it from being demolisht (3).” These two rimes, supposing them to be given upon good authority, are valuable, independent of other considerations, as the earliest specimens of the English language, not being pure Saxon (4).

It should seem, from a rather extraordinary passage of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, that songs and vocal harmony were very common about this period. His words are these :

“ They [the Welsh] sing without uniformity of musical modulation, as elsewhere, but multifariously, and in many modes and tunes, so that in a croud of singers, as is the manner of this people, as many heads as you see, so many songs you hear and different voices, all finally under B soft, with a charming sweetness, agreeing in one harmony and organic melody. In the northern parts also of Great Britain, beyond the Humber, and in the borders of Yorkshire, the English, who inhabit those parts, use in singing a similar symphonic harmony : but only in two different or various tones and voices ; the one murmuring the lower, the other at the same time in a soft and pleasing manner warbling the upper. Nor is it by art only

(3) *Britannia* (by Gibson, 1695, p. 375).

(4) Higgon, speaking of the massacre of the Danes, by order of K. Ethelred, 1002, says, “ This happen'd upon St. Brice's eve, which is still celebrated by the *northern English*, in commemoration of this infamous action, the women beating *brass instruments* in the streets, and *singing old rhimes* in praise of their cruel ancestors.” *Short View of English History*.

but by ancient use, and as if now converted into nature by constant habit, that this or that people hath acquired this peculiarity. For it so far hath grown up, and such deep root hath now taken among each, that nothing is wont to be uttered simply, or otherwise than variously as among the first, or doubly as among the latter: boys also (which is the more to be wondered at) and even infants (when first from cries they break forth into songs) observing the same modulation. The English, I believe, for not generally all, but the northern people only, use this sort of modulation of voices, from the Danes and Norwegians who used to occupy those parts of the island more frequently, and continue in the possession of them longer, as they contracted the affinity of speaking, so also the property of singing (5)." The not being able to understand or account for such a singularity, seems an insufficient reason for disbelieving the relation; it is no unusual thing however for this author, ancient as he is, and right-reverend as he was, to have his veracity questioned.

From the reign of Henry II. to that of his successor of the same name, is a long leap; but we meet with nothing to stay us. Of the latter reign, besides the song printed in the following collection, we have a very curious historical ballad, a satire upon Richard king of the Romans (6): another of the same age we cannot with certainty refer to.

From that most valuable manuscript in the Harleian library, whence the above satire is extracted, we are supplied with several songs of the two following reigns; and history, sufficiently sparing of such favours, condescends to furnish us with a vulgar relique or two belonging to the first of them.

The battle of Dunbar was fought and won by the earl of Warrene, the 28th of April 1296; "and po seide pe Englishmen in represe of pe Scotts.

(5) *Cambriæ descriptio*, c. xiii. See also Hawkins's History of Music, i. 408.

(6) See Percys Reliques, ii. 1. and *infra*, p. 37.

Thus

ANCIENT SONGS AND MUSIC.

xxx

Thus scaterand Scottis,
Holde I for footis,
Of wrenchis vnware;
Eerly in a mornyng,
In an euyl tyding,
Went ȝe froo Dunbarre."

The wits on the other side had indeed, it should seem, commenced this kind of hostilities, which it were to be wished had been the only one that ever prevailed between the two nations. "King Edward," says our authority, "went him toward Berwyke, and biseged þe toune and po p^t were with yn manlich hem defended, and sett on fire and brent ij of the king Edwardes shippes, and seide in dispite and represe of him,

Wend kyng Edewarde wip his lange shankes,
To have gete Berwyke al our vnpankes?
Gas pikes hym, and after gas dikes hym."

Their pleasantry, however, was, in the present instance, somewhat ill-timed, for as soon as the king heard of it, he assaulted the town with such vigour, that he carried it with the loss of 25,700 Scots. This happened on the thirtieth of March in the same year (7).

Songs on national topics were at this time generally written in French, several of which, and many of them very curious, are still in being (8).

The venerable father of English poetry had in his time penned "many a song and many a lecherous lay," of which we have infinitely more reason to regret the loss, than he had in his old-age to repent the composition. His larger works, and above all the inimitable *Canterbury Tales*, afford us numerous particulars rela-

(7) *Old Chronicles*, MSS. Harl. 226. 7333.

(8) See MSS. Cotton, Julius, A. v. MSS. Harl. 2253.

tive to the state of vocal melody in that age. The *gentil Pardonere*,

That streit was comen from the court of Romé,
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, lové, tò me.
The Sompnour bear to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun (9).

This *burdoun* must have been the base, and would somewhat resemble, in all likelihood, the drone of a bagpipe; which, it should be remembered, the word actually signifies in its original language.

Alison, the carpenters wife, had a great many accomplishments :

But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne,
As any swallow sitting on a berne (10).

And the Wife of Bath, in her younger days, as she herself tells us, could sing like a nightingale.

The songs of Robin Hood, a hero of an earlier period, were so popular in this age, that a satirical writer of the time represents a secular priest as having neglected his breviary to acquire them :

I can rimes of Robin Hood and Randal of Chester,
But of our Lord and our Lady I lerne nothing at all (1).

This Randal of Chester was Randal Blundeville, the third and last earl of that name, a generous, martial baron, and a crusader, who died in 1231; and not Randal

(9) *Miller's Tale*. (Note, that all the quotations here made from the *Canterbury Tales*, are from the valuable edition of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt.) (10) *Ibid*.

(1) *Vision of* (i. e. concerning) *Piers the Plowman*. This writer is still anonymous; there is no reason to believe that it was either Robert Langland, or John Malverne, but on the contrary a substantial one that it was not.

Higden,

Higden, the monk and chronicler, as Mr. Warton idly imagines (2).

The common people, no doubt, have in all ages been fond of singing in the alehouse (3) : Thus, for the age of which we are now speaking, the author of *Piers Plowman* :

And then faten some and songe at the nale.

And the author of the *Plowmans Tale* (not Chaucer, to whom it has been falsely ascribed) reprehends the priests for the ambition of being

Chief chantours at the nale (4).

The songs made use of by these wassailers (5) would not, it is presumed, be remarkable for delicacy or elegance ;

(2) Hist. Eng. Poetry, ii. 179.

(3) They have been equally addicted to quarreling there, from the remotest period. See *LL. Inæ. c. 6. LL. Æthelredi, c. 1. LL. Hen. I. c. 81.*

(4) Part 3. Stan. 22. v. 2. Thus too a song of Henry the sixth time : MS. Harl. 4294.

And thou goo to the nale
As mery as a nyghtyngale.

(5) *Washeil* and *Drincheil* were the terms of art of the old toppers at the nale, who used to make the welkin resound with them. "The old ale-knights of England," says Camden, "were well depainted out of 'John Hauvill, a monk of S. Albons,' in the ale-house colours of that time, in this manner ;

Jamque vagante scypho, discincto gutture washeil
Ingeminant washeil ; labor est plus perdere vini
Quam fitis ; exhaurire merum vehementius ardent,
Quam exhaurire sitim. Remains, p. 413.

Sir T. de la Moor, about to describe the battle of Bannockburn, has the following words : "*Vidisses prima nocte Anglos*
baud

gance; but, whatever they were, it might afford some little satisfaction to be acquainted with them (6).

II. With

baud Anglico more vino madentes, crapulam eructantes, Waf-faile & Drinkehaile plus solito intonantes." Vita Edwardi II. The Saxons, according to Fordun, spent the night preceding the battle of Hastings in the same manner; "*Illam noctem Angli totam in cantibus et potibus infomnem duxerunt.*" c. 13.

It is almost needless to observe, that these two are the very first Saxon words which we know, from historical evidence, to have been pronounced in this country. Vortiger, K. of Britain, being invited to supper by his ally Hengist, at his newly built castle of Sydingbourn in Kent, was, after supper, approached by Hengist's beautiful daughter Rowena, who, having a goblet of wine in her hand, and making a graceful reverence, said, *pæs heil hlaforð cyning*, i. e. be of health, lord king; to which the king, being intrusted by his interpreter, replied, *ðjunc heil*, i. e. drink health. The bait had its effect; the king, smitten with the young lady's charms, desired and obtained her in marriage, divorcing his wife, and giving up the whole of Kent to Hengist.

(6) Will the reader pardon the insertion of the only specimen that has occurred, and of which, as Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, "the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments very worthless?"

Bryng vs home good ale, f', bryng vs home good ale;
And for our der lady love, brynge vs home good ale.

Brynge home no beff, f', for that ys full of bonys,
But brynge home good ale I nowgh, for I love wyle y^t (*hic*).
But, &c.

Brynge vs home no wetyn brede, for that ys full of braund,
Nothyr no ry brede, for y^t ys of y^t same.
But, &c.

Brynge vs home no porke, f', for y^t ys very fat,
Nethyr no barly brede, for nethyr lovys I y^t.

But bryng vs home good ale.

Bryng

II. With respect to the music of this distant period, we are still more at a loss, than we are as to its songs. It was probably nothing more than the plain chant, or "a succession of sounds of the same name and place in the scale; viz. *C sol fa ut*, being the mean part of a tenor voice," with little or no pretension to melody, the graces of the air being altogether arbitrary, and depending entirely upon the skill or powers of the performer. Certain it is, that no secular music of these times, such as may be supposed to have been in vogue among the common people, is known to be preserved. Dr. Burney confesses that he had not been so fortunate as to meet with a single tune to an English song or dance, in all the libraries and MSS. he had consulted, so ancient as the *fourteenth* century (7). Sir John Hawkins had already made a similar observation (8); and the only doubt which these gentlemen leave upon the minds of their readers is, whether they have met with one so ancient as the *fifteenth*. One may go still further; it is perhaps impossible to produce even the bare name of a song or dance-tune in use before the year 1500. The oldest country-dance-tune now extant, Sir John Hawkins says, is that known by the name of *Sellengers*, *i. e.* *St. Leger's*

Bryng vs home no muttun, f', for y^t ys togh and lene,
Nethyr no trypys, for they be feldyn clene.

But bryng, &c.

Bryng vs home no vele, f', for y^t will not dur,
But bryng vs home good ale I nogh to drynke by the fyr.

But, &c.

Bryng vs home no sydyr, nor no palde wyne,
For and y^u do thow shalt have cryits curfe and myne.

But, &c.

It is of or about the time of Henry VI. and is given from *MS. Harl. 541*.

(7) *Hist. of Music*, ii. 381.

(8) *Hist. of Music*, ii. 91.

Round, which may be traced back to *nearly* the time of Henry VIII (9). It is nevertheless highly probable, that some little light tunes for dances were known from very early times. The *hornpipe* is thought by musicians to be the native production of this country, but, if so, it was, possibly, invented as well as used by those who could not read a note (10).

Sir John Hawkins has, indeed, pronounced that "songs and ballads, with easy tunes adapted to them, *must* at all times have been the entertainment not only of the common people, but of the better sort;" and that "these *must* have been of various kinds, as namely satirical, humorous, moral, and not a few of them of the amorous kind. *Hardly any* of these," he adds, "with the music of them, are at this day to be met with, and *those few* that are *yet extant* are only to be found in *odd part books*, written *without bars*, and *with ligatures*, in a character *so obsolete*, that all hopes of *recovering them*, or of rendering, to any tolerable degree intelligible, any of the *common popular tunes* in use before the *middle* of the *sixteenth century*, *must* be given up (1)." It is not to be presumed that the learned writer is, in this very curious passage, describing what he never saw, much less what does not exist; it is therefor much to be regretted, that he did not consult

(9) Hist. Music, ii. 91. The proof cited, however, does not carry it much nearer than the year 1591.

(10) Chaucer, in his *Romant of the Rose*, speaks of "hornpipes of Cornewaile," as a musical instrument; to this the rural dances so called were perhaps originally performed, and owe a denomination for which it will otherwise be very difficult to account. In a MS. of ancient songs and music found among the books of the kings library in the Museum, and now deposited among the royal MSS. not later than Hen. the VIIth's time, is "a hornepype;" but the authority of a gentleman, every way qualified to be a competent judge, enables the editor to say, that it bears no resemblance to the hornpipe of modern times, being a very long and solemn composition.

(1) Hist. Music, iii. 2.

some persons (and undoubtedly there are many) to whom the *want of bars*, the use of *ligatures*, and a character *so obsolete*, would have proved no impediment. But what "common popular tunes" have to do in "odd part books," is not easy to conceive.

A manuscript in the possession of the editor of the following collection, and written, partly at least, in the times of Richard II. and Henry IV. contains, perhaps, the oldest specimens of vulgar music that can be produced; and, as it is rather a curiosity, a few extracts may not be thought improper (2). A total ignorance of the musical art is not the only inconvenience under which the present writer labours: what he thus inserts is, therefore, to be regarded as mere matter of antiquity. He leaves *bars* to be added, *ligatures* to be untied, and *obsolete characters* to be decyphered, by those whose genius and studies have qualified them for the task: thinking it enough for him to have afforded matter for the exercise of their ingenuity.

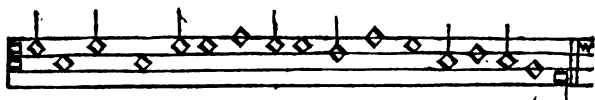
(2) On the inside of the cover is the following note by "honest Tom Martin of Palgrave:" "This book is the handwriting of the famous John Brakley, frier minor of Norwich, tutor and master to judge Paston, whose accounts these are, when he was at the inns of court at London;

Obijt Willms Paston, Jusficiarius Regis, Ao. 1418. Lra Dñiculis D.

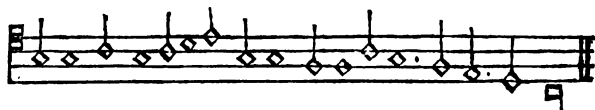
The songs are very curious."

Mr. Martin was reckoned a skilful antiquarian and ingenious man; but he has committed at least one considerable mistake in this account, as judge Paston, who was born in 1378, did not die before 1444. As to frier Brackley, he was living in 1461, in which year it appears he was to "preche at Poules." See *Original Letters, during the reigns of Henry VI. &c.* i. 234.

These two seem fragments of Love Songs:

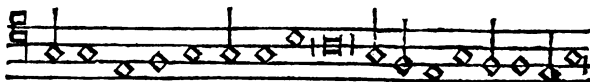


I haue loved so many a day, lightly spedde bot bett^r I may

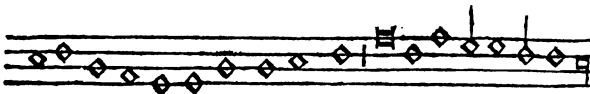


Yis end^d day wen me was wo vnd^d a bugh, y^e I lay,
Naght gale to mene me to

Here is a picture of the *Virgin Mother* rocking her cradle:

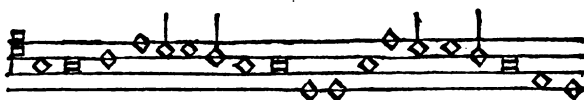


I saw a swete sēly syght a blisful birde
A maydīn mod^r mek & myld īn c^dil kep

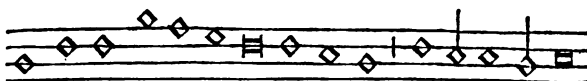


a blofsū bright y^t m̄n̄ȳg made and mirgh of māge
a knaue child y^t sofly slepe fcho sat and sāge

I saw

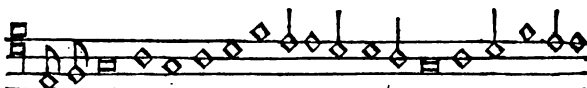


I ſaw a ſwete ſēly fight a bloſū bright a bliſ-
A maydīn mod' mek and mild ī c'edīl kepe a knaue

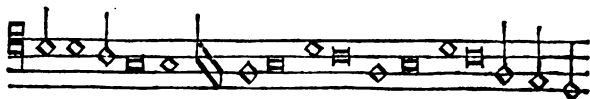


ful bird yt m̃ñỹg made and mrthe of m[ange].
child y' ſoftly ſlepe ſcho fate and ſange.

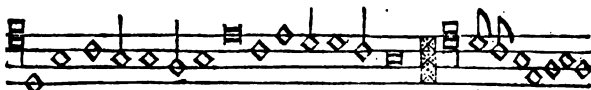
And here the *Lullaby* ſhe uſes upon the occaſion :



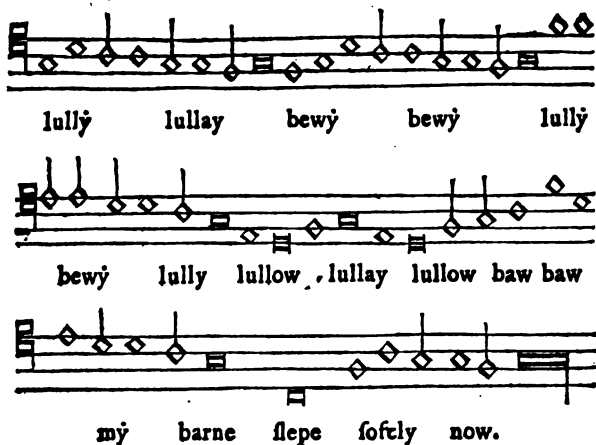
Lullaſ lullow lully, lullaſ bewy



bewy lully bewy lully lullow lully lullaſ



baw baw m̃y barne ſlepe ſoftly now lullaſ lullow



The longest and only complete piece, is a dreaming relation of a dialogue supposed to have passed between the above lady and her infant son. It begins thus:

Yis end' nithgt I sayy ha sithgt ha may ha credill kepe,
Hande eú schuy fang hande sayde in mang lullay my
child ande slepe.

This no doubt, as well as the third, and possibly the last, of the above extracts, was a Christmas carol, a species of composition of which the reader will find a tolerable number of examples in the course of the volume. It might indeed have been easily enlarged, but is sufficient to shew, that poetry or song derived little advantage, in point of language or sentiment, from the imagined sublimity of the subject.

III. The

III. The music of these remote ages naturally leads to an enquiry after the instruments by which it was performed. Of these the *HARP*, as it was probably the most ancient, was long esteemed the chief. This instrument was well known in the time of Chaucer, by whom it is frequently mentioned. His *Frere* could play upon and sing to it (3); and the genial Wife of Bath had frequently danced to it in her younger days (4): for which purpose, seems to have been an ordinary retainer or visitant to taverns and such like places (5). It continued in use long after the reign of queen Elizabeth, possibly till the civil wars, but was long held in the lowest estimation (6): since that time it has been entirely laid aside, or at least very rarely used as an English instrument (7). The *VIOLIN*, or *psaltery*, was an instrument of the harp kind, in which *Hendy Nicholas*, the scholar of Oxenford, was an adept.

And all above there lay a gay sautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie;

- (3) Prologue. (4) Wife of Baths prologue.
(5) Chaucer mentions the dancing in

———stewes and tauernes,
——with *harpés*, lutes, and giternes.
And right anon in comen tombesteres,
Fetis and smale and yongé fruitesteres,
Singers with harpes, &c. Pardoners Tale.

See also Song IX. class II. of the following collection.

(6) From its being usually played by blind men, the phrase *blind harper* became a term of general ridicule and contempt. Thus Cotton, *Virgil Travestie*:

Quoth he, *blind harpers*, have among ye!

(7) “Honest Jack N——L, the harper,” is however remembered in one of Tom Browns Letters from the Dead to the Living. Works, ii. 191. And seems to have plying at “the Cellar at the Still.”

So swetély, that all the chamber rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.
And after that he songe the kingés note.
Full often blessed was his mery throte (8).

The Kinges Note was doubtless some well-known song of the time, and probably the very same which is mentioned in *Vedderburnes Complaint of Scotland* (usually ascribed to Sir James Inglis) printed at St. Andrews, in 1549, under the title of "kyng villzamis note."

Chaucer mentions the *ROTE* as an instrument on which his *Frere* excelled (9). This, it is conjectured, was the same with the more modern *vielle* (10), the *lyra mendicorum*, or hurdy-gurdy (1), so frequent at this day in the streets of London, though not in the hands of the natives, the strings of which are agitated by the friction of a wheel (2). It is likewise named by Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*,

—Harpe, citole, and *RIOTE*,
With many a tewne and many a note.

(8) Millers Tale. Again:

He kissed here swete, and taketh his sautrie,
And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie.

(9) Prologue.

(10) The *vielle* of the Jongleurs, which Dr. Percy makes "a kind of lute or guitar," was the *violin*. See M. de la Ravalliere, *de l'Ancienneté des Chansons Françaises, Poësies du roy de Navarre*, i. 249. M. le Grand, *Fabliaux ou Contes*, i. 49.

(1) The use of this term, though rejected by dictionary-makers, is not without *classical authority*:

Whom have we here? a sightly swain and sturdy!
Hum! plays, I see, upon the *burdy-gurdy*. Midas.

(2) See M. de la Ravalliere, *l'Ancienneté des Chansons*, p. 254.

The

The **CITOLE**, or **cistole**, as it is elsewhere called (from *ispella*, a little box) is thought to have been the *dulcimer*, or some instrument of the same kind.

The **RIBIBLE** and **GITERNE** were favourite instruments of Absolon the parish clerk.

A mery child he was, so God me save.
In twenty manere could he trip and dance.
And playen songés on a small **RIBIBLE**,
Therto he song sometime a loud **quinible**.
And as wel could he play on a **GITERNE**.
In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne,
That he ne visited with his solas,
Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was (3).

The description of his serenading the carpenter's wife admirable :

The moone at night ful clere and brighté shon,
And Absolon his giterne hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughté for to wake.
And forth he goth, jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenterés hous,
A litel after the cöckes had ycrow,
And dressed him up by a shot window,
That was upon the carpenterés wal.
He singeth in his vois gentil and smal;
Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning (4).

The **ribible** was probably the **REBEC** or **FIDDLE**, which has been a popular instrument, and, by gradual improvement, has at length superseded almost every other. Its antiquity is unquestionable (5). The **CROUTH** or **crowd**

(3) Millers Tale.

(4) Ibid.

(5) See M. de la Ravailliere, *l'Ancienneté*, &c. p. 249.

(*cyuð*, Saxon, *crowd*, Welsh) was another, but larger instrument of the same nature (6). The GITERNE is the cittern or guitar, which was anciently much used for singing to. Thus in the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*, one says, he can

Neither saylen ne faute, ne syng to the gyterne.

This instrument, which Chaucer thought worthy of the god of music, he has put with peculiar propriety into the hands of the *joly Absolon*, who, among his numerous accomplishments,

Wel coud leten blod, and clippe, and shave,

as it appears, for many centuries, to have made part of the constant furniture of a barbers shop, where it was "common to all men." It seems of late, however, to have retrieved its credit, and to have received ample amends for its disgrace in the hands of the fair sex.

Most of these instruments, with others, are enumerated in an old metrical romance, intituled, *The Squire of Low Degre*:

There was mirth and melodye,
With harp, getron, and fautory,
With rote, ribible, and clokarde,
With pypes, organ, and bumbard.

(6) *Ficle* and *crowth* are both mentioned in song V. class I. whence it should seem they were at that time distinct instruments. See also the figure and description of a *crowth* in Hawkins's History of Music, vol. ii. p. 273. and in the Archæologia, vol. iii. p. 30. Spenser calls it "the *trembling crowd*," in allusion, no doubt, to the vibration or tremulous motion of the chords. *Crowd*, however, was in later times the common name of a *fiddle*, and *Crowder*, of a performer thereon; whence the name of *Crowdero* in *Hudibras*. And that *fiddle* and *rebeck* were synonymous, appears from a passage in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, where it is said to be "present death for these *fiddlers* to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turks grace."

The

The LUTE, mentioned by Chaucer, must, from the low state not only of the musical science, but of the mechanical arts in that age, have been essentially different from the modern instrument of the same name, which is said to have fallen into disuse on account of the superior degree of skill requisite to its performance (7).

The CYMBAL, the TABOUR, the TYMBRE, the SISTRUM, are all mentioned, and some of them described, by Bartholomeus, in his book *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, which was translated into English by John de Trevisa, and first printed by Wynken de Worde.

The SYMPHONIE, likewise, which Chaucer mentions in his rime of Sir Topaz,

(Here is the quene of Faerie,
With harpe and pipe, and symphonie,
Dwelling in this place)

was "an instrument of musyke, . . . made of an hore tree, closyd in lether in eyther syde, and mynstrels clyth it wyth styckes (8)".

An extract from the romance of *Alisaundre*, by Adam Davie, will afford no bad idea of a grand concert, and

(7) See Browns Estimate, vol. ii. p. 77.—Sir J. Hawkinses Hist. of Music, iv. 394. This instrument in Skeltons time was chiefly in the hands of professors. See how he handles one of these comely corystrownes :

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyse,
Rumbill downe, tumbil downe, hey go now now.
He fumblyth in his fyingering an vgly good noyse,
It semyth the fobbyng of an old fow.
He wold be made moch of and he wyft how, &c.

It is also noticed in an old poetical tract, intituled, *The Schole house of Women* (originally printed in or before 1557) :

Or as the minstrel dooth intend
With help of lute, finger, or quill. Sig. D. j. 6.

And in Surreys Poems, first published in that year, is a beautiful address "to his Lute," by Sir T. Wyat the elder.

(8) Bartho. de Pro. Rerum.—Hawkinses Hist. of Music, ii. 34.

the other amusements at a royal festival in the court of Edward II. or III. The author is speaking of the marriage of "kyng Phelip" with "Clorpatras the riche quene."

Spoused scheo is and set on deys,
Now gynnith the gette of nobles.
At theo feste was trumpyng,
Pipyng and eke taboryng,
Sytolyng and ek harpyng,
Knyf pleyng and ek syngyng,
Carolyng and turmentyng,
Wraftlyng and ek flymyng.
Theo game goth nouȝt ful blyue
Ther som helieth and some wyue.

Chaucers Miller entertains his fellow pilgrims with the found of the "BAGGEPIPE," which he played very well.

The "HORNEPIPES OF CORNEWAILLE," mentioned in the *Romant of the Rose*, are thought to have been the same as the *pibcorn*, an instrument still used in some parts of the principality of Wales, of which Mr. Barrington has given a particular description (9). The *stock and born* which Allan Ramsay mentions, and explains to be "a reed or whistle, with a horn fixed to it by the smaller end," to answer the purpose of a drone, is, however, with equal probability, the hornpipe of Chaucer. Though, after all, his "*Cornewaile*" is not the county in England so called, but *Cornouaille* in Bretagne, which he found in his original (10).

The martial instruments of these ages were,

PIPES, TROMPES, NAKERES, and CLARIOUNES,
That in the bataille blowen bloody sounes*.

(9) Archæologia, iii. 33. *Pibcorn* is *cornpipe*, *pipeau de corne*. Thus in the Complaint of Scotland, "the feyrd [icheip-hyrd playit] on ane *cornpipe*." Hornpipe and cornpipe are synonymous. See before, p. xxxvi. n. (10.)

(10) *Et sons nouueaulx de contretaille,
Aux chatemaux de Cornuaille.*

* Canterbury Tales, i. 98. (Knights Tale.)

And

And the shepherd boys of Chaucers time had

—many a FLOITE and LITLYNG HORNE,
And pipés made of grené corne (1).

Bartholomeus observing, that as “ shepe louyth pypyngre,
herfore shepherdes usyth pipes whan they walk with theyr
shepe (2).”

IV. The progress of Song-writing during the fifteenth century, may, in some degree, appear from the following collection; little additional information is to be gleaned during a period only interesting in battles and murders.

Among the Harleian MSS. in the Museum (N^o 682) is a collection of love poems, roundels, and songs, made by Charles duke of Orleans while a prisoner in England, in Henry the fifths time. It is not to be expected that the poetry of a foreigner (and a prince of the blood too) should have much merit in an age in which that of the natives had so little.

The following, which is given as a specimen of this young noblemans talents, seems to be a sort of dialogue between him and his mistress, on his requesting the favour of a chaste salute.

Lende me yowre praty mouth madame,
Se how y knele here at yowre feet.
Whie wolde ye occupy the same?
Now where a bowt first mot me wite.
J wis dere hert to baffe it swete,
A twyse or thrise or that y die.
So may ye haue when next we mete
Toforne or ye it ocupe.

Or y it occupy, wel, wel,
Js my reward but suche a skorne?

(1) House of Fame, iii. 133.

(2) Hawk. Hist. Music, ii. 283.

Ye woo is me for yowre seek hele,
 But it may heele right wel tomorne.
 Then se y wel though y were lorne
 For oon poore coffe ye set not by.
 Seide y yow not ynough toforne
 Ye may haue or ye occupy ?

Ye for that coffe y thanke yow that
 For whie yet am y never pe nere.
 Then come agayne this wot ye what
 An other tyme and not to yere.
 A fy, wel wel, a swet hert dere,
 Bi verry god ye mot aby.
 Nay bete me not, first take it here
 Toforne or ye it occupy.

Ye so so swete, ye so swete hert,
 Good thrift vnto pat praty eye.
 Nay erst lo must ye this avert
 How y seide or ye it occupy.

A MS. in the Bodleian library has once contained either the whole or part of a song, of which it was found impracticable to make out more than the two first lines :

Joly Chepte of Aschell down
 Can more on loue than al th^e town.

Mr. Warton, who has printed the first of them, seems to discover some resemblance between this same *Joly Chepte* and *Thomas of Erfsildon*, the Scottish vaticinal rimer (3).

After the first battle of St. Albans, between Henry VI. and the duke of York, by the mediation of the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, both parties were brought to a compromise and mutual exchange of

(3) Hist. English Poetry, i. 76.—The N^o of the MS. is 692.
 promise

promise of friendship. "For the outward publishing of this ioyfull agreement," says Stow, "there was vpon our Lady day in Lent, or fiue and twentieth day of March, [New Years Day, 1458] a solemne proceffion celebrated within the cathedrall church of Saint Paule, in the city of London: at the which the king was present, in his habite royall, with the crowne on his head; before him went, hand in hand, the duke of Somersset, the earle of Salisbury, the duke of Excester, and the earle of Warwick, and so one of the one faction, and another of the other. And behind the K. the duke of Yorke, and the queene, with great familiarity to all mens sights, whatsoever was meant to the contrary . . . (4)." This, it cannot be doubted, would be a spectacle highly grateful to the people, as it seemed to promise them a reprieve from the calamities of a civil war, which they had previously every reason to apprehend; it therefor certainly deserved to be celebrated by a happier bard than the author of such stanzas as the following:

Whan charite is chosen w^t states to stonde
Stedfast, and skill without distaunce,
Than wrathe may be exiled out of this lande,
And god oure gide to haue the gou^rnance:
Wisdom & wellth with all plesauce
May rightful regne and prosperite,
For loue hath vnderlaide wrathful veniaunce,
Reioyse Anglond oure lordes acorded to be (5).

Other songs of this reign might be produced; and such readers as are not satisfied with the number printed in the following collection, may be referred to MS. Sloan, 2593, and MS. Harl. 4294, where they will find several more.

(4) *Annales*, (ed. 1631; fo.) p. 404.

(5) MSS. Cotton. *Vespasian*, B. xvi.

Dr. Percy had, in the two first editions of the *Reliques*, reprinted an excellent old ballad of this reign, intitled, The Turnament of Tottenham; but having been "informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456," he has in the third edition "chiefly followed that more authentic transcript." Only "the last stanza," he says, "is not in MS. but given from Bedwell's copy." For the sake of a considerable variation, this last stanza is here printed from that very MS.

At that fest thay wer seruyd with a rych aray,
 Euery fyve and fyve had a cokenay;
 And so thay sat in jolyte al the lang day;
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray:
 Mekyl myrth was them amang;
 In euery corner of the hous
 Was melody delycyous,
 For to her precyus
 Of six menys fang (6).

Skelton, laureat, in the Bowge of Court, his best serious poem, introduces a character under the name of "Haruy 'Hafter' (7)," whose

—Throte was clere, and lustely coulde fayne,
 And ever he sange, sithe I am nothings plaine,
 To kepe him from piking it was a grete paine.

Alluding no doubt to some well-known song. He likewise bids

(6) P. 73.

(7) Not Hafter.

Hauel and Haruy *Hafter*,
 Jacke trauel, and Cole *crafter*.

Why come ye not to Court.

Holde

ANCIENT SONGS AND MUSIC.

11

Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God ftere,
I wolde be merie, what wind that euer blowe,
Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman,
rowe.

This last line is certainly the scrap of an old ballad. "In this xxxii. yeare [f. of Henry VI.]" says Fabian, "John Normā . . . [mayor of London] vpon the morowe of Symon & Judes daye, the accustomed day whē the newe mayre vsed yearly to ryde with great pompe vnto Westminster to take his charge, this mayre first of all mayres brake that auncient and olde continued custome, & was rowed thither by water, for the which y^e watermen made of hym a roundell or songe to hys great prayse, the which began, Rowe the bote, Normā, rowe to thy lemmā, and so forthe, with a longe processe (8)."

This Haruy 'Hafter' is represented entirely ignorant of prick-song, which, as an ordinary accomplishment, he expressees a great desire to learn.

Princes of youghte, can ye singe by rote,
Or shall I faile with you a feloship assaie,
For on the booke I cannot sing a note;
Wolde to God, it wolde please you some daye,
A ballade booke before me for to laye,
And lerne me to singe (Re mi fa sol).
And when I faile, bobbe me on the noll.

"Ryot" too, another character in the same poem, is a musical genius,

And ay he sange in fayth decon thou crewe (9).

He could likewise perform a popular piece of church music, and accompany his voice with the sound of a flaggon:

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a potte.

(8) Ad An. 1453.

(9) This song is again mentioned in *Why come ye not to Court*.

We have doubtless lost many of Skeltons ballads. In the enumeration of his works in "*The Crowne of Laurell*," he mentions several things which one may reasonably conclude to have been of that species. For instance:

The umbles of venifon, the botels of wyne,
To faire maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent,
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Where it became, and whither it went,
And howe that it was wantonly spent.
The balade also of the mustarde tarte.
Such problems to paint it longeth to his arte.

From a passage in Barclays *Ship of Fools* it should appear, that the practice of serenading was as common in his time in the streets of London, as we are taught to believe it is at present in those of Madrid.

The furies fearful, sprong of the floudes of hell,
Bereth these uagabondes in their minds, so
That by no meane can they abide ne dwell
Within their houses, but out they nede must go;
More wildly wandring then either bucke or doe,
Some with their harpes, another with their lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolishe flute.

Then measure they their songes of melody,
Before the doores of their lemman deare;
Howling with their foolishe songe and cry,
So that their lemman may their great folly heare:
And till the Jordan make them stande areare,
Caste on their head, or till the stones flee,
They not depart, but coveyt there still to be (10).

In a very old Morality, the earliest piece of that description, perhaps, now extant, intituled, "The iiii Ele-

(10) Hawkins's Hist. of Music, ii. 139.

ANCIENT SONGS AND MUSIC. lii

ments(1)," "*Sensual Appetite*," one of the characters, holds the following language :

Make rome fyrs, and let vs be mery,
With huff a galand, synge tyrll on the bery,
And let the wyde worlde wynde,
Synge, fryfk a joly (2), with hey trolly loly,
For I fe well it is but foly,
For to haue a sad mynd.

And his advice to "*Humanitye*" is,

Ye shulde euer study pryncypall
For to comfort your lyfe naturall,
With metis and drynkes dilycate,
And other pastymes & pleasures among,
Daüsyng, laughyng, or PLESAUNT SONGE,
This is mete for your estate.

The following song, of this reign, appears worthy of notice, if it were but from the circumstance of explaining a seemingly corrupted passage of an ancient Scottish writer, mentioned in a preceding page, who, according to Mackenzie, among the titles of popular songs of the time, names

*Coutbume the raschis grene**,

of which no one, it is supposed, has ever known what to make. For this discovery, we are indebted to the old book among the Kings MSS.

(1) It was printed by Rastall, and, from a passage alluding to the discovery of America, Dr. Percy concludes it not to have been written later than 1510.

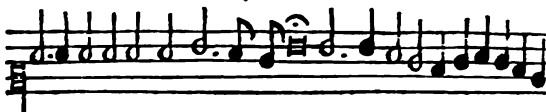
(2) "He how friska joly vndp the grene wood tre," is the burthen of an ancient song in the musical volume among the Kings MSS.

* See *Lives of Scottish Writers*, iii. 44. The original, however, (a most rare book) reads

"Cou thou me the raschis grene,"



Colle to me the ryfishys grene Colle to me



Colle to me the ryfishes grene Colle to me.

For my pastyme vpon a day,
I walkyde a lone ryght secretly;
In a mornyng of lufte May,
Me to reioyce I dyd a plye.

Wher I saw one in gret dystresse,
Complaynyng him thus pytuously:
Alas! he sayde, for my mastres
J well pseyue that I shall dye.

Wythout that thus she of hur grace
To pety she wyll somewhat reuert,
J haue most cause to say alas,
For hyt ys she that hath my hart.

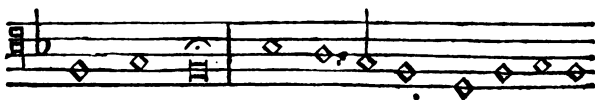
Soo to contynew whyle my lyff endur'
Though I fore hur sholde suffre dethe,
She hath my hart wyth owt Recure,
And euer shall duryng my brethe.

The burthen, *Colle to me, &c.* is, as usual, repeated at the end of every stanza. But the editor neither be surprised nor sorry to learn that this is an original song. *Colle* is *cull*.

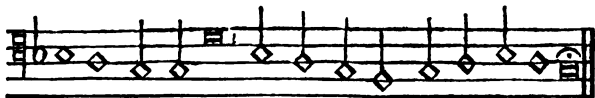
The reader will pardon another extract from the same MS. of which the brevity may serve to compensate for whatever defects it may have.



Westron wynde, when wyll thou blow(3), the smalle rayne



downe can Rayne. Cryst yf my love were in my armys



and I yn my bed a gayne.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589, p. 12.) mentions "one Gray" as having grown unto good estimation with king Henry VIII. and afterwards with the

(3) This reminds one of a stanza in an ancient and pathetic Scottish ballad :

Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves from the tree;
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
For of my life I am wearie.

duke of Somerset, protector, "for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*"—Is this it?

The hunt is up,
The hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's in bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away (4).

A foolish practice (which this little piece has brought to mind) was introduced by the puritan reformers, of moralising, as they called it, popular songs; that is, parodying all but a few lines at the beginning of the song, to favour their particular superstition, or the innovation they wished to effect (5). The following, indeed, is Scottish, but as the measure was not taken up in the North till there was no longer occasion for it in the South, and particularly as *The Hunt is up* was an English song, we may fairly enough lay claim to the honour of the Travestie.

With hunts up, with hunts up,
It is now perfect day;

(4) The following are the words of an ancient round for four voices:

The hunt is up, the hounds ar in the fyld,
The chase is up and newly gone;
Up then and folow at hand for shame,
Els thow art lyke to leese the game.

(5) Those modern puritans the methodists have adopted a similar practice, and sing their hymns to popular song-tunes, which one of their leaders used to say, had been too long devoted to, or were too good for, the devil. This foolery is admirably ridiculed by Shakspeare, where he speaks of the puritan who "sings *psalms* to *hornpipes*." See *Winters Tale*.

Jesus

Jefus our king is gone a hunting,
Who likes to ipeed they may.

There are several other stanzas, but none which appears to have any allusion to the original song (6).

The earliest of these parodies seems to be one at the end of a MS. in the Kings Library (17. B. XLIII.) where it is written as prose. The beginning is given for the sake of the original words, the rest is fanatical trash.

Cō hom' agayn',
Cō hom' agayne,
Mi nowne swet hart, com home agayne;
Ye are gone a flay
Out of your way,
There [for] cō home agayne.

A popular species of harmony arose in this reign, of which the following collection will afford a few examples; it was called *King Henrys Mirth*, or *Freemens Songs* (7), that monarch being a great admirer of vocal music, and even having the reputation of a composer. *Freemens Songs* is a corruption of *Three mens songs*, from their being generally for *three voices*. Thus the clown in Shakespeares *Winters Tale*:—"She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: *three-man-song-men all*, and very good ones."—And Carew, in a passage quoted at the end of the following collection, expressly calls *John Dory* "*an old Three mans Song*." In the *Tournament of Tottenham* we read of *melody delicious of fix menys sang* (8).

(6) See "a specimen of a book, intituled, *Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Sangs, &c.* Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." Edin. 1765, 8vo.

(7) See p. 159, 163, &c.

(8) Before, p. 1. Are we from this expression to conclude that this was actually a song in six parts, or only that six men joined in singing the same melody?

The

The religious morality of *Lusty Juventus*, written and printed in the reign of Edward VI. opens with a song, which, as it is but short, may be given entire.

In a herber grene aslepe where as I lay,
The byrdes fange swete in the middes of the daye,
I dreamed fast of myrth and play :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methough I walked stil to and fro,
And from her company I could not go ;
But when I waked it was not so :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therfore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a fight,
Which is my joy and hartes delyght :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Towards the end is another, but of less merit, in the same measure.

In a MS. of Bennet college library, Cambridge, (N^o 106) are two ballads upon the inclosure of commons, which appears to have caused great disturbances in this reign.

The amorous and obscene songs used in the court of this virgin prince, gave such scandal to Thomas Sternhold, "being," as Wood says, "a most zealous protestant and a very strict liver, that he forsooth turn'd into English metre 51 of Davids Psalms, and caused musically notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, but did not, only some few excepted (9)."

(9) *Athenæ Oxonienses*, i. 76. But see Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 12. where he says that "king Henry the 8, for a few Psalmes of David turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his priuy chamber, & gaue him many other good gifts."

Long

Long before the reign of queen Elizabeth, printed songs and ballads had become common. Lancham, describing the curious literary collection of Captain Cox, the mason of Coventry, has the following words: "What shoold I rehear; heer, what a bunch of ballets and songs, ALL ANCIENT.—As, Broom Broom on Hil—So wo iz me begon, trolly lo (10)—Over a Whinny Weg—Hey ding a ding (1)—Bony Lafs upon a Green—My bony on gave me a Bek—By a Bank as I lay (2), and A HUNDRED MORE, he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord (3)." The word ANCIENT would scarcely be applied to any thing of a later date than the

(10) See song III. class III. "Brume on Hil" is likewise mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland*.

(1) Has not this been the ballad of *Old Sir Simon the King*?

Says old Sir Simon the king,
Says old Sir Simon the king,
With his aledropt hose,
And his malmfey nose,
Sing hey ding ding a ding.

Q. Where it is to be found?

(2) This last song is preserved in the old MS. already mentioned to have been found among the books of the Kings Library in the Museum. It is a love song, but without any other merit than antiquity.

(3) Letter from Killingworth, Lond. 1575, 12mo. b. l. These printed ballads soon begun to be hawked up and down the country in baskets. In the pleasaunt and stately Morall of the three Lordes and three Ladies of London, 1590, 4to. b. l. Simplicitie, "in bare blacke, like a poore citizen," on being asked what daintie fine ballad he has now to be sold, says, "Marie, child, I haue Chipping Norton—A Mile from Chappel o'the Heath—A lamentable ballad of Burning the Popes Dog—The sweet ballade of The Lincolnshire Bagpipes—and Peggy and Willy---But now he is Dead and gone---Mine own sweet Willy is laid in his grave, la, la, la, lan ti dan dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry do." And that it was the "vocation" of such a fellow to "bear his part" in a song, appears from the character of Autolycus, in the *Winters Tale*.

time

time of Henry VIII. Indeed their antiquity may be presumed from another circumstance, not one of them being now extant.

From "a very mery and pythie comedie," called "The longer thou liuest the more Fool thou art, . . . a myrrour very necessarie for youth, and specially for such as are like to come to dignitie and promotion, . . . newly compiled by W. Wager," imprinted at London, &c. in 4to. bl. l. without date, some time in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we glean scraps of a great many songs, most or perhaps all of them even at that time old, with some of which the reader can scarcely choose but be entertained, which may serve as an apology for the length of the quotation.

"¶ Here entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many Songes, AS FOOLES WERE WONT."

Moros. Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill hill :
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome standes on Hiue hill a.
¶ Robin, lende to me thy bowe, thy bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin, lend to me thy bow a (4).
¶ There was a mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue ;
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be :
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, small and gent,
As euer vpon the grounde went,
For so should it be.
¶ By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Musinge on things past, hey now.

(4) See song XI. class IV.

¶ Tom

¶ Tom a Lin and his wife, and his wiues mother,
They went ouer a bridge all three together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The deuill go with all, quoth Tom a Lin (5).

¶ Martin Swart and his man, fodledum fodledum,
Martin Swart and his man, fodledum bell (6).

¶ Com ouer the boorne Bessie,
My little pretie Bessie,
Com ouer the boorne Bessie to me (7).

¶ The white doue fat on the castell wall.
I bend my bow, and shoote her I shall;
I put her in my gloue both fethers and all.
I layd my bridle upon the shelf,
If you will any more sing it yourselfe.

Moros having been interrupted by *Discipline*, goes on us:

I haue twentie mo songs yet,
A fond woman to my mother,

(5) Of this song the editor has fortunately met with a more printed copy, but much altered, it should seem, from the original, beginning,

Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born.

the Complaint of Scotland, "Thom of Lin" is given as the name of a dance.

(6) Skelton, laureat, (who died in 1529) has an evident allusion to the same song:

With hey trolly loly lo, whip here Jak.
Alumbek *fodyldym* syllorym ben,
Curiously he can both counter and knak
Of *Martyn Swart and all his mery men.*

Against a comely Coystrowne, &c.
Works (1736) p. 254.

(7) Shakspeare has put these three identical lines into the mouth of Edgar, in *K. Lear*. A moralisation of the song is given with the music in the editor's folio MS.

As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
 She taught me these and many other;
 I can sing a song of robin redbrest,
 And my litle pretie nightingale,
 There dwelleth a iolly Foster here by west,
 Also I com to drink som of your Christmas ale.
 Whan I walke by my selfe alone,
 It doth me good my songs to render;
 Such pretie thinges would soone be gon,
 If I should not some time them remembre.

- Moros.* Before you go let vs haue a song,
 I can retch vp to sing, sol fa and past.
Idleneffe. Thou hast songes good stoare, sing one,
 And we three the foote will beare.
Moros. Let me study, it will come anone,
 Pepe, la, la, la, it is to hye there,
 So, ho, ho, and that is to lowe,
 Soll, foll, fa, fa, and that is to flatte,
 Re, re, re, by and by you shall knowe,
 My, my, my, howe saye you to that?
Idlenes. Care not for the 'key,' but what is thy song?
Moros. ¶ I haue a prety tytmouse,
 Come picking on my to,
All iiii, Gossuppe with you I purpose,
the same. To drinke before I go.
Moros. ¶ Litle pretty nightingale,
 Among the braunches greene (8),
All iiii. Geue vs of your Christmasse ale,
the same. In the honour of saint Steuen.

(8) This song, with music, is in the old book already mentioned among the Kings MSS. The first stanza is as follows:

The lytyll prety nyghtyngale,
 Among the leuys grene,
 I wolde I were wyth hur all nyght,
 But yet ye wot not whome I mene.

The last line is the concluding one of each stanza.

Moros

- Moros.* ¶ Robyn readbreſt with his noates,
Singing a loſte in the quere,
All iiij. Warneth to get you freſe coates,
the ſame. For winter then draweth nere.
Moros. ¶ My bridle lieth on the ſheſe,
Yf you will haue any more,
Vouchſafe to ſing it yourſelfe,
For here you haue all my ſtoare.
Wrath. A ſong much like thauthour of the ſame,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.
Moros. This ſong learned I of my dame,
When ſhe taught me muſtard ſede to grinde.

Wrath ſeems to conſider theſe ſcraps as *Moroses* own invention; and *Idleneſſe* having before told the company that he (*Moros*) could “ſing ſonges and make rymes,” one might have conſidered him as an *improviſatore*, or natural extempore poet, if he had not himſelf told us how he came by them.

Ignorance, in a dialogue between *Impietie* and *Crueltie*, is required to “ſing ſome mery ſong,” which unfortunately is not inſerted, owing to an ordinary practice of our early dramatists, to leave the choice of the ſong to the performer. Upon the whole, this is certainly a moſt curious piece, and it is much to be deſired, that a collection of theſe ancient moralities were given to the public; as they not only furniſh numberleſs particulars of the domeſtic life and manners of our anceſtors, but are beſides infinitely more entertaining than any dramatic production before the time of Shakspeare.

“The over buſie and too ſpeedy returne of one maner of tune,” ſays Puttenham, doth “too much annoy & as it were glut the eare, vnleſſe it be in ſmall and popular muſickes, ſong by theſe *Cantabanqui*, vpon benches and barrells heads, where they haue none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes that paſſe by them in the ſtreet, or elſe by blind harpers, or ſuch like tauerne minſtrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat, &c. alſo they be vſed

in carols and rounds, and such like light or lasciuious poems, which are commonly more commodiously vttered by these buffons or vices in playes, then by any other person (9)."

Webbe also censures the vulgar songs of his time, which he calls "a few balde ditties made ouer the beere potts, which are nothing lesse then poetry (10)."

The song in *Gammer Gurtons Garland*, first printed in 1575, which begins,

I cannot eate but lytle meate,

has been often mentioned as the first drinking song of any merit in the language, and as such has been frequently printed. It is certainly a singular performance, and deserves to be well known (1).

In an old pamphlet by Henry Chettle, intituled, "Kind-Harts Dreame," &c. 4to. black letter, without date, but supposed to be printed in 1592, is contained an ironical admonition to the ballad-singers of London, from Antony Now Now (2), or Antony Munday, a great ballad-writer, wherein he says, "When I was liked, there was no thought of that idle upstart generation of ballad-singers, neither was there a printer so lewd that would set his finger to a lasciuious line." But now, he adds, "ballads are abusively chanted in every street; and from London this evil has overspread Essex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradesman, of a worshipfull trade, yet no stationer, who after a little bringing vppe apprentices to singing brokerie, takes into his shoppe some fresh men, and trustes his olde seruantes of a two months

(9) *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 69.

(10) *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, 4to. black letter, fig. c. iii.

(1) See it in the "Select Collection of English Songs," already cited.

(2) See song XIX. class V. of the following collection.

ending with a doffen groatesworth of ballads. In which, if they prove thrifitie, he makes them prety chapmen, able to fprede more pamphlets by the ftate forbidden, than all the bookfellers in London, &c." The names of any ballads are here given, as "*Watkins Ale, The Carmans Whifle, Chopping-knives, and Frier Fox-taile* (3). And out-roaring Dick and Wat Wimbars, two celebrated oibles, are faid to have got twenty fhillings a day, by fing- ing at Braintree fair in Effex (4).

Bifhop Hall thus cenfures the number of ballads pub- lished in his time :

Some drunken rimer thinks his time well fpent,
If he can live to fee his name in print ;
Who, when he is once flefhed to the preffe,
And fees his handfelle have fuch faire fucceffe,
Sung to the wheel, and fung unto the payle,
He fends forth thraves of ballads to the fale (5).

By

(3) " I fhould hardly be perfwaded, that anie profeffor of fo excellent a fciencie [as printing] would bee fo impudent, to print fuch odious and lafcivious ribauldrie, as *Watkins Ale, The Carmans Whifle*, and fündrie fuch other." Letter (with the fignature T. N. to his good friend A [nthony] M [unday]) prefixed to the latters translation of "*Gerileon of England*. The fecond part, &c." 1592, 4to. black letter. The object of this abusive letter has poffibly been Thomas Delony. The tune of *Watkins Ale*, was in one of Dr. Pephuschs MSS. See Wards Lives of the Professors of Gresham College (the Mufeum copy) p. 199. The *Carmen* of this age fhould feem to have been fingularly famous for their musical talents. Juftice Shallow, according to alltaffs fatyricall description, " came ever in the rear-ward of the fafhion ; and fung thofe tunes to the over-fcutcht hufwives, that he heard the *carmen whifle*, and fware they were *his fancies, or his good-nights*." 2 Hen. IV. Act III. Scene II. Skelton fays of a profeffor in his time :

He whyftelyth fo fwetely, he maketh me to fwet.

(4) Wartons History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 291.

(5) Virgledemiaram, 1597. He very probably alludes to the peerlefs

By being sung to the wheel and people, the author means sung by maids spinning and fetching water. Land Surrey, in one of his poems, lays,

*My mothers aside, when they do sit and spin,
They sing a song made of a Welsh mouse;*

Alluding perhaps to the fable of the City Mouse and Country Mouse. Thus also Shakspeare in his *Twelfth Night*:

*The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
Do sit to chant it.*

This admirable writer composed the most beautiful and excellent songs, which no one (so far as we know) can be said to have done before him (6); nor has any one excelled him since. Many of them have been already in-

peerless Elderton, who was no less famous for his drunkenness than his poetry. "Thomas [i. e. William] Elderton, who did arm himself with ale (as old father Ennius did with wine) when he beliated, had this, in that respect made to his memory.

*Hic situs est sitiens atque ebruius Eldertonus,
Quid dico, hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.*

Camden's Remains, p. 535.

Of this epitaph, Dr. Percy has given the following version by Oldys:

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst is laid.

(6) Or at least but one, Marlow's "Passionate Shepherd to his Love," is the only instance that can be excepted.

sorted

serted in a more refined collection than the following (7), in which however some of his lighter pieces will be found in their due place. In the plays of this favourite of the muses, we find a number of fragments of old songs and ballads, which will afford us infinite amusement in our pursuit.

In the Comedy of *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Scene 3. Sir Toby, on the Clowns entering, says, "Now let's have a catch." "By my troth," exclaims Sir Andrew, "the fool hath an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. . . . Now a song." Sir Toby, "Let's have a song." "Would you have a love-song," says the Clown, "or a song of good-life," (*i. e.* a jolly bacchanalian song)? "O," says Sir Toby, "A love-song, a love song." "Ay, ay," adds Sir Andrew (misconceiving the term) "I care not for good-life." Upon this the Clown sings a song, beginning

O mistress mine, where are you roaming,

Which, though it does not at present appear to have any great merit, is pronounced by Sir Andrew, to be "excellent good i' faith." They presently "make the welkin dance," and "rouze the night-owl," with the catch of *Hold thy peace thou knave*, which is still preserved. Sir Toby, being "in admirable fooling," sings, "*Three merry men we be*,"—" *There dwelt a man in Babylon*," and "O, the *Twelfth Day of December*:" of which the two first are extant, but the last is unfortunately lost. Another, beginning

Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be gone,

Of which they sing a few lines, is likewise preserved. Shakspeare takes every opportunity of discovering his attachment for these old and popular reliques. In the same play Orsino says,

(7) See the collection of songs referred to in a preceding note.

Now good Cefario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we had last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

The Clown being accordingly brought in to sing it, the duke proceeds :

O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
Mark it, Cefario, it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is filly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

The words, indeed, are scarcely answerable to the eulogium ; but united to the air, might have had all the effect upon the audience the author proposed.

In the course of this play, we have another scrap from the Clown :

Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind perdie,
Alas, why is she so ?
She loves another.——

He also concludes the piece with an epilogue song, of which the first stanza is,

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey ho, the wind and the rain ;
▲ foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

ANCIENT SONGS AND MUSIC. 1xix

It is remarkable that Shakespeare puts these shreds chiefly into the mouths of his fools and lunatics. Edgar, in *King Lear*, personating the character of a Bedlamite, says,

Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn,
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

again :

Child Rowland to the dark tower came.

This, if a song, was probably some translation from the French or Spanish. Rowland is the Orlando of the Italian romancers, who had him from France, and gave him to Spain. As to the words which follow, they have not the least connection with *Child Rowland*, but belong instead to the story of *Jack the Giant Killer* :

His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British-man.

Some of the little effusions uttered by Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, are very pathetic. For instance :

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.

A number of these fragments having been ingeniously worked up by Dr. Percy into a little tale, in humble imitation of so respectable an example, something of the

the same nature is attempted in the following collection.

Master Silence, in his cups, has a stanza for every occasion : we shall do nothing, says he, but

Eat and drink, and make good chear,
And thank God for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily, and ever among so merrily.

Again :

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall ;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all ;
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Again :

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine ;
And a merry heart lives long a.

In the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick attempts to sing the following lines :

The God of love
That sits above,
That knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.

This is the beginning of an old popular song by Will Elderton ; a puritanical parody of which is now extant (8).

In

(8) In the masquerade scene in the third Act of this play, Benedick angers Beatrice, by telling her that some one had said
of

ANCIENT SONGS AND MUSIC. lxxi

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Old Merry Thought sings a variety of shreds, which have all the appearance of being fragments of old songs.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
 She cares not for her mammy, for
 She is, she is, she is,
 My lord of Lowgraves lassy.

Give him flowers enow, Palmer; give him flowers
 enow;
 Give him red and white, and blue, green and yellow.

Go from my window, love, go;
 Go from my window, my dear;
 The wind and the rain
 Will drive you back again,
 You cannot be lodged here.

Begone, begone, my jagg, my puggy,
 Begone, my love, my dear:
 The weather is warm,
 'T will do thee no harm;
 Thou canst not be lodged here.

and in the tragedy of *Bonduca*, Junius sings:

She set the sword unto her breast,
 Great pity it was to see,
 That three drops of her life-warm blood,
 Run trickling down her knee.

r "that she was disdainful, and had her good wit out of the hundred merry tales," an old collection well known in Shakespeare's time; but being now lost, the late editors have pronounced it a translation of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which needs no other evidence that they have never read.

Again :

It was an old tale ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

These fragments are the rather noticed, as they may chance to prove the means of recovering the entire ballad.

Toward the end of the long reign of queen Elizabeth, Richard Johnson, author of the History of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and Thomas Deloney, the historian of the Gentle Craft, &c. wrote ballads for the press, to be sung about the streets of London, and up and down the country, in which they seem to have excelled both their predecessors and contemporaries. For though Elderton was known and celebrated for the prince of ballad-mongers, and seems to have made the composition of such things his sole profession, yet are those of his, which have come down to us, by no means to be compared to such as, upon the authority of the different garlands published under their respective names, we may reasonably attribute to Johnson and Deloney (9).

Of the merits of Anthony Munday as a ballad-writer, we have no opportunity to judge ; not a single specimen of his abilities in that line being now to be discovered.

V. The number of ancient printed songs and ballads which have perished must be considerable. Very few exist of an earlier date than the reign of James, or even of

(9) See "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses," by Richard Johnson [1612. *Bib. Bod.*] 1683. "The Garland of Delight," containing Chronicles Histories, &c. written by Thomas Delone, the thirtieth edition, 1681, 12mo. b. 1.---"The Royal Garland," by T. D. 1681 ; and in "The Garland of Good Will," by T. D. 1688, all in the Pepysian library. From these it should appear, that Deloney was author of *Fair Rosamond*, one of the best of the old English ballads.

Charles

Charles the first (10). Being printed only on single sheets, which would fall chiefly into the hands of the vulgar, who had no better method of preserving their favourite compositions, than by pasting them upon the wall (1), their destruction is easily accounted for. The practice of collecting them into books, did not take place till after queen Elizabeths time, and is probably owing to Johnson and Deloney, who, when they were advanced in years, and incapable perhaps of producing any thing of merit, seem to have contented themselves with collecting their more juvenile or happier compositions into little penny books, entitled Garlands: of these, being popular and often reprinted, many are still extant, particularly in the Pepysian library (2).

Those pieces which we now call old ballads, such as Fair Rosamond, The Children in the Wood, and the Ladys Fall, which an ingenious writer seems to consider "as the native species of poetry of this country (3)," are comparatively

(10) The oldest printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell, in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy.

(1) This measure, which may in some parts be still observed, is alluded to by Cotton:

We in the country do not scorn,
Our walls with ballads to adorn,
Of patient Griffel and the Lord of Lorn,

And by Swift:

The ballads pasted on the wall
Of Joan of France, and English Mall*.

(2) See Percy, i. lxxvii. and the preceding page.

(3) Aickin, Essays on Song Writing, p. 27. "Many of the ancient ballads," he says, "have been transmitted to the

* These ladies are only mentioned as probable subjects; there is no song about either,

present

ratively modern, that is of the earlier part of the last century, not one of them being found in print, or noticed in any book before its commencement (4). Queen Dido, to be sure, from its popularity at that time, would seem to be somewhat older, and is probably one of the oldest, as it is certainly one of the best we have. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an old writer, "you that deuoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into consumption; that sing QUEENE DIDO ouer a cupp, and tell strange news ouer an alepot, &c (5)."

If indeed, by "native species of poetry," is meant a species peculiar to this country, it is very certain that we have as little pretension to originality in this respect as in any other; of which a very slight acquaintance with the ballad poetry of other countries will be sufficient to prove. Our most ancient popular ballads, if we may judge from the few specimens preserved, were singularly rude, and not above two or three of these are known to

present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colours. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favourite kings and captains; and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of taste." The illustration of this passage by apposite examples, would have been a favour to readers less happy in their researches after these rough rhymes and unadorned narrations than the author.

(4) The earliest notice of any of these old ballads, is that which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Falstaff, in the second part of K. Hen. IV. Act ii. Scene 4.

When Arthur first in court began,

Which was at that time in all probability a new and popular ballad; and likely enough by Richard Johnson, who had a great turn for subjects of chivalry and romance.

(5) Jacke of Douer, his Queit of Inquirie, &c. 1604, 4to. (fig. 2.)

have been printed for the people (6). It is barely possible that something of the kind may be still preserved in the country by tradition. The Editor has frequently heard of traditional songs, but has had very little success in his endeavours to hear the songs themselves (7).

An ingenious Frenchman has projected the history of his country by a chronological series of songs and ballads (8). And the multitude of MS. and printed collections preserved in the royal library, or otherwise attainable, would leave a diligent compiler at no loss for materials. A history of England of this sort would be no less interesting or delightful;—but the task is impossible (9).

This

(6) Ante, p. xvii. xxii.

(7) In a copy of verses addressed to Mr. (now Dr.) Blacklock, by Richard Hewit, (a boy whom, during his residence in Cumberland, he had taken to lead him); on quitting his service, are the following lines:

How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
Whistled, or sung some fair distress,
Whose fate would steal a tear.

“Alluding,” as it is said in a note, “to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.” *Blacklocks Poems*, 1756, 8vo. p. v. It is a great pity, if these pieces have any merit, that some attempt is not made to preserve them.

(8) *M. Meusnier de Querlon, Memoire Historique sur la Chanson (l'Antologie Française, tome I.) p. 44, 45.*

(9) Dr. Percy having mentioned the “*fabulous and romantic songs which for a long time prevailed in France and England, before they had books of chivalry in prose,*” [Q. *where they are to be found?*] observes, that “*in both these countries, the Minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;*” and indeed, that “*the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the Minstrels;*” adding in a note, that “*the*

Editors

lxxvi DISSERTATION ON, &c.

This slight and imperfect essay ought not to be concluded without a wish that they who are in possession of curiosities of this nature, for almost every song prior to the commencement of the last century is a curiosity, would contrive some method or other of making them public, or at least of acquainting us with their existence, and thereby preserving them from that destruction to which they are otherwise so exceedingly liable. With respect to the collection now produced, there is scarce a public library which has not been explored, in order to furnish materials for it. Its contents, indeed, are far from numerous; a defect, if it be one, which neither zeal nor industry has been able to remedy.

Editors MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind." With respect to the contents of this famous and extraordinary MS. enough has been already said. It is observable, however, that *not one* of this *multitude* has made its appearance in public.

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ANCIENT SONGS.

C L A S S I.

Comprehending the Reigns of HENRY III. ED-
WARD I. EDWARD II. EDWARD III.
and RICHARD II.

I.

A SONG OR CATCH IN PRAISE OF THE CUCKOW.

This curious piece, which is thought to be "the most ancient English song, with [or without] the musical notes, any where extant," is preserved in a manuscript of the Harleian Library, in the Museum (N^o 978). It has been already published by Sir John Hawkins in his very in-

B

structive

instruative and entertaining History of Music, Vol. ii. p. 93; and at p. 96 of the same volume it is reduced into the scale of modern composition. The ingenious author remarks that " Mr. Wanley has not ventured precisely to ascertain the antiquity of this venerable musical relic," but adds, " that the following observations will go near to fix it to about the middle of the fifteenth century." A conjecture in which he is, doubtless, greatly mistaken, as the MS. is evidently of much higher antiquity, and may, with the utmost probability, be referred to, as early a period (at least) as the year 1250. So good a judge of ancient MSS. as Mr. Wanley was could never have been restrained by FEAR from giving his opinion of their age: that consideration, however, might have had its weight both with the learned historian, and with those who have adopted his opinion.*

Under the words here given are those of a Latin hymn, to which Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Du Cange, thinks the term Rota alone refers; an opinion for which there does not appear sufficient reason; the word implying no more than our Round. And hence perhaps a passage in Shakspeare may receive some illustration. In Hamlet, Ophelia, speaking of a ballad of " The false steward who stole his masters daughter," exclaims — " O how the wheel becomes it!" evidently meaning the burthen or return of the stanza.

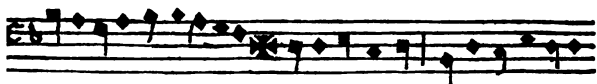
A ROTE was likewise an ancient musical instrument, as we may learn from Chaucer:

" Wel coude he sing and playen on a ROTE."

* Dr. Burney, T. Warton.

"As to the music," the above learned writer observes, "it is clearly of that species of composition known by the name of Canon in the unison. It is calculated for four voices, with the addition of two for the *Pes*, as it is called, which is a kind of ground, and is the basis of the harmony."

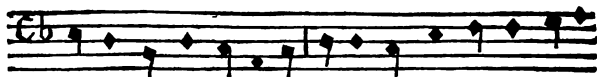
"It is observable," continues he, "that the most ancient species of musical imitation is the song of the Cuckow, which must appear to be a natural and very obvious subject for it. Innumerable," he says, "are the instances that might be produced to this purpose; a very fine madrigal in three parts, composed by Thomas Weelkes, organist of Chichester cathedral, about the year 1600, beginning 'The Nightingale the organ of delight,' has in it the Cuckow's song. Another of the same kind, not less excellent, in four parts, beginning 'Thirsis sleepest thou?' occurs in the Madrigals of John Bennet, published in 1599. Viraldi's Cuckow concerto," he adds, "is well known, as is also that of Lampe, composed about thirty years ago."



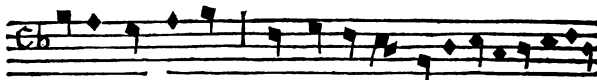
Vmer is icumen in. Lhudeſing cuccu. Growep ſed and blowep



med and ſpringþ þe wde nu. Sing cuccu Awe bletþ after



Iomb. Ihouþ after calue cu. Bulluc fterteþ. bucke uerteþ



Murie ſing cuccu. Cuccu cuccu Welſinges þu cuccu neſwik



þu nauer nu.

Hanc rotam cantare poſſunt quatuor ſoc
cij. A paucioribus autem q̄m a tribus ul'
ſaltem duobus nō debet dici. præ eoſ qui diſ
cūt pedem. Canit autē ſic. Tacē tibi cetiſ
uñ inchoat cū hiſ q̄ tenēt pedē. Et cū uer
nerit ad p̄mam notam poſt crucē / inchoat
aliuſ. ⁊ ſic de ceteris.

ſingl'i ū repauſent ad pauſacōneſ
ſcriptaſ ⁊ n̄ alibi / ſpacio uniuſ
longe note.



ſing cuccu nu. ſing cuccu.

Hoc repetit uñ quocienſ op̄ eſt /
facienſ pauſacionem in fine.



ſing cuccu. ſing cuccu nu.

Hoc dicit ali' pauſant in medio
⁊ n̄ in fine. Si immediate reſ
petēs p̄ncipiu.

II.

A BALAD AGAINST THE SCOTS,

“ many of whom are here mentioned by name, as also many of the English besides the King & Prince. But particularly, of William Walleys taken at the Battel of Dunbar, A. D. 1305. of Simon Frisell, taken at the Battel of Kyrkenclif, A. D. 1306. both [of] whom were punished as Traitors to our King Edward the first, & their Heads sett (among others of their Countrey-men) upon London-bridge: and of the coronation of Robert le Brus & his Lurking afterward.”* WANLEY.

This ballad contains a variety of incidents little noticed by historians. It is given from a MS. of Edward the 2ds time, in the Harleian Library, N^o 2253.

L Yftneþ Lordynges, a newe song ichulle bigynne
Of þe t²yours of scotland þ^c take beþ wyþ gynne,
Mon þat loueþ falsneſſe & nule neuer blynne,
Sore may him drede þe lýt þ^c he ís ynne,

Jch vnderſtonde :

5

Selde wes he glad

þ^c neuer nes aſad

Of nyþe æt of onde.

* Properly Fraſer, anceſtor of the late Lord Lovat.

6 ANCIENT SONGS.

þ^r ýfugge bý þís scottes þ^r bueþ nou to drawe,
 þe heuedes o londone brugge whose con ýknewe; 10
 He wenden han buen kynges ant seiden so in sawe,
 Betere hem were han ýbe barouns ant libbe in godes lawe
 Wyp loue.

Whose hateþ soch ant rýht
 Lutel he douzeþ godes mýht 15
 þe heye kýng aboue.

To warný all þe gentelmen þ^r bueþ ín scotlonde
 þe waleis wes to drawe, seþþe he wes an honge,
 Al q̄c biheueded, ýs boweles ýbrēd,
 þe heued to londone brugge wes send, 20
 To abyde.

After símond frýfel,
 þ^r wes t^aytour ant fykell,
 Ant ýcud ful wýde.

Sire edward oure kyng, þ^r ful ýs of píete, 25
 þe waleís q̄rters sende to ís oune contre,
 On four half to honge huere mýroure to be,
 þer opon to þenche þ^r moníe mýhten se,
 Ant drede.

Whý nolden he be war 30
 Of þ[e] bataíle of donbar,
 Hou euele hē con spede? *

* The Scots had been defeated there with great loss, Anno 1296.

ANCIENT SONGS.

7

Bysshopes and barouns come to þe kynges pes,
 Ase men þat weren fals, fykel ant les,
 Oþes hue him sworn in stude þer he wes,
 To buen him hold ant ƿwe for alles cunnes res
 þrye.

35

þ^r hue ne shulden aȝyn him go,
 So hue were zemed þo,
 Weht halt hit to lye.

40

To þe kyng edward hii fasten huere fay,
 Fals wes here foreward so forst is in may,
 þat sonne from þe southward wyped away;
 Moni proud scot þer of mene may
 To ȝere.

45

Nes neuer scotland
 Wip dunt of monnes hond
 Allinge aboht so duere.

þe bisskop of glascou ychoȝ he was ylaht,
 þe bisskop of seint Andre boþe he bep ycaht,
 þe abbot of scon wip þe kyng nis nout saht,
 Al here p'pos ycome hit ys to naht,
 þurh ryhte :

50

Hii were vnwis
 When hii þohte þs
 Aȝyn huere kyng to fyhte.

55

8 ANCIENT SONGS.

þourh consail of þes bissþopes ynemned býfore
 Sire Robt þe bruytʒ fursit kýng wes ýcore,
 He mai eueruche day ys fon him se býfore,
 ʒef hee mowen him hente íchor he bíþ forlore, 60
 Sauntʒ fayle.

Sohʒ forte sugge,
 Duere he shal abugge
 þʒ he bigon bataýle.

Hii þʒ him crounede proude were ant bolde, 65
 Hii maden kýng of someʒ so hii ner ne sholde,
 Hii setten on ys heued a croune of rede golde,
 Ant token him a kynezerde so me kýng sholde,
 To deme,

þo he wes set in see 70
 Lutel god coupe he
 Kýneriche to ʒeme.

Nou kýng hobbe in þe mures ʒongeþ,*
 Forte come to tounne nout him ne longeþ;
 þe barouns of engelond myhte hue him gʰpe 75
 He him wolde techen on englyssh to pýpe,
 þourh streynþe :

* *K. Robert Brut, after the battle of Kirkencliffe (or Metbwen, as it is more generally called) fled into the Higblands, where he lurked for some time. In a pretended conversation between him and his queen, reported by some of our old historians, she is made to say, "You are but a Summer king, I take it; I do not imagine you will be a Winter one." (M. Weß. 456.) This calumny seems alluded to in v. 66.*

ANCIENT SONGS. 9

Ne be he ner so stout
 Ȝet he biȝ yſoht out
 O brede and o leynȝe. 80

: Edward of carnarvan, iſhu him ſaue ant ſee,
 : Emer de valence, gentil knyȝt ant free,
 bbeȝ yſuore huere oht þȝ par la g^ace dee.
 e wollep ous delȝuren of þȝ falſe contree,
 Ȝeſe hii conne.* 85
 Muche haȝ ſcotlond forlore,
 Whet alaſt whet biſore,
 Ant lutel þs wonne.

u ichulle fonge þer ich er let,
 e tellen ou of friſel aſe ich ou biȝ het, 90
 þe bataȝle of kyrkenclȝf Fryſel was ytake,
 continaunce abatede enȝ boſt to make,
 Biſide ſt^auelȝn;
 Knyȝtes ant ſweȝnes,
 Fremen ant þeȝnes, 95
 Monȝe wiȝ hym.

hii weren byſet on eueruche halue,
 ime ſlaȝe were, ant ſomme dreynȝe hem ſelue,
 : Joh^an of lyndeſeȝe nolde nout abyde,
 wod in to þe water hiſ ſeren him biȝyde, 100
 To adrenche.

* *A very judicious proviſe, as appeared in the ſequel.*

Whi

Whí nolden híí be war

þer nís non aþeýn star?

Why nolden hý hem býþenche?

þís wes byfore seínt barcholomeus masse 105

þ^z Fryfel wes ýtake, were h^z more oþer lasse ;

To fire Thomas of multoñ gentil baroun ant fre,

And to fire Johⁿ Jose bý take þo wes he,

To honde :

He wes ýfetered weel 110

Boþe wíþ ýrn ant wýþ steel

To bringen of scotlonde.

Sone þer after þe rýdýnge to þe kýng com,

He hí m sende to londone wíþ moný armed grom,

He com yn at newegate, y telle ýt on aplyht, 115

A gerland of leues on ýs hed ýdýht *

Of grene ;

For he shulde ben ýknowe

Boþe of heþe ant of lowe

For t^cýtour ýwene. 120

* So *Wallace*, at his mock trial at *Westminster*, was "crowned with laurel," as *Stowe* relates, "for that he had said in times past, that he ought to bear a crown in that hall (as it was commonly reported)." *V. ante* v. 11, and *post* v. 180.

Yfetered were ys legges vnder hís horfe wombe,
Boþe wíp ýrn ant wíp stel mankled were ys honde,
A gerland of peruenke set on ys heued,
Muche wes þe poer þ^z hím wes býreued

Jn londe :

125

So god me amende,

Lutel he wende

So be broht ín honde.

Síre herbert of morh^am feýr knýht ant bold,
For þe loue of fryfel ys lýf wes ýfold,
A waíour he made, so hrt wes ytold,
Ys heued of to smýhte þef me him brohte ín hold,

130

Wat so býtyde :

Sory wes he þenne

þo he mýhte hím kenne

135

þourh þe toun ryde.

þenne seide ys scwýer a word anon rýht,
Síre we beþ dede ne helpeþ hrt no wýht,
Thomas de boýs þe scwýer wes to nome,
Nou ýchot our waíour turneþ ous to g^o me,

140

So ýbate.

V. 129. l. North^am. *He was one of the Scottish prisoners in the Tower ; and is said to have been so confident of the safety or success of Sir Simon Fraser, that he had offered to lay his own head on the block if that warrior suffered himself to be taken : and (however involuntarily) it seems he kept his word. Vide M. West. 460.*

Ydo

Ydo ou to wyte,
 Here heued wes of smýte
 Býfore þe tour gate.

Þis wes on oure leuedý euen*, for sothe ýchunderstonde,
 Þe íustices seten for þe knýhtes of scotlonde, 146
 Sire Thomas of multoñ, an hendy knýht ant wýs,
 Ant fire Rauf of sondwych þ̃r muchel ís told ín þ̃s,
 Ant fire Johⁿ Abel;
 Mo ýmíhte telle by tale, 150
 Boþe of grete ant of smale,
 Ȝe knowen súþe wel.

Þenne saide þe íustíce þ̃r gentíl ís ant fre,
 Sire símond Fryfel, þe kynges t̃ytour hast þou be,
 In water ant ín londe þat moníe mýhten se, 155
 What sayst þou þareto, hou wolt þou quíte þe?
 Do say.
 So foul he him wíste
 Nede waron trušte
 Forso segge naý. 160

Þer he wes ydemed so hít wes londes lawe,
 For þ̃r he wes lordswyk furst he wes to drawe,
 Vpon a reþeres hude forþ he wes ýtuht,
 Sum while ín ys tíme he wes a modí knýht,
 In huerce. 165

* 7th September 1306.

Wicked-

ANCIENT SONGS.

13

Wickednesse & funne

Hir is lutel wunne

þæt makeþ þe body smerte.

al is grete poer ȝet he wes ȝlahȝ,
nesse & swȳkedom al hir ȝeþ to naht,
he wes in ſcotlond lutel wes ȝs þoht
e harde iugement þæt him wes byſoht

170

In ſtounde.

He wes fourſiþe forſwore

To þe kyng þer biſore,*

& þæt him brohte to grounde.

175

ſeteres & wiþ ȝȳues ichoȝ he wes to drowe,
a þe tour of londone, þæt monie mȳhte knowe,
cirtel of burel aſelkeþe wȳſe,

a gerland on ȝs heued of þe newe ȝuȳſe,

180

þurh cheepe;

Monímon of engelond

For to ſe fȳmond

þideward con lepe.

*ir Simon was one of thoſe whom K. Edward brought out of
id in 1296, when that kingdom was firſt ſubdued. He remained a
iſoner about eight months and was then freed, on entering into the
ngagement with the conqueror, to which, however, it is certain
not think proper to adhere; eſteeming it, perhaps more ſinful to
ch a forced obligation than to take it. Abercrombie, I. 552.*

Tprot scot for þi st^f,
 Hang vp þyn hachet ant þi knyf,
 Whil him lasteþ þe lyf
 Wiþ þe longe shonkes.

230

*** *The following curious particulars of the capture and execution of this Sir Simon Fraser are transcribed from the fragment of an old chronicle in the British Museum, (MSS. Har. 266.) written about the time of Henry the Sixth.*

Howe Roþt pe Brus was scomfited in bataille
 and howe Sýmond Frisell was slayn.

THE fryday next bifore assumpcioun of oure lady
 king Edeward mette Robert pe Brus bisides seýnt Johs
 toune in Scotland, and with his companye of whiche
 companye king Edewarde quelde sevene powfand.
 When Roþt pe Brus saw pis myschif and gan to flee.
 and hovd hym pat men myzte nouzt hym fynde. but f.
 Símond Frisell pursuede hym socore. so pat he turnede
 azen and abode bataille for he was a worthy knyght & a
 bolde of body and pe englishe men pursuede hym
 sore yn euy syde. & quelde pe stede pat f. Sýmond Fri-
 sell rood vppon and pei toke hym and lad hym to pe
 host. And f. Symond bigan for to flater and speke
 faire. and saide lordys J shalle zeue you .iij. pousand
 marke of syluer and myne hors and harneys & all my
 armure and vicome. Tho answerd Theobaude of
 Peuenes

Peuenes pat was the kinges archer. Now god me so helpe hit is for nouȝt þ^r pou spexte for alle the gold of Engelonde. J wold þe noght lete gone. withoute cōmaūdement of king Edeward. And þo was he lad to þe king. And þe king wolde not seē hȳm but cōmaūded to lede hȳm away to his dome to london on our ladyes Euen Natiūite. and he was honge & drawe and his heede smȳten of. and honged aȝene with chynes of jren oppon the galwes. and his hede was sette oppon london brug on a sper & aȝens C^ristēsmasse þe body was brent. for enchefoun pat þe men pat kepte þe body by nȳȝte sawe menȳe devellis rampande with jren crokes. rennyngē vppon the gallews & horribleche t^rmented the body & meny pat ham sawe anoon aft^r þei deied for dred or woxen mad or sore sykenesse thei had.

The history of the great Scotish champion Wallace is better known.

The cruel and arbitrary treatment which these and other illustrious patriots experienced from the ambitious, but, happily, disappointed Edward, when treachery or the fortune of war had put them in his power, will for ever deprive his character of that admiration to which his courage and abilities would otherwise have justly intitled it. The following animated imprecation, with which Wallace's military chaplain concludes his annals, is too remarkable not to deserve frequent notice, and, indeed, perpetual remembrance. " Dammandus sit dies nativitatis Johannis de Monteith, & excipiatuŕ suum nomen ex libro vitæ; maledictus sit in æternum inhumanus iste tyrannus, cum nobilis ille*

* The "immanem proditorem" of Wallace.

18 ANCIENT SONGS.

Scotorum ductor pro suæ virtutis præmio vitam æternam habebit, in secula seculorum. Amen." RELATIONES ARNALDI BLAIR, apud "*The Acts and Deeds of Sir W. Wallace.*" Edinburgh, 1758.

III.

A BALLAD AGAINST THE FRENCH,

—"whose officers extorting too much from the inhabitants of Bruges in Flanders, were murdered there; and the French Kings power, commanded by the Count du St. Pol, discomfited. After which, K. Philip the Fair sending another mighty army, under the conduct of the Count d'Artois, against these Flemings; He was killed, and the French were almost all cutt to pieces. The later of these Battels was stricken on Wednesday the 7th of July, A. D. 1301." WANLEY.

From the same MS.

L Ustneþ lordínges boþe ʒonge ant olde,
Of þe freýnsh men þat were so proude and bolde,
Hou þe flemmyssh men bohten hem ant folde,
Vpon a wednesday.

Bezere hem were at home in huere londe 5
þen forze seche flemmyssh by þe see stronde,
Whare rourh moní frensh wýf wryngeþ hire honde,
Ant síngeþ weylaway.

þe kȳng of fraunce mad ſtaȝu; newe,
 In þe lond of flaundres among falſe ant trefwe, 19
 þ̃t þe cōmun of bruges ful fore con arewe,
 And ſeiden amonges hem,
 Gedere we vs togedere hardilyche at ene,
 Take we þe bailifs bi tuentȳ ant by tene,
 Clappe we of þe heuedes an onen o þe grene, 15
 Ant caſte we ȳ þe fen.

þe webbes ant þe fullaris aſſembleden hem alle,
 Ant makeden huere conſail in huere cōmune halle,
 Token Peter Conȳng huere kȳng to calle,
 Ant beo huere cheuentȳn. 20
 Hue nomen huere rouncȳns out of þe ſtalle,
 Ant cloſeden þe toun wiþ inne þe walle,
 Sixti baylies ant ten hue maden adoun falle,
 Ant moni an oþer ſweȳn.

þo wolde þe baylies þat were come from fraunce, 25
 Dryue þe ſlemiffhe þ̃t made þe deſtaunce,
 Hue turnden hem aȝeȳnes wiþ ſuerd & wiþ launçe,
 Stronge men ant lyht.
 Ytelle ou for ſoþe, for al huere bobaunce,
 Ne for þe auowerie of þe kyng of fraunce, 30
 Tuentȳ ſcore ant fyue haden þer meſchaunce,
 By day ant eke bi nyht.

Sire Jakes de seint Poul yherde 'hou' hit was,
 Sixtene hundred of horsmen asemlede o þe gras,
 He wende toward bruges pas pur pas, 35
 Wip swiþe gret mounde.

þe flemmyssh yherden telle þe cas,
 Agynnep to clyngen huere basyns of bras,
 Ant al hem to dryuen ase ston doþ þe glas,
 Ant fellen hem to grounde. 40

Sixtene hundred of horsmen hede þer here fyn,
 Hue leyzen yþe stretes ystyked ase swyn,
 þer hue loren huere stedes ant mony rouncyn,
 þourh huere oune prude.
 Sire Jakes ascapede by a coynþe gyn, 45
 Out at one posterne þer me solde wyn,
 Out of þe fyhte hom to ys yn,
 In wel muchele drede.

þo þe kyng of fraunce yherde þis anon
 Assemblede he is douffe pers eueruchon, 50
 þe proude eorl of artoys ant oþer monyon,
 To come to paris.

þe barouns of fraunce þider conne gon,
 Into þe paleis þer pauerd is wip ston,
 To iugge þe flemmyssh to bernen ant to slon, 55
 þourh þe flour de lis.

V. 33. hout. MS.

þenne

e seide þe kȳng Phelip, lustneþ nou to me,
 eorles ant mȳ barouns gentil ant fre,
 faccheþ me þe tȳtours ybounde to mȳ kne,
 Hastifliche ant blyue. 60

ior þe eorl of seint Poul, p la goule de,
 ule facche þe rybaus wher þi wille be,
 drawen hē [wip] wilde hors out of þe countre,
 Bȳ þousendes fyue.

Rauf Deuel, sayþ þe eorl of boloyne, 65
 e lerrum en vre chanoun ne moyne,
 le we forþ anon riþt wip oute enȳ affoygne,
 Ne no lȳues man;

hule flo þe Conȳng & make roste is loȳne, 70
 word shal spȳngen of him in to coloyne,
 t shal to acres & in to sefoȳne,
 And maken hīm ful wan:

ne eorles ant fourti barouns ytolde,
 ne hundred knȳhtes proude & swȳpe bolde,
 þousent swȳers amonge ȳunge ant olde, 75
 Flemmisshe to take.

lemmisshe hardeliche hem come to ȳeynes,
 proude freinsshe eorles huere knȳhtes & huere sweȳnes,
 elleden ant slowen bȳ hulles & bȳ pleȳnes,
 Al for huere kȳnges sake. 80

þis frenshe come to flaundes so lihȝ so þe hare,
 Er hit were myȝdnȝt hit fel hem to care,
 Hue were laht bi þe net so bryd is in snare,

Wip rouncin & wip stede.

þe flemmisse hem dabbep o þe het bare, 85
 Hue nolden take for huem raunsoun ne ware,
 Hue deddep of huere heuedes fare so hit fare,
 Ant þare to haueþ hue nede.

þenne seip þe eorl of Artois y zelde me to þe,
 Peter Conyng by þi nome, ȝef þou art hende ant fre, go
 þȝ y ne haue no shame ne no vylte,
 þȝ y ne be noud ded.

þenne swor a bocher, bi my leaute,
 Shalt þou ner more þe kyng of fraunce se,
 Ne in þe toun of bruges in þsone be, 95
 þou woldest spene bred.

þer hy were knulled y þe put falle,
 þis eorles ant barouns & huere knyhȝtes alle,
 Huere ledies huem mowe abide in boure & in halle,
 Wel longe : 100

For hem mot huere kyng oper knyhȝtes calle,
 Oper stedes taken out of huere stalle,
 þer hi habbeþ dronke bretteſe þen þe galle,
 Vpon þe drue londe.

When

ANCIENT SONGS. 23

þe kýng of fraunce ýherde þis týdýnge, 105
not doun is heued is honden gon he wrýnge,
hout al fraunce þe word býgon to sþnge,

Wo wes huem þo.

e wes þe forewe ant þe wepýnge
es in al fraunce among olde ant ýnge, 110
est part of þe londe býgon forte syng

Alas ant weýla wo.

ý þou 3unge pope, whet shal þe to rede,
hast lore þin cardinals at þí meste nede,
euereft þou hē neuere for noneskunnes mede, 115

Forsoþe ý þe telle.

forþ to rome to amende þí mísdede,
gode halewen hue lete þe betere spede,
þou worche wýsloker þou lofest lond & lede,
þe coroune wel þe felle. 120

þou seli, fraunce for þe may þunche shome,
ne fewe fullaris makeþ ou so tome,
þousent on a day hue maden for lome,

Wíþ eorl & knýht.

f habbeþ þe flemýssh súþe god game, 125
uereþ by seínt omer & eke bi seínt Jame
ý þer more comeþ hit falleþ huem to shame

Wíþ huem forte fýht.

J telle ou for soþe þe bataille þus biȝon
 Bituene fraunce ant flaundres, hou hue weren fon, 130
 Vor vrenshe þe eorl of flaundres in þ̄son heden y don
 Wiþ t̄soun vntrewe.

Ȝe[f] þe þ̄nce of walís his lýf hadde mote,
 Hit falleþ þe kȳng of fraunce bitrore þen þe soȝe,
 Bote he þe rapere þer of welle do bote 135
 Wel fore hit shal hȳm rewe.

IV.

S O N G

—“ in praise of the author's mistress, whose name was
Alysoun.”

From the same MS.

BYtuene merſh & aueril,
 When ſpray biȝinneþ to ſp̄nge,
 Þe lutel ſoul haþ hire wyl
 On hyre lud to ſȳnge ;
 Jch libbe in louelongiȝe
 For ſemlokeſt of alle þȳnge,
 He maȳ me bliſſe bringe,
 Jcham in hire bandoun.

5

An

ANCIENT SONGS. 25

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
 Jchot from heuene it is me sent, 10
 From all wymmen mi loue is lent,
 & lyht on Alyfoun.

On hen hire her is fayr ynoh,
 Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
 Wip lossun chere he on me loh; 15
 Wip middel smal & wel ymak:
 Bote he me wolle to hire take,
 Forte buen hire owen make,
 Longe to lyuen ichulle forfake,
 And feye fallen adoun. 20
 An hendy hap, &c.

Nihtes when y wende & wake,
 For pi myn wonges waxeþ won,
 Leuedi al for pine sake
 Longinge is ylent me on.
 In world nis non so wyter mon 25
 þat al hire bounte telle con,
 Hire swyre is whittore þen þe swon,
 & feyrest may in toun.
 An hend, &c.

Jcham for wowing al for wake,
 Wery so water in wore; 30
 Lest eny reue me my make,
 Ychalbe ytyrned zore.

Betere is þolien whyle fore
 þen mournen euermore,
 Geyneft vndergore,
 Herkne to mý roun.
 An hendí, &c.

35

V.

A LOVE SONG,

—“ *whose author describes his beautiful, but unrelenting
 mistress.*”

From the same MS.

BLOW northerne wynd,
 Sent þou me mý suetyng.
 Blow northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou.

Jchoz a burde in boure bryht,
 þat fully semly is on syht,
 Menskful maiden of myht,
 Feír ant fre to fonde.

5

Jn al þis wurhliche won,
 A burde of blod & of bon
 Neuer ȝere ȝnuſte non
 Luſſomore in londe. Blow, &c.

10

Wp

ANCIENT SONGS.

27

Wif lokkes leſſiche & longe,
 Wif frount & face feir to fonde,
 Wif murpes monie mote heo monge,
 þæt brid fo breme in boure. 15
 Wif loſſom eye, grete ant gode,
 Wif browen blýſſfol vnderhode,
 He þ̃c reſte hī on þe rode
 þ̃c leſſych lýf honoure. Blou, &c.

Hire lure lumes liht, 20
 Aſe a launterne a nýht,
 Hire bleo blýkýeþ ſo brýht,
 So feýr heo is ant fýn.
 A ſuetlý ſúyre heo haþ to holde,
 Wif armes ſhuldre aſe mon wolde, 25
 Ant ſyngres feýre forte folde,
 God wolde huè were mýn !

Middel heo haþ menſkful ſmal,
 Hire loueliche chere as cſtal ;
 Þeþes, legges, fet ant al, 30
 Ýwraht wes of þe beſte.
 A luſſum ledý laſteles,
 Þ̃c ſwetíng is & euer wes,
 A betere burde neuer nes
 Ýherýed wif þe heſte. 35

Heo

Heo is dereworþe in day,
 G^o clouſe ſtout ant gay,
 Gentil iolyf ſo þe jaý,
 Worhliche when heo wakeþ.

Maiden murgest of mouþ, 40
 Bi eft, bi weſt, by norþ & ſouþ,
 þ^e nís ficle ne crouþ
 þ^e ſuch murþes makeþ.

Heo is coral of godneſſe,
 Heo is rubie of ryhtfulneſſe, 45
 Heo is êtal of clairneſſe,
 Ant baner of bealte.
 Heo is hlite of largeſſe,
 Heo is paruenke of proueſſe,
 Heo is ſolſecle of ſuetneſſe, 50
 And ledý of lealte.

To loue þ^e leſlich ís ín londe,
 Ytolde hī as ých vnderſtonde,
 Hou þis hende haþ hent in honde,
 On huerce þ^e mýn wes. 55
 Ant hīre knýhtes me han ſo ſoht,
 Sýkýng, ſorewýng & þoht,
 þo þre me han ín bale broht,
 Aþeyn þe poer of pees.

ANCIENT SONGS.

29

To loue yputte pleyntes mo, 60

Hou fykyng me hap fiwed so,

Ant eke þoht me þrat to slo,

Wiþ maistry ȝef he myhte.

Ant serewe fore in balful bende,

þ̃ he wolde for þis hende 65

Me lede to my lyues ende,

Vnlahfulliche in lyhte.

Hire loue me lustnede vch word,

Ant beh him to me ouer bord,

Ant bed me hente þat hord, 70

Of myne huerte hele.

Ant biſceþ þ̃ swete and ſwote,

Er þen þou falle aſe ſen of fote,

þ̃ heo wiþ þe wolle of bote

Dereworþliche dele. 75

For hire loue y carke ant care,

For hire loue y droupne ant dare,

For hire loue my bliſſe is bare,

Ant al ich waxe won.

For hire loue in ſlep yflake, 80

For hire loue al nyht ich wake,

For hire loue mournyng y make,

More þen eny mon.

VI.

VI.

A SONG ON HIS MISTRESS,

—“ *whom he admires as the fairest maid bitwene
Lyncolne & Lyndeseye, Norhampton and Lounde (i. e.
London).*”

From the same MS.

WHEN þe nyhtegale sīnges þe wodes waxen grene,
Lef & g²s & blofme sƿīnges īn aueryl ywene,
Ant loue is to myn herȝe gon wiþ one spe so kene,
Nyht & daȝ mȳ blod hit drȳnkes, myn herȝe deþ me tene.

Jch haue loued al þis ȝer þȳ y maȳ loue na more, 5
Jch haue siked moni syk lēmon for þīn ore,
Me nis loue neuer þe ner, & þȳ me rewep fore,
Suede lēmon, þench on me, ich haue loued þe ȝore.

Suede lēmon, ypreȳe þe of loue one speche,
Whil y lȳue īn world so wȳde oþer nulle y feche; 10
Wiþ þȳ loue, mȳ suede leof, mī blis þou mihtes eche,
A suede cos of þȳ mouþ mihte be mȳ leche.

Suede

te lemmon, ypreþe þe of a loue bene,
 þou me louest afe men fayr, lemmon as y wene;
 ⁊ ʒef hit þi wille be þou loke þʒ hit be sene, 15
 muchel y þenke vpon þe þʒ al y waxe grene.

tuene lyncolne & lyndeseye, norh^h mptoun ant lounde,
 e wot y non so fayr a may as y go fore ybounde:
 uete lēmon, ypreþe þe þou louie me a stounde.
 Iwole mone my song on wham þʒ hit ys on ylong. 20

VII.

A SONG SETTING FORTH THE GOOD
 EFFECTS OF THE SPRING.

From the same MS.

LENTEN ys come wiþ loue to tounē,
 Wiþ blofmen & wiþ briddes rounē,
 þʒ al þis blisse bryngeþ;
 Dayes eʒes in þis dales,
 Notes fute of nyhtegales, 5
 Vch foul song ſingeþ.

þe prestelcoc him þreteþ oo,
 A way is huere wynter wo,
 When woderoue spngeþ ;
 þis foules singeþ ferly fele, 10
 Ant wlyteþ on huere wynter wele,
 þat al þe wode rýngeþ.

þe rose rayleþ hire rode,
 þe leues on þe lyhte wode,
 Waxen al wíp wille ; 15
 þe mone mandeþ hire bleo,
 þe lile is lossom to feo,
 þe fenyl & the fille.

Wowes þis wilde drakes,
 Miles murgeþ huere makes, 20
 Ase strem þ^z st^zkeþ stílle ;
 Modý meneþ so doh mo,
 Jcho^z ýcham on of þo,
 For loue þ^z likes ille.

þe mone mandeþ hire lyht, 25
 So doþ þe semly sonne brýht,
 When briddes singeþ breme ;
 Deawes donkeþ þe dounes,
 Deores wíp huere derne rounes,
 Domes forte deme. 30

Wormes

ANCIENT SONGS.

33

Wormes woweþ vnder cloude,
 Wymmen waxeþ wounder proude,
 So wel hrt wol hem seme.
 Ȝef me ſhal wonte wille of on,
 þis wunne weole y wole forgon,
 Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

35

VIII.

"A DITTY UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THIS LIFE AND THE APPROACH OF DEATH."

From the same MS.

WYnter wakenep al my care,
 Nou þis leues waxeþ bare,
 Ofte y like & mourne ſare,
 When hrt comeþ in my þoht
 Of þis worldes ioie hou hrt geþ al to noht.

5

Nou hrt is, & nou hrt nys,
 Also hrt ner nere ywys,
 þ^r moní mon ſeiþ ſoþ hrt ys,
 Al goþ bote godes wille,
 Alle we ſhule deye þah vs like ylle.

10

D

All

All þat gren me g^aæþ grene,
 Nou hæf faleweþ al bý dene,
 Jhu help þ^c hæf be fene,
 Ant shulð vs from helle ;
 For ýnot whider ý shal, ne hou longe her duelle. 15

IX.

A SONG UPON THE MAN IN THE MOON.

We are here presented, by the same MS. with the idea our ancestors entertained of an imaginary being, the subject of perhaps one of the most ancient as well as one of the most popular superstitions in the world. He is represented leaning upon a fork, on which he carries a bush of thorn, because it was for "pycchynde stake" on a Sunday that he is reported to have been thus confined. There cannot be a doubt that the following is the original story, however the Moon became connected with it.*

" ¶ And

* In the *Midsummer Nights Dream*, Peter Quince, the carpenter, in arranging his dramatic personæ for the play before the Duke, directs that—"One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine." Which we afterwards find done. "All that I have to say," concludes the performer of this strange part, "is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog." And such a character appears to have been familiar to the old English stage. Vide also *Tempest*, Act II. Scene II.

“ ¶ And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the sabbath-day.

“ And they that found him gathering sticks, brought him unto Moses and Aaron, and unto all the congregation.

“ And they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him.

“ And the LORD spake unto Moses, The man shall be surely put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp.

“ And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died; as the LORD commanded Moses.” Numbers, xv. 32, & seq.

But with due reverence to omnipotent authority, such a decision from any other quarter must have been deemed rigid justice; considering that the fact had never happened before, was prohibited by no express law, and, for anything that appears, an act of the utmost necessity. Whoever, therefore, altered the sentence to a perpetual pillory-like imprisonment in the moon, seems to have proceeded upon the more just and rational principles,—on the supposition, that is, of its being criminal for a poor wretch to pick a few thorns in church-time to keep his family from starving.

MON in þe mone stond & st^e,
 On is bot forke is burþen he bereþ,
 Hic is muche wonder þ^e he na down flyt,
 For doute lest he valle he shoddreþ and shereþ.

D 2

When

When þe forst freſeþ mucho chele he byd, 5
 þe þornes beþ kene is hattren to tereþ ;
 Nis no wyþt in þe world þat wot wen he ſyt,
 Ne, bote hit bue þe hegge, what wedes he wereþ.

Whider trowe þis mon ha þe wey take,
 He haþ ſet is ofot is oþer to foren, 10
 For non hiþte þat he haþ ne ſyþt me hym ner shake,
 He is þe ſloweſte mon þat euer wes yboren.
 Wher he were oþe feld pycchynde ſtake,
 For hope of ys þornes to dutten is doren,
 He mozt myd is twyþyl oþer trous make, 15
 Oþer al is dayes werk þer were yloren.

þis ilke mon vpon heh whener he were,
 Wher he were y þe mone boren ant yfed.
 He lenep on is forke aſe a grey frere,
 þis crokede caynard fore he is adred. 20
 Hit is mony day go þat he was here,
 Jchozt of is ernde he naþ nout yſped,
 He haþ hewe ſumwher a burþen of brere,
 þarefore ſum hayward haþ taken ys wed.

þeſ þy wed ys ytake bring hom þe trous, 25
 Sete ſoþþ þyn oþer ſot, ſtryd ouer ſty,
 We ſhule preye þe haywart hom to vr hous,
 Ant maken hym at heyſe for þe mayſtry ;

Drynke

ANCIENT SONGS. 37

to hym deorly of fol god bous,
 pure dame douse shal sitten hym bý, 30
 at he is dronke ase a dreȳnt mous,
 e we schule borewe þe wed ate bayly.

i hereþ me nout, þah ich to hym crye,
 þe cherl is def, þe del hym to drawe,
 ȝeȝe vpon heþ nulle nout hȳe, 35
 stlase ladde con nout o lawe.
 ȝrþ hubert, hofede pȳe,
 : þart a marstled ín to þe mawe ;
 : teone wíp hym þat mȳn ȝeh mȳe,
 ȝerld nul nout adoun er þe daȳ dawe. 40

*It was from the MS. whence the foregoing pieces
 acted that Bp. Percy printed the ballad of RI-
 OF ALMAIGNE (Reliques, II. 1.), of which he
 dvertently omitted the concluding stanza. In this
 tency, as well as in his other variations from the
 , he has been religiously followed by his learned
 'be reverend Mr. Thomas Warton; who, never-
 declares that he had transcribed the ballad be-
 knew that it was printed in the "SECOND"
 of Percy!—How unlucky that it should be in
 ST too!—The stanza, however, is curious, and
 be regretted that the right reverend editor should,
 an unaccountable oversight, have left his copy im-*

Be þe luef, be þe loht, fire edward *,
 þou shalt ride sporeles o þy lýard,
 Al þe rýhte way to douere ward,
 Shalt þou neuer more breke foreward,
 And þat rewep fore.
 Edward, þou dudest ase a shreward,
 Forsoke þyn emes lore.
 Richard, &c.

* *The Prince, afterwards K. Edward I.*

X.

A S O N G,

—*made A. D. 1308. in praise of the valiant Knight Sir Piers de Birmingham, who while he lived was a scourge to the Irish. and died A D 1288 "*

The name of de Birmingham is famous in the Irish annals about this period, but the gallant actions, and even the very existence of this valiant knight. seem to have no other record than the following ballad, which is given from a MS. in the Harleian library (N^o 913) of the same age.

S Ich gabriel gan grete
 Vre ladí marí sweze
 ꝑ^r godde wolde ī hír lýtze,
 A poufand ȝer híc isse,
 ꝑ^re hundred ful ī wisse,
 A' ou' ȝerís eíȝte.

5

Pan

ANCIENT SONGS.

39

Pan of pe eist zer'
 Tak twief ten iser'
 p^r wol be .xxi^e fulle;
 Apan pe .xx. dai
 Of aul bi for mai,
 So dep vs gan to pulle.

10

He pullid us of on,
 Al irlond makup mon
 Engelonck af welle;
 Ful wel ye writte his nam,
 Sir pers pe b'mgh^a m,
 No nede hit is to telle.

15

Hif nam hit was a' isse
 Y sigge you ful i wisse
 p^r vppe shal arise:
 i felle fesse a' bone
 A bett^r kn.ȝt naf none,
 No none of mor' p^rse.

20

Noble werrur' he was,
 A gode castel i place,
 On stede p^r he wold ride,
 Wip hif sper a' scheld
 i hard wodde a' felde,
 No pef hi durst abide.

25

30

Do penchip al i hī,
 Wip weepin who wol win,
 Hou gode he was to nede.
 i batail stif to stond,
 I wif is per' nas nond,
 Alas he sold be dede!

33

Al englis men p^{er} bep
 Sore mow wep i' dep,
 p^{er} such a kniȝt sold falle;
 Pos kniȝtis eueh one
 Of hī mai mak mone,
 As puink of hā alle.

40

Puink he miȝt be,
 A' p^{er} for pinges pre,
 He vfiid oft a' lome,
 p^{er} was one of pe best,
 He ne leet no pef hav rest,
 i no stid þ he come.

45

An oþ ping al so,
 To yrismen he was so,
 p^{er} wel wide whar' s;
 Eū he rode aboute
 Wip streinȝ to hūt hā vte,
 As hūt dop pe har'.

50

For

ANCIENT SONGS.

41

For whan hi wend best 55

i wildernis hav rest,

p^r no mā ffold hā see,

þan he wold driue a quest

Anō to har nest,

J' fud þ hī wold be. 60

Of flep he wold hā wak,

For ferdnis he wold q^ak,

A' fōd to sculk awa;

For þe hīre of har bedde

He tok har heuid to wedde, 65

A' so he tæte hā plai.

þof yris men of þe lond

Hi swor a' tok an hond

þe englis mē to t^a;

A' seid hi wold quelle 70

As fale as ic þou telle

Al apon o dai.

þe erl of vlæster,

Sir' emond þe botiler,

Sir' Jon le fiz tomas, 75

Algate al bi name

Sir' þerf þe b'mgh^ame,

þis was har cōpas.

þis

Pif cōpasmēt cō vte
 F^m knīȝt to knīȝt abute, 80
 Hit naſ noȝt lāg ihidde ;
 Poſ knīȝtīſ pīd al,
 P^ȝ meſchās moſt hā fal,
 Ȝīf ſcape hi ſſold þ̄ mīdde.

A' ſwor bi godiſ name 85
 To ſild pe cūtre pane,
 Whan hi mīȝt cō to ;
 A' p^ȝ wip vte lette
 To certēin dai iſette,
 Pif ping ſſold be do. 90

Lang er piſ dai was cō
 Hit was forȝit wip ſom,
 p^ȝ neīſſe bep to nede ;
 Alaſ what ſſold hi ībor
 Proȝ hā piſ lond iſ ilor 95
 To ſpille ale a' bred.

Sir' pers pe b'mgh^m
 On ernīſt a' again
 Piſ dai waſ īs poȝt ;
 He poȝt ordref to mak, 100
 What tīme he mīȝt hā tak,
 Of t' ual naſ hī noȝt.

ANCIENT SONGS.

43

O konwīr p^{re} was king
His keperin he gan b'ngt
Pe maist' heet gílboíe,
Ríxt az pe t'níre,
Whan hodes sold best be,
To pers ī totomoye.

105

A' ríte of oþ floore
Cō epenímal more,
A' o^f fale bī name;
Sir' perf lokid vte
He seeí such a rute
Hī poxt hīz naf no game.

110

Sir perf sef hā com,
He receíuíd al a' som,
Noxt on iwernd nas;
Sir hoodís he let mak,
Noht on naf for sak,
Bot al he did hā g^oce.

115

120

Saue o wrech p^{re} þ was,
He cupe noxt red ī place,
' Ne ' sīng ' whar ' he cō;
He was of caym is kínne,
A' he refusíd hī,
He wend vnhodid hō.

125

V. 123. No sīng what he cō. MS.

H_o

He p^ɛ pɪf fang lɛt mak,
 For sɪr pɛɪsɪf sake,
 Wel wɪd hap ɪgo ;
 Wɪd whar ɪsoʔt,
 A' god pɔn ɪboʔt,
 Two hūdrɪd daɪf a' mo.

130

XI.

A Z E Y N M I W I L L I T A K E M I L E U E.

From an immense folio in the Bodleian library, known by the title of MS. Vernon, consisting of between four and five hundred large parchment leaves, and containing a variety of religious and other poems, in a character which the editor conjectured, on looking over it, to be of the fourteenth century (i. e. of the reign of Edward III. or Richard II.). The song is at folio 404.

NOW B'nes, Buird⁹, bolde and blype,
 To blessen ow her nou am I boūde,
 I pōke ʒou alle a pousend sipe,
 And prei god sauc ʒou hol and soūde ;

ANCIENT SONGS.

45

Wher eú ȝe go, on gras or grounde,
He ow gouerne, w'outen greue,
For frēdschipe p^t I here haue foude,
Aȝeyn mí wille I take mí leue.

5

For frēdschipe & for ȝiftes goode,
For mete & drínke so gret plente,
Pat lord p^t rauȝt was on pe roode
He kepe pí comelí cumpayne ;
On see or lond, wher pat ȝe be,
He gouerne ow wip outen greue ;
So good disport ȝe han mad me,
Aȝeín mí wille J take my leue.

10

15

Aȝeín mí wille alpauȝ J wende,
J may not alwey dwellen here,
For eúi píng schal haue an ende,
And frendes are not ay J fere.
Be we neuer so lef and dere,
Out of pís world al schul we meue,
And whon we buske vnto vr here
Aȝeyn vr wille we take vr leue.

20

And wende we schulle, J wot neú whēne,
Ne whoderward, pat we schul fare,
But endelef blisse, or ay to brēne,
To euerí mon ís ȝarked ȝare ;

For

For þí J rede, vch mon be ware,
 And lete vr werk vr wordes preue,
 So pat no sūne vr soule forfare,
 Whon pat vr lyf hap taken hís leue.

30

Whon pat vr lyf hís leue hap lauht,
 Vr bodí líth bounden bí þe wowe,
 Vr rícheffes alle from vs ben raft,
 Jn clottes colde vr cors ís prowē.
 Wher are þí frēdes? ho wol þe knowe?
 Let seo ho wol þí foule releue;
 J rede þe mon, ar pou ly lowe,
 Beo redí ay to take þí leue.

35

40

Be redí ay, what eú bí falle,
 Al sodeynlí lest þ^a be kíht;
 Þ^u wost neú whōne þí lord wol calle,
 Loke þ^t þí laūpe beo breñyngē bríht:
 For leue me wel, but þ^a haue líht,
 Riht foule þí lord wol þe repreue,
 And fíeme þe fer out of hís síht,
 For al to late þ^a toke þí leue.

45

Now god pat was ín Bethleem bore,
 He ȝíue vs grace to serue hī so,
 Þ^t we maí come hís face to fore,
 Out of pis world whon we schul go:

50

ANCIENT SONGS.

47

And for to amende þæt we mís do,
In clei or þæt we clynge and cleue;
And mak vs euene w^t frend and fo,
And in good tyme to take vr leue.

55

Nou haueþ good daí, gode men alle,
Haueþ good daí, ʒonge and olde,
Haueþ good day, bope grete and smalle,
And graüt mⁱ cí a poufend folde.
ʒif euer J mízte, ful fayn J wolde,
Don ouzt þæt weore vnto ʒou leue.
Críst kepe ow out of cares colde,
For nou is tyme to take mý leue.

60





ANCIENT SONGS.

C L A S S II.

Comprehending the Reigns of HENRY IV.
HENRY V. and HENRY VI.

I.

R O B I N L Y T H.

This singularly curious relic is given from a small quarto MS. in the Sloane library in the Museum (N^o 2593.), consisting of a pretty considerable number of poetical pieces, "some pious, some the contrary," in a hand which appears to be nearly, if not quite, as old as the time of Henry V. But from the uncommon rudeness of the following extract, which is totally dissimilar in point of language and manner to any thing the editor has hitherto

et with, one may safely venture to pronounce it at least equal date with the commencement of the preceding v. Who or what this Robin Lyth was, does not, I think, arise by this little performance, composed, it would seem, to eternize the manner of his death, and the revenge taken for it, any where appear. That was a native or inhabitant of Yorkshire is, indeed, very probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a few miles north of Whitby is a village called LYTH, where he may be reasonably supposed to have acquired his surname: the second, that near Flamberough, in Yorkshire, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at times, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of ROBIN LYTH'S CAVE; from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same nation, had several such in those and other parts: indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had formerly been in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his death, had set up for himself. See a further account of the above cave in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1776. 4to. p. 19.) The first and last line was, possibly, the burden of the song, and repeated after every other.

Obyñ lyth in grene wode bowndȳ.

~ J herde a carpyng of a clerk al at ȝone wodȝ ende,
 gode robyn & gandeleyn was þ̃ nō op̃ 'pynge';
 ȝonge theuys wern þ̃ chylderī nō, but bowmē gode
 & hende;
 wentȳ to wode to getȳ hē fleych, if god wold it hȝ
 sende.

5

V. 3. gyng. MS.

E

A

Al day wētȳ po chylderī too, & fleych fowndȳ he nō,
 Til it wer' a geyn euȳ pe chylderī wold gō hom;
 Half a honderid of fat falyf der he comȳ a ȝon,
 & alle he wern fayr & fat j now, but markyd was p'
 nō.

Be der' god, seyde gode [robyn], her' of we xul haue
 on. 10

Robȳ ' bent' his joly bowe p' in he fet a flo,
 p' fatteft der of alle p' herte he clef a to.
 He hadde not pe der í flawe ne half out of p' hyde,
 p' cam a schrewde arwe out of p' west p' felde robert
 pryde.

Gandeleyn lokyd hȳ eft & west be euȳ fyde, 15
 Hoo hat mȳ mayst' flayín ? ho hat dō pis dede ?
 Xal j neú out of grene wode go t[1] j se fydis blede.
 Gandeleyn lokyd hȳ eft & lokyd west, & fowt und' p'
 suñe,

He saw a lytil boy he clepȳ Wrennok of doune;
 A good bowe ín his hond, a brod arwe p' íne, 20
 & fowr' & xx goode arwys trusyd ín a prumme.
 Be war pe, war pe, gandleyn, her of pu xalt ha' fume;
 Be war p', war pe, gādeleyn, her of p' gyft plente.
 Eue on for ā op', seyde gandleyn, mys aūt' haue he
 xal fle.

Qwer at xal o' marke be ? seyde gandleyn. 25
 Eūȳche at op' is herte, seyde Wrennok ageyn.
 Ho xal ȝeue pe ferfte schote ? seyde gādeleyn.
 & j xal ȝewe pe on be forn, seyde Wrennok ageyn.

ANCIENT SONGS. 51

Wrennok schette a ful good schote, & he schet not
to hye,

Prow p^e fāchopis of his bryk, it towchyd neyp^f thye. 30
Now hast pu ȝouy me on be for, al pus to Wrennok
seyde he,

&, prow 'p^e' myzt of o^r lady, a better j xal ȝeue p^e.
Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe & set pⁱn a flo,
He schet prow his grene certyl, his hⁱte he clef on too.
Now xalt pⁱ neū ȝelpe Wrennok, at ale ne at wyn, 35
Pⁱ pⁱ hast slawe goode robȳ & his knawe gandleyn;
Now xalt pu neū ȝelpe Wrennok, at wyn ne at ale,
Pⁱ pⁱ hast slawe goode robȳ, & gⁱdeleȳȳ his knawe.
Robȳ lyȝth in grene wode, bow[n]dȳ.

V. 32. p^a. MS.

II.

REQUIEM TO THE CONSPIRATORS AGAINST HENRY IV.

The occasion of this sarcastic performance, a species of wit too frequently employed against such as have proved unsuccessful in great attempts, by those who in different circumstances would have been the loudest and most servile in their praise, was shortly as follows,

E 2

In

In the year 1399, almost immediately after the accession of Henry IV. John Holland earl of Huntingdon, and Thomas Holland, his nephew, earl of Kent (who had been lately degraded from the dukedoms of Exeter and Surrey) with John Montagu earl of Salisbury, in order to effect the restoration of their deposed sovereign, and consequently of the titles and possessions of which the two former had been deprived by his successor*, entered into a conspiracy to kill the King and Princes in Windsor-castle, into which they proposed to gain access under colour of a mummerly or Christmas game in the approaching holidays. Kent and Salisbury, accordingly, came to Windsor on the Sunday after the Circumcision, in the dusk of the evening, with about four hundred armed men; but the King, having received notice of his danger from the Lord Mayor†, had privately withdrawn himself to London. The two Lords, disappointed of their prey, rode instantly to Sunnings, the residence of Richards young queen, where Kent, in a boasting manner, related the circumstance of the kings flight, and declared his resolution to restore King Richard, who, as he pretended, had escaped out of prison, and was then at Pontefract with 100,000 men. From

* On account of their having been concerned in the accusation of the late duke of Gloucester. Vide the process, Rot. Parl. 499. Salisbury was included in the charge, but does not appear to have been further proceeded against.

† Fabian and Stowe impute this discovery to the treachery of the earl of Rutland (late duke of Aumale), whom Mr. Hume in particular reproaches with great energy. But that the story is void of all foundation seems plain from a petition presented to the King by the House of Commons in favour of this nobleman and the earl of Somerset (both of whom had been appellants of the duke of Gloucester) on account of their loyalty, in which so signal an instance of Rutlands would scarcely have been omitted. See Rot. Parl. III. 460. The charge seems to have originated with the author of a MS. narrative in French rime, now in the Harleian library (Nº 1319.), of which Stowe has evidently had a copy, and which has so much the air of a romance, as to make it probable that the writer has only personated the author of the preceding History of King Richard, which is, indeed, a curious and authentic piece.

Sunnings

Sunnings they went to Wallingford, and thence to Abingdon, every where calling on all who loved King Richard to take arms and join them. At length they arrived, late in the evening, at Cirencester in Gloucestershire, where they took up their lodging; but the townspeople, not giving implicit credit to the story they brought of K. Richard and his immense army, attacked their inn about midnight, and the two lords, finding every avenue blocked up, kept skirmishing with the assailants till nine in the morning, when, being quite fatigued, they surrendered at discretion, begging only that they might not be put to death till they could have a conference with the king. Their petition would probably have been complied with, had not a certain priest of their party set fire to some houses, in order to draw off the attention of the people to the preservation of their property, and thereby afford an opportunity for the lords to escape. Unfortunately, however, this manœuvre served only to irritate them against their prisoners, whom they considered as the authors of the conflagration: so that, leaving their houses to pursue their revenge, they drew the two noblemen out of the abbey, where they had been confined since the morning, and beheaded them without further process. Ralph lord Lumley, and Sir Thomas Blunt, suffered at the same time. The rest were sent to Oxford, and there executed.—The duke of Exeter was all the while in London, expecting the result of this enterprise; but when he learned the unfavorable turn it had taken, he immediately took horse, and, with Sir John Scheweale, fled to the coast of Essex, intending to escape by sea; but being driven back in repeated attempts, he contrived to secrete himself for some time, and was at last discovered by the country people sitting in a friend's house at supper. He was taken first to Chelmsford, and thence, for the purpose of greater*

* An old chronicle quoted by Leland (*Itinerary*, VI. 31.) says he was apprehended in a mill at Pritewelle. "And at Pytwell in Essex was taken Sir John Holland duke of Exeter, &c." *Fabian*, II. 342.

security, to Pleshy, the manor of the late duke of Gloucester, in whose death he was generally thought to have had too much concern. No sooner, therefore, did the tenants and villains of the manor understand him to be in their power, than, resolving to be themselves the avengers of their deceased lord, they compelled him to be delivered up to them, and cut off his head. Thomas lord Despenzer (lately earl of Gloucester) whose particular share in the plot does not appear, was intercepted in his flight, and beheaded at Bristol. Several others suffered, on the same account, both at Oxford and London; among whom were Sir Bernard Brocas, Sir John Scheweale (already named), and one Maudlin, a priest, who is, by some writers †, reported to have been passed upon the people for king Richard. Thomas Merks, bishop of Carlisle, a prelate of uncommon spirit and abilities, was accused and condemned, but afterwards pardoned, though never forgiven. To sum up the whole, the unfortunate monarch for whose sake this rolling-stone (as an old writer terms it) was put in motion, bearing*

* In Rymer, Vol. VIII. p. 121. is a mandate from the council to the constable of the Tower, to receive the body of John earl of Huntingdon, which leads Mr. Carte to conclude it certain that he was beheaded in London. But this again is utterly inconsistent with the account given by Sir W. Dugdale (Baro. II. 80. referring to Claus. 1 H. IV. p. 1. m. 16.) of the King's sending his precept to the churchwardens of Pleshy, "to deliver his head" to the countess's messenger, "to be buried with his body." Querry, however, if the precept were not for the "body" to be buried with the "head," which Otterbourne expressly tells us was sent to London. We find it, at least, to have been the case with the earl of Kent, whose countess procured the king's precept to the sheriffs of London, to take down his head, and deliver it to her to be buried; and afterwards obtained leave that his body, interred at Cirencester, might be taken up, and carried to the priory of Mount-grace in Cleveland, which he had founded. (Baro. II. 77.) See also the act for the attainder and forfeiture of Kent, Huntingdon, Salisbury, Despenzer, and Lumley (there called "Rauf Lomley chivaler"). Rot. Parl. III. 459. which expressly says, that all "par les loiaulx lieges n're dit Sr le Roy seurent priez & decollez."

† Vide Stowe in particular; and consult his authority, the French narrative mentioned in a preceding note.

*the fatal catastrophe of his brother * and friends, and utterly rejecting all sustenance, had his afflictions speedily terminated by a broken heart. (Walsingham, Otterbourne, and the Monk of Evesham †.)*

Such are the tragical events which our balladmaker has considered as fit objects of buffoonery and scurrility. His performance is nevertheless a curious and even useful and interesting appendage to English history, as he has preserved the names of several prelates and nobles, whom no historian has mentioned as having been engaged in this conspiracy. We must be content to remain in the dark with respect to the origin or application of the nickname of "Jac Nape" (Jackanapes); which appears to be designed either for Surry or for Exeter, and may have depended on some anecdote or circumstance which has perished with the scandalous chronicle of the time.

The ballad is given from a manuscript in the Cotton library, Vespasian, B. xvi.

* * *The Placebo and Dirige is part of the mass or service for the dead in the Romish church, of which the author distributes the several parts among the characters he has introduced.*

Lucie widow of Edmund earl of Kent, brother and successor to this Thomas, bequeathed 1000 crowns to the priory of the Holy Trinity in London, on condition that every convent in each of the houses named in her will, should once a month in their quire say "Placebo and Dirige by note, for the souls of them the said Edmund and Lucie by name," &c. Dug. Baro. II. 77.

* *Edward the Black Prince married the widow of Thomas Holland earl of Kent, mother of John duke of Exeter.*

† *These are the only writers of authority; Hall, Holinshed, and Sir J. Heyward tell a very different story: Mr. Carte is, as usual, the most correct, though he does not appear to be so in every particular.*

JN the moneth of May, when g^dſſe growep grene,
 Flag^dnt in her floures, w^t swete ſauour,
 Jac Napes wold ou^t the fee, a maryn to ben.
 With his clogs & his cheyn, to ſeke more treſour ;
 Suych a payn p^lkked hym, he asked a confeſſour ; 5
 Nicolas ſaid, I am redi thi confeſſour to be.
 He was holden ſo, that he ne paſſed that hour.
 For Jac Napes ſoule *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

Who ſhall execute his exequies, w^t a ſolempnite,
 Biſſhopes & lordes, as grete reſon is, 10
 Monkes, chanons, preſtes and other clergie,
 P^ry for this Dukes ſoule, pat it might come to blis ;
 And let neu^t ſuychⁿ another come after this.
 His int^rſecto^s, bleſſed might thei be,
 And g^dunte them for ther dede to regne w^t angelis, 15
 And for Jac Nape ſoule *Placebo* & *Dirige*.

Placebo begynneth the biſſhop of Herford ;
Dilexi, for myn auancement, faith pe biſſhop of
 Cheſtre ;
 Heir me, ſaip Salisbury, this goth to ferre forthe ;
Ad Dūm cū tribularer, ſaip pe abbot of Glouc^eſtre ; 20
Dūs cuſtodit, ſaip the abbot of Roucheſtre ;
Leuauit oculos, ſaip frere Stanbury, *uolauit* ;
Si iniquitates, ſaip pe biſſhop of Worce[s]tre ;
 For Jac Nape ſoule, *De profundis clamaui*.

ANCIENT SONGS.

57.

annū tuar', seip the Cardynal wisely, 25
brought forth *confitebor*, for all this Napes
reson ;

vocem, songe Allemighty god an hye,
ifore syng we, *Magnificat aīa mea Dūm*.
this Dirige most we gon & come,
bascall tyme, to say veryli, 30
psalmes & thre lessōns, p^t all is and some ;
ac Nape soule, *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

tors of this office, *Dirige* for to synge,
begyn the bissshop of Synt Asse ;
mea auribz, sayp abbot of Redyng. 35
our ioye and hope is come to alasse ;
ere Dñs, yet g^dunte vs g^dce,
bbot of Synt Albans, ful sorly ;
bbot of pe Toure hill, w^t his fat face,
ep & tremulep, for *Dñe ne in furore*. 40

er Water liard shal syng *Nequando* ;
bbot of Westmynstre, *Dñe Deus meus in te spauis* ;
em et nam, g^dunte them all to come to,
Pater nost, sayp the bissshop of Synt Dauy :
res soules pat wise were & mightty, 45
lk, moleyns, and Roos, thes thre ;
n especial for Jac Napes, pat euer was wyly ;
is soule *Placebo* & *Dirige*.

Rise

Rise vp, Say, rede *parce in Domine* ;
Nichil enī sunt dies mei, þ̃ shalt synge ; 50
 Þe bissshop of Carlyle, syng *Credo* ful fore :
 To fuych̃ fal: T^aitours come foule endyng.
 The baron of Dudley, with grete mornyng,
 Redeth, *tedet aīam meam vite mee* :
 Who but Danyel, *qui lasarū*, shal s̃yng ? 55
 For Jac Nape foule, *Placebo & Dirige*.

John Say redeth, *manus tue fecerunt me* ;
Libera me, syngeth Trevilian, warre the rere ;
 That thei do no more so, *Requiescant in pace* :
 Thus p²yes all Englund ferre & nerre, 60
 Where is Som^sset ? whi aperes he not here ?
 To synge *Dies ire & miserie* ?
 God g^aunte Englund all in fere,
 For thes t^aitours to syng *Placebo & Dirige*.

Meny mo þ̃ be behynde, pe sothe forto telle, 65
 Þ^t shal messes oppon thes do synge ;
 J p^ay som man do ryng the belle,
 Pat pefe for saiden may come to pe sacryng.
 And pat in brief tyme, w^tout more tarieng,
 Pat pis messe may be ended in fuych̃ degre ; 70
 And pat all Englund ioyfull may synge,
 Þe cōmendacōn with *Placebo & Dirige*.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE NAMES IN THE
PRECEDING BALLAD.

V. 3. Jac Nape.] *Supposed to be a nickname for John Holland duke of Exeter, or Thomas Holland duke of Surry.*

V. 6. Nicolas.]

V. 17. Bissshop of Herford.] *John Trevenant or Trefrant, dyed 1404. He was K. Henrys ambassador to the Pope in this very year. And it may be here mentioned, once for all, that many of the persons named in this ballad are not represented as having had the least concern in that conspiracy by any historian.*

V. 18. Bissshop of Chestre.] *John Burghill was bishop of Lichfield at this time, and is supposed to be here meant.—He dyed 1414. Vide Godwin. de præsulibus, in locis.*

V. 19. Salisbury.] *The bishop of that see is probably intended. This was Richard Metford, who dyed in 1407.*

V. 20. Abbot of Gloucestre.] *Walter Frowcester, d. 1412.*

V. 21. Abbot of Rouchestre.] *John de Shepey, d. 1419.*

V. 22. Frere Stanbury.]

V. 23. Bissshop of Worces[s]tre.] *Tidemannus de Winchcombe, a favourite counsellor of the late king. He, on this occasion, retired to his bishopric, and was never afterwards seen at court. Isti duo episcopi (says the Monk of Evesham, having just before spoken of Bishop Merks) privati viri & maximi consilarii cum Rege Ricardo dudum extiterunt. Adeo ut majorem partem noctis per annum cum illo infompnem ducerent. De quo multi multa loquuntur. Vita R. Ricardi II. p. 168. He dyed 1401:*

V. 25. The Cardynal.]

V. 34. Bissshop of Synt Affe.] *John Trevaux. He was Henrys ambassador to Spain in this year. He afterwards joined Owen Glendowr, and dyed in 1410.*

V. 35.

V. 35. Abbot of Redyng.] *Richard de Yately?*

V. 38. Abbot of Synt Albans.] *John Moat, d. 1405.*

V. 39. Abbot of pe Toure hull.]

V. 41. Maister Water liard.]

V. 42. Abbot of Westmynstre.] *William de Colchester.* He is expressly charged as the father of this conspiracy by Hall, Hollinshed, and Sir John Hayward. He invites the noblemen and other conspirators to a sumptuous feast, and it is after this dinner that Exeter is made to barangue the company, and propose a just at Oxford as a means to seixe and kill the King, &c. He is said, on bearing of the ill consequences of his plot, to have been struck with the palsy, as passing between the abbey and his house, and to have dyed speechless in a very short time. This, however, is certainly not true, as he lived till 1420. Otterbourne only says, " Abbas Westm. & Rogerus Walden, tantum qualiter Deus novit, post interrogationem & responzionem liberi dimittuntur." p. 228.

V. 44. Bissshop of Synt Davy.] *Guy de Mona.* He was treasurer of England in the 21st of K. Richard, and again in the 4th of K. Henry. Walsingham says of him, in general, that he had been the cause of many evils. He dyed 1407.

V. 46. Suffolk, moleyns and Roos.] *Michael de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, dyed 1415.* Sir William Molins, dyed 1406. William lord Roos of Hamlake, now Helmsley, was the only nobleman who enjoyed this title at that time. He dyed 1414.

V. 49. Say.]

V. 51. Bissshop of Carlyle] *Thomas Merks.* He was committed to the Tower, and afterwards, by the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. At the instance of K. Henry, he was translated by the Pope to a bishopric in partibus, and never afterward obtained any preferment in England, except a rectory in Gloucestershire by means of the Popes letters. He dyed 1409.

V. 53.

V. 53. Baron of Dudley.] *John de Sutton was lord of Dudley at this time, and dyed in 1407.*

V. 55. Danyel.]

V. 57. John Say.]

V. 58. Trevilian.]

V. 61. Som'set.] *John Beaufort earl of Somerset, Henrys half-brother. He married Margaret, sister to Thomas duke of Surry; and dyed in 1409. (V. ante p. 54.)*

III.

SATIRE AGAINST THE LOLLARDS,

—particularly leveled at Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the Coryphæus of the sect; who, having been condemned to the flames for his erroneous opinions, made his escape from the Tower before the day appointed for his execution. This happened in the year 1413, when the present ballad seems to have been written. Lord Cobham in his retreat, in order to effect a speedy and thorough reformation both in Church and State, formed a plan of seizing the kings person, and actually caused a large body of his enthusiastic adherents, to the number, as is said, of 20,000, all totally ignorant of his designs, but not the less ready to execute his orders, to assemble in St. Giles's fields, where many of them were seized, and the rest dispersed by the civil power. And their chieftain himself, being taken a few years after, was hanged as a traitor, and burnt

on the gibbet as a heretic, pursuant to his sentence. (Vide Rot. Parl. IV. 107, &c.)

Lollardy, a word of uncertain derivation, is well known to mean with us the doctrines propagated by John Wickliffe and his followers, which had in the beginning of this reign gained a considerable footing. To check the further progress of this popular heresy, and maintain the cause of "the great goddess Diana," which appears to have been in no small danger*, the reigning clergy had

* The intent of the Lollards (according to the Stat. 2 H. V. c. 7.) was to subvert the Christian Faith, the Law of God, the Church and the Realm. The following distich is supposed to have been circulated by some of the sect about this period:

Wit hath wonder, and reason cannot scan,
How a moder is mayd, and God is man.

Which Mr. Barrington tells us was thus answered by "the orthodoxi:"

Leve reason, beleve the wonder;
Belef hath master, and reason is under.*

Not doubting that this specimen of divine logic had all the success it deserved, we shall add an equally happy elucidation of that heretical stumbling-block, though Catholic miracle, the transubstantiated wafer:

Hyt semes quite and is red,
Hyt is quike and semes dede,
Hyt is fleshe & semes bred,
Hyt is on & semes too,
Hyt is God body & no mo.

MSS. Reg. 17 A. xvi.

This may not be quite such smooth poetry, but surely it is as good reasoning as Mr. Drydens view of the tenets of the two churches on this point soon after his conversion:

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

(Hind and Panther.)

As if the acknowledged impossibility of one assertion were a sufficient inducement to believe it, when opposed to the unintelligibility of another.

* Vide Observations on the Statutes, p. 310.

urſe to two methods; of which Ridicule or Satire was more innocent, but Hanging and Burning the more efficacious †.

The following ballad is contained in the ſame MS. with preceding. The only liberty taken with it, beſides the uſe of pointing, has been to divide each line according to the rhyme.

LO he pat can be c'ſtes clerc,
 And knowe pe knottes of his crede,
 Now may ſe a wonder werke,
 Of harde happes to take goud heede,
 The dome of deth is heuy drede, 5
 For hym p^t wol not m'cy crie,
 Pan is my rede, for mucke ne mede,
 P^t no man melle of Lollardrye.

J ſey for meſelf, yut wiſt J neu,
 But now late what hit ſhuld be, 10
 & by my trouth J haue wel leu,
 No more kyn pan my a. b. c.

The latter argument is irrefragable, and indeed the only mode of objection upon which the Orthodox Clergy of all ages and countries, as the dernier reſort, choſen to rely. It was uſed at the Reformation with great ſucceſs, particularly by that pious prince and ſubtle logicſt Henry VIII. whoſe ultima ratio it was in all his public diſputations, where, as is well known, he never failed to ſilence his opponent. Unfortunate'y, ſome of the moſt dexterous polemics of that period were afterwards confuted upon their own principle. (Vide Foxes's *Tyrs*, *Lives of Cranmer*, *Ridley*, &c.)

To

To lolle so hie in suych degre,
 Hit is no pfit pfectie,
 Sauf seker sample to pe & me,
 To be war of lollardie.

15

The game is noȝt to lolle so hie,
 Þ^r fete failen fondement,
 & yut is a mochi folie,
 For fals beleue to ben brent;
 Þ^r pe bibel is al mys went,
 To iangle of Job or Jeremye,
 Þ^r construen hit after her entent,
 For lewde lust of lollardie.

20

Hit is vnkyndly for a kniȝt,
 Þ^r shuld a kynges castel kepe,
 To bable pe bibel day & niȝt,
 In restyng tyme when he shuld slepe,
 & carefoly away to crepe,
 For alle pe chief of chivalrie,
 Wel aughit hȳ to waile & wepe,
 Þ^r suych lust hap in lollardie.

25

30

An old castel & not repaired,
 W^t wast walles & woves wide,
 Pe wages ben ful yuel wared,
 W^t suich a capitayn to abide,

35

Pat

ANCIENT SONGS.

65

Pat rereth riot for to ride
Agayns pe kyng & his clergie,
Wt p^{ue} peyne & pore pride,
Per is a poynt of lollardie.

40

For many a man w^{yn} a while
Shal aby his gult ful fore,
So fele gostes to be gild,
Hym aught to rue e^umore;
For his sorowe shal he ne^u restore,
P^t he venemed wt enuye,
But ban pe burthe p^t he was of bore,
Or e^u had lust in lollardie.

45

E^uy shepe p^t shuld be fed in felde,
& kepte fro wolves in her folde,
H^e nedeth ne^p spere ne shulde,
Ne in no castel to be wthholde.
For p^{er} pe pasture is ful colde,
In som^e seson when hit is drie,
& namly when pe soyle is folde,
For lewde lust of Lollardie.

50

55

An old castel draw al doⁿ,
Hit is ful hard to rere it newe,
Wt suych a congrega^{co}n,
Pat cast hem to be vntrewe :

60

F

When

When begg's mow neþ bake ne brewes,
 Ne haue wherw^t to borow ne bie,
 þan mot [they] not robbe or reve,
 Vnde[r] þe colour of Lollardie.

That caſtel is not for a kyng, 65
 þ' pe walles ben outhrowe,
 & yut wel wors abydyng,
 Whan pe captayn away is flowe;
 And forſake ſpere & bowe,
 To crepe fro kniþthode into clergie, 70
 þ' is a bitter blaſt yblowe,
 To be bawde of lollardie.

J trowe þ' be no kniþt alyue
 þ' wold haue don ſo open a ſhame,
 For pat craſte to ſtudi or ſtriue 75
 Hit is no gentel mañes game;
 But if hym luſt to haue a name
 Of pelo^r vnder ipocraſie,
 & þ' were a foule defame
 To haue ſuych loſe of lollardie. 80

And þde lolle þei neu^r ſo long,
 Yut wol lawe make hē lowte,
 God wol not ſuffre hē be ſo ſtrong
 To bryng her p'pos ſo abowte;

ANCIENT SONGS. 67

Wt saunȝ faile & saunȝ doute, 85
 To rere riot and robberie,
 By reson pei shul not long route,
 While pe taile is docked of lollardie.

Of pe hede hit is las charge
 When g^oce wol not be his gide, 90
 Ne suffre hym for to lepe at large,
 But heuely his hede to hide.
 Where shuld he oȝ route or ride
 Agayns pe chief of chualrie,
 Not hardi in no place to abide, 95
 For alle pe sekte of lollardie.

A god, what vnkyndly goſt
 Shuld greue p^r god grucedd nouȝt !
 Thes lollardes p^r lothen ymages moſt
 W^t mañes handes made & wrouȝt, 100
 & pilg^rimages to be souȝt,
 Pei ſeien hit is but mawmentrie,
 He pat pis loſe firſt vp brouȝt
 Had gret luſt in lollardie.

He wer ful lewde p^r wold bylene 105
 In figure made of ſtok or ſton,
 Yut fo^r me shuld we noñ repue
 Neȝ of marie ne of Jon,

Petre, poule, ne oþ noñ
 Canonised by clergie, 110
 Pan pe seyntes eũychoñ
 Be litel holde to lollardie.

And namly James among hē alle
 For he twyes had tñement,
 Moch mífchānse mot hī be falle 115
 P^t last beheded hym ín kent ;
 & alle pat were of pat assent
 To crist of heuen J clepe & crie
 Sende hē pe same Jugement,
 & all pe sekte of lollardie. 120

For p^t vengans agayns kynde
 Was a poynt of cowardyse,
 & namly suyche on to bete or bynde
 P^t mĩt not stand set ne rise ;
 What dome wold ye hỹ deuyse 125
 By lawe of armes or gentrie,
 But ferue hỹ in pe same wise.
 & alle pe sekte of lollardie ?

When falsnes faileþ frele folie,
 P^de wol p̄seyn sone among, 130
 Pan willerdome w^t old enuỹ
 Can noñ oþ way but wrong.

For

For synne & shame w^t forowe strong,
 So oufset w^t avutrie,
 P^t fals beleue is fayn to fong 135
 Pe lewde lust of lollardie.

And vnder colo^r of suich lollyng,
 To shape sodeyn surreccioñ
 Agaynst oure hege lord kyng,
 W^t fals ymaginacionñ. 140
 & for p^t corfed conclusion,
 By dome of kniȝthod & clergie,
 Now t^rneth to confusioñ
 Pe sp^ry sekte of lollardie.

For holy writ berith witnes 145
 He p^t fals is to his kyng
 P^t shamful deth & hard distres
 Shal be his dome at his endyng;
 Pan double deth for sych lollyng
 Is heuy when we shul heñes hye, 150
 Now lord p^t madeft of nouȝt all thing
 Defende vs all fro Lollardie.

IV.

A ROUNDELL OF 'KYNȝ HENRY PE SEXT
AYENS HIS CORONACION,

MADE BY LYDEGATE DAUN JOHN.

From the Harleian MSS. N^o 7333. Dan John Lidgate monk of Bury, who, if we regard the bulk and number of his writings, was certainly the greatest poet we ever had, dyed very old, anno 14... Hen. VI. was crowned in 1422.

R Eioice ye Reames of england & of ffrance,
A braunche pat sprang oute of the floure de lys
Blode of Seint Edward and Seint lowys,
God hath this day sent in goūnaunce.

God of nature hath yoven him suffisaunce 5
Likly to atteyne to grete honure and pris.

O hevenly blossome, o budde of all plesaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wise
As was thi fader by circumspect advise,
Stable in v'tue withoute variaunce. 10

V.

A ROUNDEL ON FORTUNE.

From MSS. More. Ff. 1. 6.

WHEN fortune list yewe here assent,
 What is too deme p^t may be doo,
 There schapeth nought from her entent,
 For as sche will it goth ther to.

All passeth by her iugement,
 The hy astate the pore allfoo,
 When Fortune [&c.]

Too lyve in ioy out of turment,
 Seyng the worlde goth too and fro,
 Thus is my schort aviseament,
 As hyt comyth so lete it go.
 When Fortune [&c.]

VI.

A SONG ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

From the same MS.

WHO so lyft to loue god fend hym right good
spede.

Some tyme y loued, as ye may see,
A goodlyer ther myght none be,
Here womanhode in all degree,
Full well she quytt my mede.

5

[Who so lyft, &c.]

Vn to the tyme, vpon a day,
To sone ther fill a gret affray,
She badde me walke forth on my way,
On me she gatt none hede.

Woso lyft, &c.

I askid the cause why and wherfor,
She displeide was w^t me so fore;
She wold nat tell, but kept in store,
Perdy it was no nede.

10

Woso lyft, &c.

For

ANCIENT SONGS.

73

For if y hadde hur displeased
In worde or dede, or hir greued, 15
Than if she hadde before meved,
She hadde cause in dede.

Woso list, &c.

But well y wote y hadde nat done,
Hur to displese, but in grete mone
She hath me left and ys a gone, 20
For sorwe my hert doth blede.

Wo so lyft, &c.

Some tyme she wold to me complayne,
Yff she had felt dysease or payne,
Now sele y nought but grete disdayne,
Allas, what is your rede? 25

Wo so list, &c.

Shall y leue of, and let hur go?
Nay ner the rather will y do so,
Yet though vnkyndnesse do me wo,
Hur will y loue and drede.

Wo so list, &c.

Some hope that whan she knowith the case, 30
Y truste to god that withyne short spase
She will me take a gayne to grace,
Than haue y well a bydde.

Wo so list, &c.

And

And for trew lovers shall y pray,
 That tier ladyes fro day to day,
 May ther rewardes so that they may
 With us ther lyues lede.

35

Wo so list, &c.

Amen þur Charyte.

VII.

A SONG ON THE IVY AND THE HOLLY.

*From a MS. of Henry the 6ths time. (Bibl. Harl.
 No 5396.)*

NAY, juy, nay, hyt shal not be J wys,
 Let holy hafe pe maystry as pe maister ys.

Holy stond in pe halle sayre to be hold,
 Juy stond w'out pe dore, she ys ful fore a cold.

Nay, juy [&c.]

Holy & hys mery men pey dawnfyn & pey syng,
 Juy & hur maydenys pey wepyn & they wryng.

5

Nay [&c.]

Jv

Jvy hath a lybe, she kaght yt w^t pe colde,
So mot pey all hafae p^t w^t jvy hold.

Nay, juy, noy, hyt [&c.]

Holy hat berys as rede as any rofe,
The foster pe hunter kepe hem fro pe doo.

10

Nay, juy, nay, hyt [&c.]

Juy hath berys as blake as any flo,
Ther com pe oule & eté hym as she goo.

Nay, juy, nay, hyt [&c.]

Holy hath byrdys a ful fayre flok,
The nyghtyngale, pe poppynguy, pe gauntyl lauryok.

Nay [&c.]

Gode juy, what byrdys aft pⁿ ?
None but pe howlet p^t kreye how how.

15

Nay, juy, nay, hyt shal [&c.]

VIII.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF SIR PENNY.

The praises of this worthy knight have been a favourite topic both with the English and Scottish poets.—See “Ancient Scottish poems,” published by Lord Hailes, Edinburgh 1770. p. 153; or the “Caledonian Muse,” Lond. 1785. p. 164.—There is an excellent poem on this subject in a MS. of the Cotton library, Galba E. ix.—This is from the Sloane MS. (N^o 2593) above described.

GO bet peny go bet for þ^r maky bop^e frynd &
fo.

Peny is an hardy knyzt,
Peny is mekyl of myzt,
Peny of wrong he makyt^e myzt,
In euy cūtr' qwer he goo.

5

Þow j haue a mā j flawe,
& forfetyd þe kyng^e lawe,
J xal fyndy a mā of lawe,
Wyl taky m̄y peny & let me goo.

& jf j haue to dō fer or ner,
& peny be m̄y massenger,
Þ^an am j no ping in dwer,
My cause xal be wol do.

10

2

ANCIENT SONGS.

77

& jf j haue pens bop^e good & fyn,

Mē wyl bydd̄ me to p^e wyn,

P^t j haue xal be p^t,

15

Sekyrly pēi wil seyn so.

& q̄n j haue nō ī m̄ purs,

Peny bet ne peny wers,

Of me per hold̄ but lytl fors,

He was a mā let h̄y goo.

20

IX.

“LYTYLL THANKE.”

From a MS. in the Cotton library (Titus A. xxvi.) of Henry the 6ths time. A few stanzas at the beginning are supposed to be lost.

• • • • •

GO ye be ffore be twayne and twayne,

Wyfly that ye be not J fayne,

And J shall go home & com a gayne,

To witte what dothe owre fyre,

Gode gosyp.

For ȝyff hit happ he dyd me see,

5

A strype or to ged myght fend me,

Ȝytte s̄che that is a ferre lette her flee,

For that is nowght be pis fyre,

Gode gosyp.

That

That eũche of hem browght þ̄ dysche,
 Sum browght fleshe and som brought fyshe; 10
 Quod margery meke thañ w^t a wyse,
 J wold p^t ffrankelyne pe harper were here,
 Gode gosip.

She hade notte so sone pe word J sayd,
 But in come ffrankelyn at a brayd,
 God saue youe, mastres, he sayde, 15
 J come to make youe some chere,
 Gode gosyp.

A non he be gan to drawe owght his harpe,
 Tho the goffyp^o be gan to starte,
 They callyd the tawyrner to ffyll pe quarte,
 And lette note for no coste, 20
 Good gosyp.

Then feyd pe goffyp^o all Jnfere,
 Streke vp harp, & make gode chere,
 & wher that J goo fere or nere,
 To owre hu[s]bond^p make pou no *byste*,
 God goffip.

Nay mastres, as mote J thee, 25
 Ye schall newyr be wrayed ffor me,
 J had leu her dede to be
 As here of to be knowe,
 Good gosyp.

They

ANCIENT SONGS.

79

They fyll the pott, by & by,
 They lett not for no coste trully, 30
 The harpyr stroke vp merrely,
 That they myght onethe blowe,
 Good gofyp.

They fette them downe they myght no more,
 Theyre legg, pey thought were passyng soore,
 They prayd the harper kepe sum store, 35
 And lette vs drynke a bowght,
 Gode gofyp.

Heye the tauernere J praye the,
 Go fyll the potteys lyghtly,
 And latte vs dry[n]ke by & by,
 And lette the cupe goo route, 40
 Good gofyp.

This ys the thowght that gossyp^o take,
 Onys in the weke they wyll mercy make,
 And all smalle drynckys they wyll for sake,
 And drynke wyne of the best,
 Good gofyp.

Some be at the tauerne onys Jn the weke, 45
 And some be there euý day eke,
 And ellse ther hart, will be seke,
 And gyffe her hosbondys ewyll reste,
 Good gofyp.

When

When they had dronke & made pem' glad,
 And they schuld rekyn' theyn' pey sad,
 Call they tauerneré a none they bade,
 That we were lyghtly hens,

5 —

Good gofyp.

J fwere be god and by feynt Jayme,
 J wold notte that oure fyre at home,
 That we had this game,
 Notte for fourty pens,

55

Good gofyp.

Gadyr the scote & lette vs wend,
 And lette vs goo home by luras ende,
 For dred we mete note w^t owre frend
 Or that we come home,

60

Good gofyp.

When they had there count^p caste,
 Eueryche of hem spend vj^d at pe last,
 Alas, cothe feyscely, J am a gaste,
 We schall be schent eury chone,

Good gofyp.

Fro the tauerne be they all goone,
 And eũyche of hē schewythe her wysdom,
 And there sche tellythe her husbond anone,
 Shee had been at the chyrche,

65

Gode gofyp.

V. 55. The words shold wyt, or others of the like import, seem wanting to perfect both the sense and the metre.

OF

ANCIENT SONGS 81

Off her werke she takythe no kepe,
 Sche muste as for anowe go slepe, 70
 And ells for aggeyr wyll sche wepe,
 She may no werkȝ wurchē,

Good gosyp.

Off her slepe when sche dothe wake
 Faste in hey then gan sche a rake,
 And cawthe her serwantȝ abowte the bake, 75
 Yff to here they outhe had sayd,

Good gosyp.

Off pis profes J make a nend,
 Becawse J will haue womē to be my ffrend,
 Of there de wosyon they wold fend
 A peny for to drynke at the end, 80

Gode gosyp.

X.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From the Sloan MS. N° 2593.

WOkū ȝol pu mery mā in worchepe of pis holy
 day.

G

Wolcū

Wolcū be pu heuene kyng,
 Wolcū born in on morwenyng,
 Wolcū for hō we xal syng,
 Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe stefne & Jon, 5
 Wolcū jnnocētp eūychon,
 Wolcū thomas mart^r on,
 Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe good newe ȝer',
 Wolcū twelpe day bope in fer,
 Wolcū feyntp lef & der, 10
 Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe candylmesse,
 Wolcū be ȝe qwȳ of blȳs,
 Wolcū bope to mor & leffe,
 Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe p^r arn her,
 Wolcū alle & mak good cher, 15
 Wolcū alle ā op^r ȝer,
 Wolcū ȝol.

XI.

CAROL FOR ST. STEPHENS DAY.

From the same MS.

SEȳt ſteuene was a clerk ī kȳg herowdꝛ halle,
& ſeruyd hī of bred & clop as eū kȳg be falle.

Steuȳ out of kechon cā w^t boris hed ō honde,
He ſaw a ſterr' was fayr & bryȳt ou bedlē ſtōde.

He kyft a doū pe borꝛ hed & went in to p^e halle, **5**
J for ſak p^e kȳg herowdꝛ & pⁱ werkꝛ alle.

J forſak p^e kȳg herowdꝛ & pⁱ werkꝛ alle,
p^e is a chyld in bedlē born is bet^e pā we alle.

Q^t eylyt p^e ſteuen ? q^t is p^e be falle ?
Lakkyt p^e eyȳ mete or drynk in kyng herowdꝛ h[alle] ?

Lakit me neyȳ mete ne drynk ī kȳg herowdꝛ halle, **11**
p^e is a chyld in bedlē born is bet^e pā we alle.

Q^t eylyt p^e ſteuȳ ? art yⁿ wod, or yⁿ gȳnyſt to brede ?
Lakkyt pe eyȳ gold or fe, or ony ryche wede ?

Lakyt ne neyþ gold nor fe, ne nō ryche wede, 15
 Þ^t is a chyld in bedlē born xal helpȝ vs at o^c nede.

Þ^t is al so sop, steuȝ, al so sop j wys,
 As þis capon crowe xal þ^t lyth her in mȝ dych.

Þ^t word was not so sone seyð, þ^t word ī þ^t halle,
 Þ^c capon crew xþs na^o est a mong þ^c lordþ alle. 20

Rysyt vp mȝ turmētowrþ be to & al be on,
 & led^t steuȝ out of þis town & ston^t hȝ w^t ston.

Tokȝ he steuene & stonyd hȝ in þe way,
 & þ^t for is his euȝ on crystþ owȝ day.

XII.

CAROL FOR ST. EDMUNDS DAY.

From the same MS.

S Ynge we nowe alle a fu^t *Aue rex 'gētis' Anglorū.*

A new song j wil be gȝne,
 Of kyng edmund þ^t was so fre,
 How he deyed w^t oute syne,
 & bow[n]dȝ his body was to a tre. 5

W^t

W^t arwys scharpe pey gūne h̄y prykke,
 For nō rewpe wold pey lete,
 As dropys of reyn pey com̄y pikke,
 & eūy arwe w^t op̄ gā mete.

& his hed also pei of smette,
 A mong pe brerpe pei it kest,
 A wolf it kept w^t out̄y lette,
 A blynd mā fond it at p^e last.

10

Prey we to p^t worp^t kyng
 P^t sufferid ded pis same day,
 He saf vs bop^e eld & ȳng,
 & scheld vs fro pe fendpe fray.

15





ANCIENT SONGS.

C L A S S III.

Comprehending the Reigns of EDWARD IV. EDWARD V. RICHARD III. HENRY VII. and HENRY VIII,

I.

BALET, BY ANTHONY WOODVYLE EARL RIVERS.

WRITTEN DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN PONTEFRACCT CASTLE, ANNO 1483.

This little piece is preserved by Rouse the historian (p. 214), and has been reprinted by Percy (Reliques, II. 44). But as the use of the Fairfax MS. enabled the present editor to supply a considerable chasm in the printed copies, the curious reader will not be sorry to see it complete.

Tbs

*The measure, which is now properly regulated, was
narily adopted by song-writers, from Chaucer to Skel-*

*the music of the MS. is (as usual) a composition in
3 parts, by Dr. Fairfax.*

SUM what musyng,
And more mornyng,
Jn remembring
The untydfastnes,
This world being
Of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng,
What may J gesse?

5

J fere dowltes,
Remediles,
Js now to sese
My wofull chaunce
[For vnkyndness,
Wt outen less,
& no redress,
Me doth a vaunce.

10

15

Wt displeaunce,
To my grevaunce,
& no suraunce,
Of remedy].

20

G 4

Lo

Lo in this traunce,
 Now in substaunce,
 Such is my dawnce,
 Willyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly 35
 Bowndyn am J,
 And that gretly,
 To be content ;

Seyng playnly
 That fortune doth wry 39
 All contrary
 From myn entent.

My lyff was lent
 Me to on intent,
 Hytt is ny spent ; 35
 Welcome fortune :

But J ne went,
 Thus to be fhent,
 But sho hit ment,
 Such is hur won. 40

V. 30. That omitted. MS.

V. 34. To an entent. MS.

II.

GRAMERCY MYN OWN PURSE.

Given from the "Boke" of "barwkyng & huntynge," &c. better known by the title of the "Boke of Saint Albans," where it was first printed, by the anonymous schoolmaster, 1486. But the edition made use of was the second, "Enprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn the Worde the yere of thyncarnacon of oure lorde. M.CGGC. lxxxxvi."

"Dame Juliana Berners," the compiler of this volume, or at least the authoress of the "boke of [barwkyng and] huntynge"—for, besides this, it contains "liber armorum," "the treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle," and "the blyssynge of armes,"—is generally supposed to have been the daughter of Sir James Berners of Berners Roding in Essex, and sister to Richard lord Berners; she was prioress of the nunnery of Soperwell near St. Albans, and is said to have flourished in and about the year 1460. (See Bale, *Ballards Memoirs of British Ladies*, &c.)

After the "Explicit" of this last "boke" are some miscellaneous observations, as, "Bestys of the chace;" "The names of dyuers manere boundes;" "The proprieties of a good Grehounde;" "The proprieties of a good harse;" several old curious proverbial sentences; "The companyes of bestys & foules;" "The derwe termys to speke of brekyng & dresyng of dyuers bestys & foules. &c. . . . And . . . of certen fysshes;" "The shyres and bysshopyrkes [& prouynces] . . . of Englonde." And then, but without any title or head, comes the following ballad. [fig. e. vi. b.]

A Faythfull frende wolde I fayne fynde,
 To fynde hym there he myghte be founde,
 But now is the worlde wext soo vnkynde,
 For frenship is fall to the groude.
 Now a frende I haue foude 5
 That I woll nother banne ne curse,
 But of all frendes in felde or towne,
 Euer gramercy myn owne purse.

My purse it is my preuy wyf,
 This songe I dare bothe synge and saye, 10
 It partyth men of moche stryfe,
 Whan euery man for himself shall pay.
 As I ryde in riche aray,
 For golde and syluer men woll me flouyssh,
 By this matere I dare well say, 15
 Euer gramercy myn own purse.

As I ryde wyth golde so rede,
 And haue to doo wyth londys lawe,
 Men for my money woll make me speede,
 And for my goodes they woll me knawe; 20
 More and lesse to me woll drawe,
 Bothe the better and the wurse,
 By this matere I saye in sawe,
 Euer gramercy myn owne purse. 25

ANCIENT SONGS. 91

'ell by me vpon a tyme, 25
 it hath doo by many one mo,
 horse, my nete, my shepe, my swyne,
 d all my goodes they fell me fro,
 ent to my frendes and tolde theym so,
 d home agayne they badde me trusse; 30
 yd agayne whan I was wo
 r gramercy myn owne pursse.

erfore I rede you, syres all,
 assaye your frendes or ye haue nede,
 and ye come downe and haue a fall, 35
 l fewe of theym for you woll grede :
 rfore assaye theym euerychone,
 he the better and the wurse :
 r lorde that shope bothe sonne and mone
 de vs spendynge in our pursse. 40

III.

T R O L Y L O.

*song, which is given from MSS. Sloan, N^o 1584,
 book, partly paper, partly parchment, chiefly writ-
 "Johann' Gysborn Canonic' de Cou' b'm," whose
 7 manual*

manual or pocket-book it seems to have been (the H. 8.) if it be that mentioned by Langham under the above title has been once popular, which is the principal inducement to its insertion.

So well ys me be gone. troly lolye so
Well ys me be gone troly lolye.

OFF suyng men J wyll begyne. Troly, lolye.
For they goo mynyon trym. Troly, lolye.
Off mett & drynk & feyr clothyng. Troly, lolye.
By dere god J want none. Troly, lolye.
His bonet is of fyne scarlett. Troly, lolye,
W^t here as black os geitt. Troly, lolye.
His dublett ys of fyne satyne. Troly, lolye.
Hys shertt well mayd & tryme. Troly, lolye.
Hys coytt itt is so tryme & rownde. Troly, lolye.
His kyffe is worth a c^d. Troly, lolye. 11
His hoyffe of london black. Troly, lolye.
Jn hyme ther ys no lack. Troly, lolye.
His face yt ys so lyk a mā. Troly, lolye.
Who cane butt love hyme thā? Troly, lolye.
Wher so eū he bee he hath my hert. Troly, lolye. 11
And shall to deth depart. Troly, lolye.

So well ys me begone. troly, lolye.
S[o] well ys me be gone. Troly, lolye.

IV.

THE DYING MAIDENS COMPLAINT.

From the same MS.

GReuus ys my sorowe,
 Both evyne and moro,
 Vnto my selffe a lone,
 Thus do J make my mowne,
 That vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me, 5
 And putt me to this peyne,
 Alas what remedy,
 That J cannot refreyne.

Whan other mē doyth fleype,
 Thene do J fyght and weype, 10
 All Ragins in my bed,
 As one for paynes neyre ded ;
 That vnkyndnes haue kyllyd me,
 And putt me to this payne,
 Alas what remedy, 15
 That J cannott refreyne.

My

My`harte ytt haue no reſte,
 Butt ſtyll w^t peyn^e oppreſte,
 And yett of all my ſmart,
 Ytt grevith moſte my harte, 20
 That vnkyndnes ſhuld kyll me,
 And putt me to this payne,
 Alas what remedy,
 That J cannott refreyne.

Wo worth truſt vntruſty ! 25
 Wo worth love vñ lovyd !
 Wo worth hape vn blamyd !
 Wo worth favtt vñ namyd !
 Thus vnkyndly to kyll me,
 And putt me to this payn, 30
 Now alas what remedy,
 That J cannott refrayne.

Alas J lyve to longe,
 My paynes be ſo ſtronge,
 For c^oforth haue J none, 35
 God wott J wold fayne be gone ;
 For vnkyndnes haith kylllyd me,
 And putt me to this payne,
 Alas what remedy,
 That J cannott refreyne. 40

ANCIENT SONGS.

95

Jff ony wyght be here
That byeth love fo dere,
Come here lye downe by me,
And weype for company ;
For vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refrayne.

45

My foes whiche love me nott
Be vayle my deth J wott,
And he that love me beste
Hyme selfe my deth hath dreste ;
What vnkyndnes shuld kyle me
Jf this ware nott my payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refreyne.

50

55

My last wyll here J make,
To god my soule J be take,
And my wrechyd body
As erth in a hole to lye ;
For vnkyndnes to kyle me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannot refreyne.

60

O harpe

O harte J the bequyeth 65
 To hyme that is my deth,
 Yff that no harte haith he
 My harte his fchal be ;
 Thought vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
 And putt me to this payne, 70
 Yett yf my body dye
 My herтт cannott refrayne.

Placebo, dilexi,
 Com weype this obsequey,
 My mowrmar^p, dolfully, 75
 Com weype this psalmody,
 Of vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
 And putt me to this payne,
 Behold this wrechid body,
 Y^t y^{or} vnkyndnes haith slayne. 80

Now J be fych all ye
 Namely y^t lovers be,
 My love my deth for gyve,
 And soffer hyme to lyve ;
 Thought vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me, 85
 And putt me to this payne,
 Yett haid J rether dye
 For his sake ons agayne.

My

ANCIENT SONGS.

97

My tombe ytt schalbe blewe,
 Jn tokyne that J was trewe ;
 To bringe my love from dovte,
 Jtt shalbe wryttynge abowtte
 That vnkyndnes haith kyllid me,
 And putt me to this payne ;
 Behold this wrechid body,
 That y^{or} vnkyndnes haith slayne.

90

95

O lady lerne by me,
 Sley nott love wylfully,
 For fer love waxyth denty.
 Vndkyndnes to kyle me,
 Or putt love to this payne,
 J ware the better dye
 For loves sake agayne.

100

Grevus Js my foro,
 Butt deth ys my boro,
 For to my selfe a lone
 Thus do J make my mone,
 That vnkyndnes haith kyllid me,
 And passyd is my payne,
 Prey for this ded body,
 Yt y^{or} vnkyndnes haith slayne.

105

110

V.

UPON THE INCONSTANCY OF HIS
MISTRESS.

*From a MS. of the early part of Henry the 8th's time.
Bibl. Harl. N^o 2252. Left unfinished by the copyist.*

MOrnyng, mornying,
'Thus may J synge,
Adew my dere adew,
Be god alone,
My love ys gon, 5
Now may J go seke a new.

Nay, nay, no, no,
I wys not foo,
Leve of & do no more ;
For veraylye 10
S^m wemen ther be,
The whyche bep^e brotyll store.

I lovyd

ANCIENT SONGS.

99

I lovyd on,
 Not long agon,
 On whom my harte was sett,
 So dyd she me,
 Whye shuld J lye?
 I can hyt not forgette.

15

Hyr lett's wyll prove
 She was my love,
 & so I wyll hyr clayme,
 Thowghe my Sweteharte
 Be fro me starte,
 She ys the more to blame.

20

Thowe my Swete harte
 Be fro me starte
 & changyd me for a new,
 I am content,
 & wyll assente
 W^t hym p^t hap^e hyr now.

25

30

For be saynte gyle,
 & mary mylde,
 He ys a mynion man,
 Myche ppyr & good,
 Cōmyn of Jentyll blode,
 & myche good pastyme he can.

35

ANCIENT SONGS.

He ys worthy
Myche bett^r then J
To haue the love of byr,
Therfor, swete harte,
Farwell my pte,
Adew, somtyme my dere.

For whoo wyll seke
A mynyon eke
In ynglond or in fraunce. 45

• • • •

VI.

MANERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE.

By John Skelton, poet laureat; who enumerates it in his "Crown of Lawrell" (Works, 1736. p.). It is preserved in the Fairfax MS. with a musical composition in threes parts, by "Wilm Cornysse, Junior;" and, with another piece, set by the same master, supposed to be a satire against the drunken Flemings who came over with Ann of Cleves, will be found, with the harmony in the modern method, in Sir John Hawkinses History of Music, III. 3, &c.

The reader is not to impute the grossness of sentiment visible in the following ballad to the peculiar profligacy of the author; it was the vice of the age: the love-letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen contain expressions which would be thought at present too obscene for a common prostitute. The lady's answers are not preserved.

AY be therewe yow be my fay,
 This wanton clark be nyse all way,
 A vent, a vent, my popagay,
 What will ye do no thyng but play?
 Tully valy, strawe, let be J fay, 5
 Gup cristian clowt, gup Jak of p^e vale,
 W^t man^{ly} m^{gery} mylk & ale.

Be god ye be a p^{ty} pode,
 & J loue yo^r an hole cart lode,
 Strawe Jamys foder, ye play pe fode, 10
 J am no hakney for yo^r rode,
 Go watch a bole, yo^r bak is brode,
 Gup cristian clowt, gup Jak of p^e vale,
 W^t manerly [m^{gery} mylk & ale].

J wiff ye dele vncurtesly, 15
 What wolde ye frompill me? now fy.
 What & ye shalbe my pigge nye.
 Be crist ye shall not: no hardely
 J will not be Japed bodely.
 Gup cristian clowte, gup Jake of p^e vale, 20
 W^t manerly margery [mylk & ale].

Walke forth yo^r way, ye coft me nought,
 Now haue J fownd p^t J haue fought,
 Pe best chepe flesh p^t eu^r J bought,
 Yet, for his loue p^t all hath wrought, 25
 Wed me, or els J dye for thought.
 Gup cristian clowte, yo^r broth is stale,
 Go manerly margery mylk & ale.
 Gup cristian clowte, gup Jak of p^c vale,
 W^t man^ly mærgery [mylk & ale]. 30

* * Since Sir J. Hawkinse's transcript was made,
 the MS. appears to have received certain alterations, oc-
 casioned, as it should seem, but certainly not authorised, by
 the over-scrupulous delicacy of its late or present possessor.

VII.

AN AMOROUS STRUGGLE.

This little sketch from nature, considering the time in
 which it must have been written, has a merit not fre-
 quently found in contemporary productions. The editor once
 thought it might be ascribable to Skelton, whose free man-
 ner it somewhat resembles. But a comparison with the
 immediately preceding ballad, indisputably his, renders that
 supposition exceedingly improbable.

It

It is given from a folio volume of musical compositions of Henry the eighth's time (as it appears) in the editors possession. But the music, which is in parts, and without the least pretensions to melody, was not thought worth inserting.

BE pes, ze make me spille my ale.
 Now thyngke ze this ys a fayre ray ?
 Let go, y say ;—strawe for zeure tale ;
 Leff werke, a twenty a deuell a way :
 Wene ze p^t euy body lest to play ?
 A byde a while—what haue ze haste ?
 Y trow, for all zeure gret a fray,
 Ze will not make to huge a waste.

5

After a say ; the may ze wette ;
 Why blame ze me w^olte offence ?
 Y wisse wanton, ze shull not zette—
 A, kan ze that ?—nov gode go hens :
 What do ze here, wⁱn ovre spence ?
 Recke ze not to make vs shende ?
 Y wulde not zette for furty pence
 My moder cam in or that ze wende.

10

15

Cum kys me. Nay. be god ze shall.
 Be criste y nelle. What see the man !
 Ze hert my legge a zenste the walle ;
 Ys this the gentry that ze can ?

20

So much before, J would haue kept you out ; 15
 It is a proper thing you goe about.—
 J did not think you would haue done me this,
 But now J see J took my aime amiss.
 A little thing would make vs not bee freinds,
 You haue vsed mee well, J hope youle make amends.
 Hould still, Jle wipe your face, you sweat amaine, 21
 You haue gott a goodly think with all this paine.
 O God how hot am J ! w^t will you drinke ?
 Jf you goe sweating downe, w^t will they thinke ?
 Remember s^r how you haue vsed mee now, 25
 Doubt not ere long but J will meete with you.
 Jf any man but you had vsed mee so,
 Would J haue putt it upp ? in faith s^r no.
 Nay goe not yet, stay here & supp with mee,
 And then at cards wee better will agree. 30

VIII.

DOWNE, BELLY, DOWNE.

“ The following song,” says Sir John Hawkins, “ appears to have been written in the time of one of the Henries [sci. VII. and VIII.], and seems to be a fruitless prayer, tending to avert the consequences of indubitable pregnancy.” History of Music, III. 18.

The

The ingenious author has been studiously careful to conceal his authorities for the ancient poetry first published in the above work: a mode of proceeding which, as it assumes a degree of confidence that no editor, be his rank, honour, and integrity what they may, has a right to exert, cannot be too much discountenanced. It is, however, only fair to add, that this, as well as every other, song adopted on the credit of the learned historian, carries evident intrinsic marks of its authenticity.

WITH all the hart in my body,
Now jentill belly downe.

And shee was sore afraid,
And grievously dismayed,
With putting on hyr gowne.

5

Hyr belly was so grete,
Hyr gowne was not fete,
For sorrow dyd she swete,

And fange

Downe, belly, downe.

10

Thys game gothe all amysse;
I loud so well to kyffe,
I thought it joy and blyffe
To daunce in euery towne;

But alas and well away

15

That ever I usyd suche playe,
For now wyth sorrowe may I saye

Downe, belly, downe.

Every

ANCIENT SONGS.

107

Euery morning erly
 My stomake is all quafie ; 20
 It hurtithe me
 Full greuoufely,
 With ficknes am I bound :
 God and our bleffyd lady,
 And alfoe good king Henry 25
 Send me fome remedy
 To kepe my belly downe.
 Downe, downe, now jentil belly downe.

IX.

BEWARE MY LYTTYLL FYNGER.

The following dialogue, which Sir J. Hawkins thinks very ancient, and of which, he says, the simplicity is no less remarkable than the style, is given from that authors History of Music, Vol. III. p. 19. It is certainly as old as the æra of the present class.

BEWARE my lyttyll fynger ; Syr I you
 desire,
 Ye wrynge my hand to fore,
 I pray you do no more,
 Alas therefor,
 Ye hurt my lyttyll fynger. 5

10

Why

Why so do you say?
Ye be a wanton may,
I do but with you play,
Beware my lyttyll fynger.

Syr no more of suche sport,
For I have lyttyl comfort
Of your hyther resort,
To hurt my lyttyll fynger.

Forsoth goodly mysteris,
I am sory for your diseas : 15
Alack what may you pleas ?
Beware my lytyll synger.

Forsoth ye be to blame,
I wis it will not frame,
Yt ys to your grete shame
To hurt my lyttyll fynger.

Thys was agayn my wyll certayn,
Yet wold I haue that hole agayn,
For I am fory for your payn, '
Beware my lyttyll fynger. 25

Seeing for the cause ye be sory,
I wold be glad wyth you for to mary,
So that ye wold not ouerlonge tarry
To hele my lyttyll fynger.

I fay

ANCIENT SONGS. 109

I say wyth a joyfull hart agayne, 30
Of that I wold be full fayn,
And for your sake to take fume payne
To hele your lyttyll fynger.

Then we be both agreed
I pray you by our wedding wede, 35
And then ye shall haue lyttyll nede
To hele my lyttyl fynger.

That I will by Gods grace,
I shall kysse your minion face,
That yt shall shyne in euery place, 40
And hele your lyttyll fynger.

Beware my lyttyll fynger,
Alas my lyttyll fynger,
And oh my lyttyll fynger,
Ah lady mercy! ye hurt my lyttyll fynger. 45

X. DIALOGUE

X.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

"In which," Sir J. Hawkins, from whom it is given, gravely remarks, "there is great simplicity of style and sentiment, and a frankness discoverable on the lady's part not warranted by the manners of the present time."

[He] **M**Y harts lust and all my plesure,
Is geuen where I may not take it a-
gayne.

[She] Do you repent? [He] Nay, I make you
sure.

[She] What is the cause then you complayne?

[He] It plesyth my hart to shew part of my payne. §

[She] To whom? [He] To you. [She] Plese
that wyl not me;

Be all these words to me, they be in vayn,
Complayn where you may haue remedy.

[He]

ANCIENT SONGS. 118

[He] I do complayn, and find no releffe.

[She] Yea, do you so? I pray you tell me how.

[He] My lady lyft not my paynes to redresse. 11

[She] Say ye soth? [He] Yea, I make God a
vowe.

[He] Who is your lady? [He] I put case you.

[She] Who I? nay, be sure it is not so.

[He] In fayth ye be. [She] Why do you swere now?

[He] In good fayth I loue you and no mo. 16

[She] No mo but me? [He] No, so say I.

[She] May I you trust? [He] Yea, I make you
sure.

[She] I fere nay. [He] Yes, I shall tell you why.

[She] Tell on, lets here. [He] Ye haue my hart
in cure. 20

[She] Your hart? nay. [He] Yes without mesure.

I do you loue. [She] I pray you say not so.

[He] In fayth I do. [She] May I of you be sure?

[He] Yea, in good fayth. [She] Then am I yours
also.

XII.

MY SWETE SWETING.

From the same Work.

AH, my swete swetyng!
 My lytyl prety swetyng,
 My swetyng wyl I loue whersuer I go;
 She is so proper and pure,
 Full stedfast, stabill and demure, 5
 There is none fuch, ye may be sure,
 As my swete sweting.

In all thys world, as thynketh me,
 Is nohe so plefaunt to my eye,
 That I am glad soo ofte to see, 10
 As my swete swetyng.

When I behold my swetyng swete,
 Her face, her hands, her minion fete,
 They seme to me there is none so mete,
 As my swete swetyng. 15

Aboue all other prayse must I,
 And loue my pretty pygfnye,
 For none I fynd soo womanly
 As my swete swetyng.

XIII.

A [LOVE] SONGE.

From MSS. Harl. 3362.

MY Joye it is from her to here
 Whom p^t my mynd ys eu^e to see,
 & to my hart she ys most nere,
 For I loue hur & she lovyth me.

Of deuty neds J must hur love, 5
 W^{ch} hath my hart so stedfastly,
 Ther ys no payne may me convert,
 But styll to loue hur whyle she lovyth me.

Both loue for loue, & hart for hart,
 W^{ch} hath my hart so stedfastly, 10
 Therfore my hart shall not remove,
 For I loue hur & she lovyth me.

Chryst

ANCIENT SONGS. 115

Chryft wolt the ffuger of hur fwete face
 Were pyftored wher eú I ' be ',
 Yn eúy hall, from place to place, 15
 For I loue hur & she lovyth me.

Her cōpany doth me confort,
 Therfor in haft J wyll reforte,
 To yoye my harte w^t play & sport,
 For I loue hur & she lovyth me. 20

V. 14. dwell. MS.

XIV.

SONG ON THE VICTORY OF FLODDON FIELD.

The battle of Floddon, in Northumberland, was fought the 9th of September, 1513, being the fifth year of King Henry the 8th (who, with a great army, was then before Terouen in France) between Thomas Howard earl of Surry, commander in chief of the English forces, and James the 4th, King of Scots, with an inferior army of 15000 men, who were entirely routed with great slaughter, and their heroic sovereign left dead upon the field.

The relation of this signal victory and defeat has been the subject of as much rejoicing with the poets of England

as of sorrow to those of her sister kingdom. No event in English history has produced a greater number of poetical effusions than the field of Flodden.

In 1664 was published "*A metrical History of the Battle of Flodden*," the composition, as it is conjectured, of some North-country schoolmaster in the time of *Q. Elizabeth*. Two different editions of this old piece appeared in the year 1774. One in a small 12mo. with the name of *J. Benson Philomath*. The other was printed at Berwick, from an old MS. and attended with a number of annotations and historical remarks, with other interesting, useful, and curious communications, by the reverend Mr. Lambe, vicar of Norham upon Tweed. It was likewise printed, though very incorrectly, by old Gent of York. And there is a MS. copy of it in the British Museum (Harl. Lib. 3526).

In the above library are also the following poems relative to this event.

N^o 367. beginning—

"Nowe lette vs talke of the mounte of Floden."

N^o 293. "*A Ballate of the Batalle of Flodene-feld*,"
..... (in praise of the Stanleys, and the men of Lancashire and Cheshire).

N^o 2252. beginning—

"As I lay musing myself alone."

And in the same number is that beginning—

"O Rex Regum in thy Realme celestial,"

printed in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, which, with another by Ulpian Fulwell, is inserted by Mr. Lambe in his Appendix, N^o VI. and VIII. p. 133, 153.

Skelton, in his rude way, exults very much on the subject. See his works, ed. 1736. p. . Lambes Appendix, N^o VII. p. 143.

A defeat is never a favourite and rarely a successful topic of poetry. The Scottish muse must however on this occasion be allowed the bays. The beautiful and affecting
little

little ballad, which appears to have been composed immediately after the battle, beginning—

“ I’ve heard of a liting,”

is as sweet and natural a piece of elegiac poetry as any language can boast.

There is a MS. poem on the battle of Flowden hill in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh; but of what nature or merit the editor had not opportunity to discover.

The following ballad may possibly be as ancient as any thing we have on the subject. It is given from “ The most pleasant and delectable history of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newberry,” written by Thomas Deloney, who thus speaks of it :

“ In disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous achieved victory, the commons of England made this song : which TO THIS DAY is not forgotten of many.”

It will not be contended, however, that the ballad here printed exhibits the genuine English of Henry the 8ths time. Honest Thomas, no doubt, like greater editors, had too refined a taste to prefer accuracy and fidelity to pleasing the eyes or tickling the ears of his readers.

This Author is mentioned by Kempe (*Nine Days Wonder*. 1600. 4to.) as “ the great ballade maker T. D. or Thomas Deloney, chronicler of the memorable Lives of the Six Yeomen of the West, JACK OF NEWBERRY, The Gentle Craft, and such like honest men, omitted by Stowe, Hollinshead, Grafton, Hall, Froissart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers.” Warton. *Hist Eng. Poet*. iii. 430. He had satirised Kempe in what he calls “ abominable ballets.” Warton says, that Jack of Newbury was entered in the Stationers book to T. Myllington, Mar. 7, 1596; and the Gentle Craft to Ralph Blore, O⁸. 19, 1597.

Deloney was, in 1596, committed to the Counter by the Lord Mayor for ridiculing the Queen and book of orders about the dearth of corn in one of his ballads.

THE SONG.

KING Jamie hath made a vow,
 Keep it well if he may,
 That he will be at lovely London,
 Upon Saint James his day.

Upon Saint James his day at noon 5
 At fair London will I be ;
 And all the lords in merry Scotland,
 They shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,
 The tears fell from her eye, 10
 Leave off these wars most noble King,
 Keep your fidelity.

The water runs swift & wonderous deep
 From bottom unto the brim ;
 My brother Henry hath men good enough. 15
 England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this filly fool,
 In prison fast let her lye ;
 For she is come of the English blood,
 And for these words she shall die. 20

That

ANCIENT SONGS.

119

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sate weeping in her bower.

With that bespake L. Thomas Howard, 25.
The queens chamberlain that day,
If that you put Q. Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
Away with this foolish mome; 30
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So soon as I come home.

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our English men fain;
At Bramstone-green this battel was feen, 35
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our souldiers did beat them blind. 40

N. 24. sweeping.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain,
 That to the fight did stand ;
 And many a prisoner took that day,
 The best in all Scotland.

Jack with a fether was iapt all in lether, 45
 His boastings were all in vain ;
 He had such a chance with new morrice dance,
 He never went home again.

XV.

O DEATH, ROCKE ME ON SLEPE.

The following poem, Sir John Hawkins tells us, appears by the MS. from which it was taken, to have been composed about the time of Henry VIII. It and another, which he has printed, were communicated to him by "a very judicious antiquary lately deceased," whose opinion of them was, that they were written either by, or in the person of Anne Boleyn; a conjecture, he adds, which her unfortunate history renders very probable. It is, however, but a conjecture: any other state-prisoner of that period having an equal claim. George viscount Rochford, brother to the above lady, and who suffered on her account, "bath the same," according to Wood, "of being the author of several poems, songs, and sonnets, with other things of the like nature;" and to him the present editor is willing to refer the ensuing stanzas.

O Death,

O Death, rocke me on slepe,
 Bringe me on quiet reste,
 Let passe my uerye gilleles goste,
 Out of my carefull brest ;
 Toll on the passinge bell, 5
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sounde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I dye. 10

My paynes who can expres ?
 Alas ! they are so stronge,
 My dolor will not suffer strength
 My lyfe for to prolonge ;
 Toll on the passinge bell, 15
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sound my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I dye. 20

Alone in prison stronge,
 I wayle my destenye ;
 Wo worth this cruel hap that I
 Should taste this miterye.

Tell

Toll on the passing bell, 25
 Ringe out the doleful knell,
 Let the sounde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I dye. 30

Farewell my pleasures past,
 Welcum my present payne,
 I fele my torments so increse,
 That lyfe cannot remayne.
 Cease now the passing bell, 35
 Rong is my doleful knell,
 For the found my deth doth tell,
 Deth doth draw nye,
 Sound my end dolefully,
 For now I dye. 40

XVI.

BESS, FORSAKEN, MAKETH COMPLAINT.

From the editors folio MS. The music is a composition in three parts, which it was not thought necessary to insert.

JN wyldernes
 Ther' found y beffe,
 Secret alone,
 Jn grete dyftres,
 Remedyles,
 Makȳg her moone.

5

Alas, she feyd,
 Y was a mayde,
 As other be,
 And at a brayd
 Y was a frayd
 Right pyteusly.

10

A wanton chyld
 Spake word^{er} myld
 To me alone,
 & me begyld,
 Goten w^t child,
 & now ys gon.

15

Now h^t ys so,
 Lefe of my woe,
 W^t gode devyfe,
 And let hȳ goo,
 W^t sorow allfo,
 & play the wyfe.

20

Now

Now may J wynd
 W'oute a frynd,
 W' hert on fayn',
 Jn ferre c t'r'
 Men wene J be
 A mayde agayn.

This young men fay,
 Yn sport & play,
 Go wach a byrde ;
 Men tellyth yn town',
 When clothis be downe,
 The smock ys hyd.

J cā not kepe,
 But foor' y wepe,
 & all for oon' ;
 So fr' my hert
 Shall he not stert,
 Thof he be gon.

Alas p' he
 Has th' leste me
 My fylf alone,
 Jn wyld'nes,
 Remedyles,
 Makȳg my moō'.

XVII.

¶ A CAROLL BRINGYNG IN THE BORES
HEED.

—Printed from that eminent and excellent antiquary Thomas Hearnes "Notæ & Spicilegium" to William of Newborough (III. 745.), where it is thus introduced:—
"I will beg leave here to give an exact copy of the Christmase Carol upon the Boar's Head (which is an ancient Disb, and was brought up by K. Henry 'II.' with Trumets before his Son when his said Son was crowned [Holinshed's Chron. Vol. III. p. 76.]) as I have it in an old Fragment (for I usually preserve even Fragments of old books) of the Christmase Carols printed by Wynkyn de Worde, . . . by which it will be perceived how much the same Carol is altered as it is sung in some places even now from what it was at first. It is the last Thing, it seems, of the Book (which I never yet saw intire) and at the same time I think it proper also to add the Printer's Conclusion, for this reason, at least, that such as write about our first Printers may have some notice of the Date of this Book, and the exact Place where printed, provided they cannot be able to meet with it, as I believe they will find it pretty difficult to do, it being much laid aside about the time that some of David's Psalms came to be used in it's Read."

The Colophon runs thus: ¶ Thus endeth the Christmase carolles / newlye enprinted at Londo / in the fletestrete at the signe of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. The pere of our lordes. M. D. xxi.

By

By the words "some places even now" he seems to allude to Queens College, Oxford, where this antique ceremony is still observed; with this considerable improvement, indeed, that the Boars head is neatly carved in wood.

The book of Psalms above referred to is in a note thus described, "Certaine of David's Psalmes intended for Christmas Carolls fitted to the most common but solempne Tunes, every where familiarly used: By William Slayter. Printed by Robert Young 1630. 8°."

The ancient crest of the family of Edgcumbe was the Boars head, crowned with bays, upon a charger; which has been very injudiciously changed into the entire animal.

“CAPUT apri differo
Reddens ‘laudes’ domino.

¶ The bores heed in hand bring I
With garlans gay and rosemary
I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in conuiuio.

¶ The bores heed I vnderstande
Is the ‘chefe’ scruyce in this lande
Loke where euer it be fande
Seruite cum cantico.

V. 1. differo] Sic pro defero.

V. 2. laudens,

V. 8. thefe.

¶ Be gladde lordes bothe more and lasse
 For this hath ordeyned our stewart
 To chere you all this Christmasse
 The bores heed with mustarde.

XVIII.

IN DIE NATIVITATIS.

*This, and the following ancient Christmas Carols, are
 ven, merely as curiosities, from the editors folio MS.
 ere each is accompanied with a musical composition for
 re voices; but which, neither in point of merit nor
 iquity, seems to deserve, what the editor once intended
 a place in this work.*

*Nowel, Nowel (the old French name for Christmas),
 s the usual burden to this sort of things. Many in-
 ces of which may be found in N° 2593. Bib. Sloan.*

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
 Tydyngg gode y thyngke to telle.

The borys hede that we bryng here
 Be tokeneth a p'nce with owte pere,
 Ys born' this day to bye v^o dere,

5

Nowell.

A bore

A bore ys a fouerayn beste,
 And acceptab[1]e in euy feste,
 So mote thys lord be to moſte & leſte,
 Nowell.

This borys hede we bryng w^t fong,
 Jn worchyp of hym that thus ſprang, 10
 Of a virgyne to redreſſe all wrong,
 Nowell.

XIX.

IN DIE NATIVITATIS.

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.
 Who ys p^r p^t ſyngyt ſo nowell, nowell?

I am here, fyre cryſtp maſſe.
 Well come my lord f. cⁱſtp maſſe,
 Welcome to vs bop^e mor & laſſe, 5
 Com ner nowell.

Deu vo^o garde, bewe f. tydȳgp y ȝou brȳg,
 A mayde hath born a chylde full ȝong,
 The weche cauſeth ȝew to ſyng,
 Nowell.

ANCIENT SONGS.

129

Criste is now born of a pure mayde,
In an oxe stallè he ys layde,
Wher' for syng we alle atte abrayde,

10

Nowell.

Bevvx bien par tutte la company,
Make gode chere & be ryght mery,
And syng w^t vs now ioyfully,

Nowell.





ANCIENT SONGS.

C L A S S IV.

Comprehending the Reigns of EDWARD VI.
MARY, and ELIZABETH.

I.

TYE THE MARE, TOM BOY.

This very old and once very favourite and popular song is given from a MS. collection of Old Songs, &c. formerly used in and about the bishopric of Durham, some time the property of Mr. James Mickleton, and now in the Harleian library (N^o 7578). The music, by "Robar Johnson," a well-known composer of Henry the 8th's time is only a single part, but if complete would scarcely have been proper to be inserted here, being a continued barmon from the beginning to the end.

The following song is particularly alluded to in the "passing merrie Interlude" of "Tom Tylers and his wyfe"
fin

Printed in 1578? And in Ames's Typographical Antiquities (p. 508) is "A ballet, declaringe the fall of the ere of Babylone, intituled, Tye thy mare Tom-boye, &c." ich, though for what reason does not appear, he has ced under the year 1547.

TY the mare, tom boy, ty the mare, tom
boye,
Left she stray from the a waye,
Now ty the mare, tom boye.

The mare is so mynyone,
So smoth & so smikere, 5
Yt in myne apynion
There is nott a trykere
From hence to Avynion,
Yf she ware nott a kyckere,
Att ned by sentt nynyon, 10
J knowe nott a quycker.
Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

Gyll now to name here,
A mare of good mold,
She wold be mayd tamere,
Yff tamer whoo could; 15
Here dame was a framer,
To ryd here who shuld,
No labur could lame here,
To gallape whill they wolde.
Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

Because thou dost lyke her, 20
 & lyst nott to chang her,
 I wold she were meker,
 & be no more a ranger ;
 But she is a striker,
 & ther in here danger, 25
 For hym y^t shall kepe her
 At Racke & att manger.
 Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

At larg yf thou lett her
 Than seke & can nott fynd her,
 Yett wer yo^u much bett^r 30
 In trāmells to bynd here ;
 A loock & a fetter
 Before & behynd her,
 At lyver to sett here,
 Wher yo^u lyst to asyne her. 45
 Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

The trimer thou tyuer her,
 To show her a itarrer,
 The mo will defyer her,
 & therfor beware her ;
 For whoo y^t may hyer her 50
 To ryd will nott spar her,
 But no man can tyer her,
 Whill towe leggs may bear her.
 Ty the mare, tom boy.

ANCIENT SONGS. 133

Yf hunger dyseafe her,
Than must thou be watching, 55
With hard meatt to pleas her,
Y^t she may be catchyng,
A morsell to daffe her,
Ther at to be snaching,
Such baytt shall apease her, 60
Yf thou mayk no patching.
Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

To glosse or to glavere,
J will for no medyng,
But yffe yo^u wilt haue her
All tymes at thy nedying, 65
Lett her nott tayk savor
At others mens fedyng,
For then will they crave her
Beçause of her bredying.
Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

A fooll of y^t fylly, 70
Y^t ware lyk her mother,
From seland to fylly
Ware nott such a nother:
No more of her will J
Speake one word nor other, 75
But make much of gylly,
J pray the tom brother.
Nowe tye the mar, tom boy, &c.

II.

IN DISPRAISE OF WOMEN.

From the same MS. Where it is attended with musical notes, but as "ther laketh all the other parts," these are not copied. At the end is, Enis q. mⁱ heath; but whether he were author, or composer, or both, or neither, is altogether uncertain.

HEY downe downe downe, &c.

These women all,
Both great and small,
 Ar waveryng to and fro,
Now her now ther, 5
Now every wher,
 But J will nott say so.

They love to rang,
Ther mynds doth chaunge,
 And maks ther frynds ther foo; 10
As lovers trewe
Eche daye they chewse new,
 But J will nott say so.

They

ANCIENT SONGS. 135

They laughe, they fmylle,
 They do begyle, 15
 As dyce y^t men doth throwe ;
 Who vseth them much
 Shall neu^r be ryche,
 But I will nott say fo.
 Syng dedell, dedell, heygh howe.

Sume hot fū cold, 20
 Ther is no hold,
 But as the wynd doth blowe ;
 When all is done,
 They chaung like the moone,
 But J will nott say fo. 25

So thus one and other
 Takith after ther mother,
 As cooke by kind doth crowe.
 My song is ended,
 The beste may be amended, 30
 But J will nott say fo.

J will recant,
 Because women be skant,
 J will sing placebo.
 Ho is ther ? ho ! 35

Mastris Joane

Is nott alone.

As many fethers in a coake,

So many throwes in a flock,

Syng dedell, dedell, heygh howe,

Syng heygh howe, heye downe.

III.

FYLL THE POOT MAYD.

From the same MS.



FYLL the poott mayd, fyll the poott when



ye be prayd ; go fyll the poott mayd : washe clean

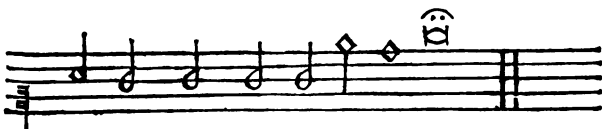
the



the cuppe, and mayke a tooſte, and when the



fyere the tooſt dooth roſte, then to the tappe the



next waye cooſt, and fyll the poot mayd.

IV.

CAPTAIN CAR.

The elegant editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry has inserted in that collection a Scottish ballad, entitled "Edom o' Gordon," printed at Glasgow in 1755; but "improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad in 'his' folio MS." and by him "clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom." Of the ballad to which the above fragment appears to have belonged, the reader is here presented with

with an entire ancient copy, the undoubted original of Scottish ballad, and one of the few specimens now extant of the genuine proper Old English Ballad, as composed not by a Grub-street author for the stalls of London, but to be chanted up and down the kingdom by the wandering Minstrels of "the North Countrie." This curiosity preserved in a miscellaneous collection in the Cotton Library marked *Vespasian, A. xxv.* At the top of the original stands the word *Ihus* (*Jesus*), and at the end is *Finne Willm Asheton Clericū*: the name and quality, may suppose, of the original author. The MS. has received numerous alterations or corrections, all or most of which are evidently for the better, they are here added as part of the text, but the original readings are nevertheless retained in the margin.

The Historical Fact which gave occasion to, and forms the subject of, the following ballad, and which happened in the year 1571, may be found both in *Archbishop St. Andrews History* (an extract of which is given in the *editions of Percy*), and in *Crawford of Drumseys memoirs*.

Dr. Percy is of opinion, that "from the different titles of this ballad the old strolling bards or minstrels had no scruple of changing the names of the personages introduced, to humour the hearers." If such a practice did exist, it is very certain that the present ballad affords no instance of it, as in fact *CAR* (or, according to Scottish orthography, *KER*) was actually sent with a letter by Sir ADAM GORDON, who commanded for the Queen as deputy to his brother the earl of Huntley, to summon the castle of Toway or Tavoy (here called *Crecrynbroghe*), longed to Alexander Forbes (here called the lord *Hutton*), and which, instead of surrendering, was resolutely defended by his lady, who gave Car very injurious language. Now though it does not appear that his barbed—*for he actually set fire to the castle, and burnt both the lady and her whole family, to the amount in all thirty-seven persons*—was authorised (if indeed it

have been authorised) by any previous orders, yet as he was never called to any account for it, the infamy of the transaction naturally extended to Gordon, who from the superiority of his station might even be considered as the greater criminal; and as he was, at the same time, better known, his name was not improperly substituted by the Scottish Minstrels for that of his subordinate officer.

J T befell at martynnas,
 When wether waxed colde,
 Captaine care saide to his mē
 We must go take a holde.
 Syck, sike & totowe sike,
 & sicke & like to die;
 The sikest nighte that eú J abode,
 God lord haue mcy on me!

5

Haille m̄ & wether you will,
 & wether ye like it best.
 To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,
 & there we will take o' reste.
 Sycke, sicke, et c.

10

J knowe wher is a gay castle,
 Is build of lyme & stone,
 Wthin their is a gay ladie,
 Her lord is ryd from hom.
 Sicke, sick, et c.

15

V. 14. J knowe a gay castle.
 V. 15. builded.
 V. 17. riden & gone.

The ladie lend on her castle walle,
 She loked vpp and downe,
 There was she ware of an host of mē
 Come riding to y^e towne.
 Sycke, et c.

20

Com yow hether my merimē all,
 & look what J do see,
 Yonder Js ther an host of mē,
 J musen who they bee.
 Sick, et c.

25

She thought he had been her own wed lord
 Y^t had comd riding home ;
 Then was it trait^r captaine care,
 The lord of efter towne.
 Sick, et c.

30

They were no son at supper sett,
 Then after said the grace,
 Or captaine care & all his men
 Wer lighte aboute the place.
 Sicke, et c.

35

- V. 19. She lend.
 V. 24. Se yow my merimē all.
 V. 25. & se yow what J see.
 V. 26. Yonder J see an host of mē.
 V. 29. her wed lord.
 V. 30. As he come.

ANCIENT SONGS.

141

Gyue ou thi howffe thou lady gay,
 & J will make the a bande,
 To nighte thoust ly w^tin my *armes*,
 To morrowe thou shall ere my lande.
 Sick, et [c].

40

Thē bespacke the eldest sonne,
 That was both whitt & redde,
 O mother dere geue ou y^r howffe,
 Or ell^p we shalbe deade.
 Sicke, et c.

45

J will not geue ou my hous, she faithe,
 Not for feare of my lyffe,
 It shalbe talked throughout y^e land
 The slaughter of a wyffe.
 Sicke, et c.

50

Fetch me my pestilett,
 & charge me my gonne,
 That J may shott at 'the' bloddy butcher,
 The lord of easter towne.
 Sicke, et c.

55

- V. 41. thou shall ly in.
- V. 50. For feare.
- V. 51. throughout y^e world.
- V. 56. at h^e prowde.

She

She styfly stod on her castle wall,
 & lett the pellett^p flee,
 She myst the bloody bucher,
 & slew other three.
 [Sicke, et c.]

J will not geue ou^t my hous, she faithe,
 Netheir for lord nor lowne,
 Nor yet for traito^r captaine care,
 The lord of Easter towne.
 Sicke, et c.

J desire of captine care,
 & all his bloddye band,
 Y^t he would saue my eldest sonne,
 Y^e care of all my lande.
 Sicke, [et] c.

Lap him in a shete, he sayth,
 & let him downe to me,
 & J shall take him in my armes,
 His waran wyll J be.
 Sicke, [et] c.

V. 59. Styfly vpon her wall she stodde.

V. 61. But then she myst.

V. 62. & she slew.

V. 76. shall J be.

The captayne sayd vnto him selfe,
 With sped before y^e rest—
 He cut his tonge out of his head, 80
 His hart out of his brest.
 Sicke, [et] c.

He lapt them in a handkerchef,
 & knet it of knot^p three,
 & cast them ouer y^e castell wall, 85
 At y^t gay ladye.
 Sicke, [et] c.

Fye vpon y^e Captayne care,
 & all thy bloody band,
 For y^v haft slayne my eldest sonne, 90
 Y^e ayre of all my land.
 Sicke, [et] c.

Then bespake y^e yongest sonn,
 Y^t sat on y^e nurfes knee,
 Sayth mother gay geue ouer your house, 95
 It smoldereth me.
 Sicke, [et] c.

J wold geue my golde, she faith,
 & so I wolde my ffee,
 For a blaste of y^e westeyn wind 100
 To dryue the smoke from thee.
 Sicke, et c.

V. 85. cast it.

Fy vpō y^e John Hamleton,
 That eū J paid the hyre,
 For yⁿ haift broken my castlle wall, 105
 & kyndled in thee ffyre.
 Sicke, et c.

The lady gate to her clofe pler,
 The fire fell aboute her head,
 She toke vp her childrē thre, 110
 Seth babp we are all dead.
 Sicke, et c.

Then bespake y^e hye steward,
 Y^t is of hye degree,
 Saith ladie gay you are no ' bote ' 115
 Wether ye fighte or flee.
 [Sicke, et c.]

Lord Hamletō dremd in his dreame,
 In caruall where he laye,
 His halle were all of fyre,
 His ladie slayne or daye. 120
 [Sicke, et c.]

Busk & bowne my mery mē all,
 Evē & go ye with me,
 For J ' dremd ' y^t my hall was on fyre,
 My lady slayne or day.
 Sick, et c. 125

He

He bukt him and bownd hym,
& like a worthi knighte,
& when he saw his hall burnīg,
His harte was no dele lighte.

[Sick, et c.]

He fett a trūpett till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace,
Twēty score of hāletons
Was light aboute the place.

130

[Sick, et c.]

Had J knowne asmuch yesternighte
As J do to daye,
Captaine care & all his mē
Should not haue gone so quite *aways*.

135

[Sick, et c.]

Fye vpon the captaine care,
And all thy blody 'bande,'
Thou haste slayne my lady gaye,
More wth thē all thy lande.

140

[Sick, et c.]

Yf y^r had ought eny ill will, he faith,
Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,
& haue saved my children thre,
All & my louefome wyffe.

145

[Sick, et c.]

V. 132. hāletons. MS.

V. 139. baudx ? MS.

V.

A MERY BALLET OF THE HATHORNE TRE,

—“*To be songe aft' Donkin Dargeson,*” from the same MS. This Tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration. In a volume of old ballads in the possession of John Baynes, esq; is one “to the tune of Dargeson”.

JT was a maide of my countre,
As she came by a hathorne tre,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
Se miveld to se the tre so grene.

At last she asked of this tre,
Howe came this freshnes vnto the,
And every branche so faire & cleane?
I mivaile y^t you growe so grene.

The tre maid answere by and by,
I have good cause to growe triumphantly,
The swetest dew y^t ev^r be sene
Doth fall on me to kepe me grene.

ANCIENT SONGS. 247

Yea, quoth y^e maid, but where you growe,
 You stande at hande for every blowe,
 Of every man for to be seen, 15
 J mivaile y^t you growe so grene.

Though many one take flowers frō me,
 & manye a branche out of my tre,
 J have suche store they wyll not be sene,
 For more & more my twedg^e growe grene. 20

But howe and they chaunce to cut the downe,
 And carry thie braunches into the towne?
 Then will they never no more be sene,
 To growe againe so freshe & grene.

Thoughe that you do, yt ys no boote, 25
 Althoughe they cut me to the roote,
 Next yere againe J will be sene
 To bude my branches freshe and grene.

And you faire maide canne not do so,
 For yf you let your maidhode goe, 30
 Then will yt never no more be sene,
 As J with my braunches can growe grene.

The maide wth that begane to blushe,
 And turned her from the hathorne bushe,
 She though[t]e her selfe so faire & clene, 35
 Her bewtie styll would ever growe grene.

Whan that she harde this marvelous dowbte,
 She wandered styll then all aboute,
 Suspecting still what she would wene,
 Her maid heade losse would never be seen. 40

Wth many a fighe she went her waye,
 To se howe she maide her selff so gay,
 To walke, to se, and to be sene,
 And so out faced the hathorne grene.

Besides all that, yt put her in feare, 45
 To talke with companye anye where,
 For feare to losse the thinge that shuld be sene
 To growe as were the hathorne grene.

But aft' this never J could here
 Of this faire mayden any where, 50
 That ever she was in forest sene,
 To talke againe of the hathorne grene.

VI. A BALLET.

VI.

A B A L L E T.

From the same MS.

THE man ys blest that lyves in rest,
 And so can keepe hym stylye,
 And he is 'accurst' that was the first
 That gave hys wyff her wyll.

What paine & greff wthout relieff 5
 Shall we pore men sustayne
 Yff every gyle shall have her wyle,
 & ov' vs shall reigne!

Then all o' wyves during y^e lyves
 Wyll loke to do the same, 10
 And beare in hande yt ys as lande
 That goeth not from the name.

There ys no man whose wysdome canne
 Reforme a wylfull wyff,
 But onely god who maide the rod 15
 For o' vnthryfty lyffe.

V. 3. a corusse.

Let vs therefor crye owt & rore,
 And make to god request,
 That he redresse this wilfulnes,
 And set o' hartp at rest.

29

Wherefor good wyves, amende youre lyves,
 And we wyll do the same,
 & kepe not fyle that nought ye wyle
 That haith so evell a name.

Quin-
 in.
 After
 Quin-
 Ma
 Fr
 Q

VII.

A S O N G E,

TO THE TUNE OF LABUNDULA SHOTT,

MADE BY MR. GEORGE MANNINGTONNE,

*In Eastward hoe, by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston,
 Quicksilver the apprentice is introduced as a prisoner in the
 Counter, reading some verses, which he calls his Repen-
 tance; he then says,*

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

St. Petro. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

*Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that
 was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at
 a blow.*

Friend.

Friend. So, Sir.

Quick. *To the tune of, I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

After repeating some of his poem, he proceeds in this manner.

Quick. *This Stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.*

Friend. *Pray you go on, Sir.*

Quick. *O Mannington, thy stories shew,
Thou cutt'st a horse head off at a blow ;
But I confesse I have not the force,
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse head of sin :
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's highway, and bogs of lust ;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her for better, for worse.*

In the books of the Stationers company is the following entry, " 7 November 1576, licensed unto him (i. e. Richard Jones) a ballad, intituled, A woeful Ballad, made by Mr. George Mannynnton, an hour before he suffered at Cambridge castell." See Doddleys Collection [of Old Plays], Vol. IV. p. 294, 296. and Vol. XII. p. 394."

This ballad is given, and the above information extracted, from the Gentlemans Magazine for January 1781 ; where it is said, by the person who communicates it, under the signature of R. C. to be " written in a neat but at present not very legible hand, on a blank leaf in an old history of England ;" the date 1582 appearing, in a different hand, on the opposite page.

I Wayle in woe, I plundge in payne,
 With forrowing fobbes I do complayne,
 With wallowing waves I wishe to dye,
 I languishe sore here as I lye ;
 In feare I saynte, in hope I houlde, 5
 With ruth I runne *, I was to boulde,
 As lucklesse lot assigned me,
 In dangerous dale of destinie,
 Hope bids me smyle, feare bids me weepe,
 Such care my fillye soule doth keepe. 10

Yet too too late I do repent
 The wicked wayes that I have spent,
 The rechlesse care of carelesse kynde,
 Which hath bewitched my wofull mynde :
 Such is the chance, such is the state 15
 Of them that trust to much to fate.
 No bragging boaste of gentell bloudde
 What so it be, can do me good ;
 No witt, no strengthe, no bewties hewe,
 What so it be, can death eschewe. 20

The dysmall day hath had his will,
 And justice seekes my lyfe to spill,
 Revendgement craves by rigorous lawe
 Whereof I litell stood in awe,

* i. e. *My eyes overflow with sorrow.*

153

25

35

45

You

You students all that present be
 To viewe my fatall destenie,
 Would God I could requyte your payne
 Wherein you labour, although in vayne.
 If mightie Jove would thinke it good 55
 To spare my lyfe and vytall bloud,
 In this your proffered curtesie
 I would remayne most stedfastly
 Your servant true in deed and word ;
 But welcome death as pleaseth the Lord. 60

Ye, welcome death the ende of woe,
 And farewell lyfe my fatall foe ;
 Ye, welcome death the end of stryfe,
 Aduce the care of mortall lyfe.
 For though this lyfe do flitt away, 65
 In heaven I hope to lyve for aye ;
 A place of joye and perfect rest,
 Which Christ hath purchased for the best.
 Till that we meet in heaven most highest,
 Aduce, farewell, in Jhesus Christ. 70

VIII.

THE THREE RAVENS.

A DIRGE.

From Ravenscroft's "Melismata. Musical Phantries. Fitting the Cittie, and Countrey Humours. To 3, 4, and 5. voyces. Lond. 1611." 4to. It will be obvious, that this ballad is much older, not only than the date of the book, but than most of the other pieces contained in it.

Treble.

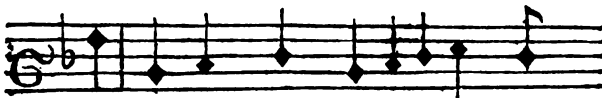
4 voc.



THERE were three Rauens sat on a tree,



Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe.



There were three Rauens sat on a tree, with

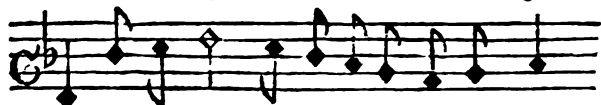
a downe.



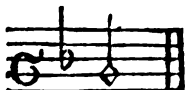
a downe. There were three Rauens fat



on a tre, they were as blacke as they might



be, with a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe



downe.

The one of them said to his mate,

Downe a downe hey downe,

The one of them said to his mate,

10

With a downe;

The one of them said to his mate,

Where shall we our breakefast take?

With a downe dery downe.

Downe in yonder greene field,

15

Downe a downe hey downe,

Downe in yonder greene field,

With a downe;

Downe

ANCIENT SONGS. 157

Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a Knight slain vnder his shield, 20
With a downe.

His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
Downe a downe hey downe.
His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
With a downe, 25
His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they their master keepe,
With a downe.

His Haukes they flie so eagerly,
Downe a downe. 30
His Haukes they flie so eagerly,
With a downe.
His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie,
With a downe. 35

Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
Downe a downe,
Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
With a downe,
Downe there comes a fallow Doe, 40
As great with yong as she might goe,
With a downe.

She

She lift vp his bloody hed,
Downe a downe,
She lift vp his bloody hed, 45
With a downe,
She lift vp his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red,
With a downe.

She got him vp vpon her backe, 50
Downe a downe,
She got him vp vpon her backe,
With a downe,
She got him vp vpon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake, 55
With a downe.

She buried him before the prime,
Downe a downe,
She buried him before the prime,
With a downe, 60
She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere euen-song time,
With a downe.

God fend euery gentleman,
Downe a downe, 65
God fend euery gentleman,
With a downe,

God

God fend euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a Leman,
With a downe. 79

IX.

THE OVER COURTEOUS KNIGHT.

From "*Deuteromelia: or the Second part of Musicks melodie, or melodious Musicks. Of pleasant Roundelaies; K. H. [King Henrys] mirth or Freemans Songs. and such delightful Catches. Lond. 1609.*" 4to. This is a sequel to "*Pammelia*," a collection of a similar nature, published in the same year; and, like it, "contains a great number of fine vocal compositions of very great antiquity." See *Hawkinss Hist. Musc.* vol. iv. p. 18.

This song is in the first volume of some editions, the third in others, of *Durseys Pills to purge Melancholy*; and in a different volume is a modernised copy of it, with considerable variations, beginning—

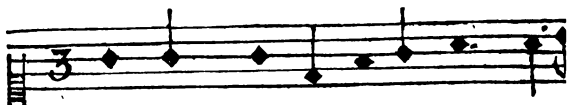
"There was a knight, and he was young."

Bp. Percy found the subject worthy of his best improvements; see *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 341.

In *Major Pearsons collection of Old Ballads* is a different copy, intitled, "*The Politick Maid*," beginning—

"There was a knight was wine dronke."

Yonder



YONDER comes a courteous Knight, Lust



raking ouer the lay, He was well ware of a b



ny lasse, as she came wandring ouer the way. Th



she fang downe a downe, hey downe der -



then she, &c.

Ioue you speed fayre Lady, he said,

Among the leaues that be so greene ;

If I were a king and wore a crowne,

Full soone faire Lady shouldst thou be a que

Then she fang, downe, &c.

ANCIENT SONGS.

161

Alfo Ioue faue you faire Lady,
 Among the Rofes that be fo red ;
 If I haue not my will of you,
 Full foone faire Lady fhall I be dead.
 Then ſhe ſang, &c.

15

Then he lookt Eaſt, then hee lookt Weſt,
 Hee lookt North, ſo did he South ;
 He could not finde a priuy place,
 For all lay in the Diuels mouth.
 Then ſhe ſang, &c.

20

If you will carry me, gentle fir,
 A mayde vnto my fathers hall,
 Then you ſhall haue your will of me,
 Vnder purple and vnder paule.
 Then ſhe ſang, &c.

25

He ſet her vp vpon a Steed,
 And him ſelfe vpon another :
 And all the day he rode her by,
 As though they had been fiſter and brother.
 Then ſhe ſang, &c.

30

When ſhe came to her fathers hall,
 It was well walled round about ;
 She yode in at the wicket gate
 And ſhut the foure ear'd foole without.
 Then ſhe ſang, &c.

35

M

You

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
Among the corne, amidst the hay ;
Where you might had your will of mee,
For, in good faith fir, I neuer said nay.
Then she sang, &c.

40

Ye had me also amid the field,
Among the rushes that were so browne ;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me downe.
Then she sang, &c.

45

He pulled out his nut-browne sword,
And wipt the rust off with his sleewe ;
And said, Ioues curse come to his heart,
That any woman would believe.
Then she sang, &c.

50

When you haue your owne true loue,
A mile or twaine out of the towne,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then she sang, &c.

55

X.

J O H N D O R Y.

This celebrated old ballad, which, could due proof be obtained of its real antiquity, would, in all probability, be found to belong to the preceding, or, possibly, even to an anterior, class, is given from the publication last described, where it is inserted among the "Freemens songs of 3 voices." This was the favourite performance of the English Minstrels so lately as the reign of King Charles II. And Dryden, in one of his lampoons, refers to it as to the worst hackneyed thing of the time.

*But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,*

**TO BE REPEATED LIKE JOHN DORY,
WHEN FIDLERS SING AT FEASTS.**

In the Chances, by Fletcher, first printed in 1647, but written long before, the author having dyed in 1625, old Antonio, when under the hands of the surgeon, who asks if indulgence in allowing music will please, says,

—Yes; and let 'em sing

JOHN DORRIE.

2 Gent. 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have JOHN DORRIE!

For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.

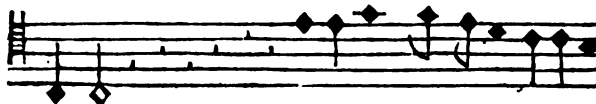
The "Song of JOHN DORRIE" is accordingly supposed to be sung, for which he orders the musicians ten shillings.

lings. It is likewise alluded to in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act II. And still more circumstantially by the facetious Bp. Corbett, who tells us, that he

*—to PARIS rode along,
Much like JOHN DORY in the song,
UPON AN HOLY TIDE.
'He' on AN AMBLING NAG did get, &c.*



AS it fell on a holy day ij



holy day, and upon an-holy



tide a

tide a



John Dory bought him an ambling nag ij



ambling nag



to Paris for to ride a. :||:



ride a. And when

And when John Dory to Paris was come, 5
A little before the gate a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France a; 10
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell downe in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my Liege & my King,
For my merie men and for me a;
And all the churles in merie England, 15
He bring them all bound to thee a.

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side a. 20

Run up my boy unto the maine top,
 And looke what thou canst spie a.
 Who ho ! who ho ! a goodly ship I do see,
 I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sailes, both top and top, 25
 The meisseine and all was tride a ;
 And every man stood to his lot,
 Whatever should betide a.

The roring cannons then were plide,
 And dub a dub went the drumme a : 30
 The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
 To courage both all and some a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
 The browne bill and the sword a :
 John Dory at length, for all his strength, 35
 Was clapt fast under board a.

XI.

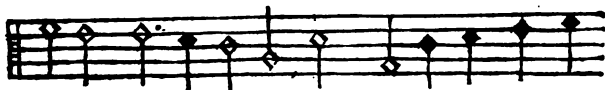
ROBIN LEND TO ME THY BOW.

A canon in the unison, for four voices, from "Pammelia. Musicks Miscellanie. Or, Mixed varietie of Pleasant Roundelays, and delightfull Catches. of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one. Lond. 1609. 4to." That it was a popular song in the beginning of Queen Elizabeths reign appears from its being mentioned (amongst others) in a curious old musical piece, (MSS. Harl. 7578. before mentioned)

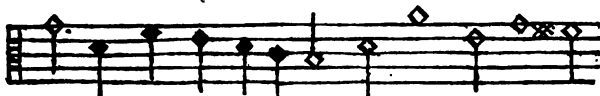
mentioned) containing the description and praises of the city of Durham, written about that time; but of which the corresponding parts are unfortunately lost. It is likewise mentioned in "*A very mery and pythie commedie, called The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.*" By W. Wager. London. 4to. b. l. n. d.



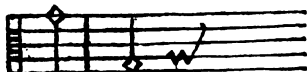
Now Robin lend to me thy bow, Sweet



Robin lend to me thy bow, For I must now a



hunting with my lady goe, with my sweet Lady



goe. Now, *et sup.*

And whither will thy Lady goe? 5

Sweet Wilkin tell it vnto mee;

And thou shalt haue my hawke, my hound, and eke
my bow,

To wait on thy Lady.

M 4

My

My lady will to Vppingham *,
 To Vppingham fursooth will see; 18
 And I my selfe appointed for to be the man,
 To wait on my Lady.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all bestrewe,
 Thy hunting nothing pleaseth mee :
 But yet beware thy babling hounds stray not abroad,
 For angring of thy Lady. 16

My hounds shall be led in the line,
 So well I can assure it thee ;
 Valeffe by view of straine some pursue I may finde,
 To please my sweet Lady. 20

With that the Lady shee came in,
 And wild them all for to agree ;
 For honest hunting neuer was accounted sinne,
 Nor neuer shall for mee.

* A market town in Rutlandshire.

XII.

THE UNGRATEFUL KNIGHT,

AND

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

—is preserved in Deloneys History of Jack of Newbery, already mentioned, where it is thus introduced. "His Majesty [i. e. K. Henry the 8th, who was then upon a visit to Jack] came next among the spinners and carders, who were merrily a working: . . . The King and Queen and all the nobility heedfully beheld these women, who for the most part were very fair and comely creatures; and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence) the maidens in dulcet manner chanted out this song, two of them singing the ditty, and all the rest bearing the burden."

THE MAIDENS SONG.

IT was a knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow my love, leap over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lye along,
Even by the good earl of Northumberland.

170 ANCIENT SONGS.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
The earl[s] sweet daughter walks that way,
And she is the fair flower of Northumberl

And passing by like an angel bright,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
This prisoner had of her a fight,
And she, &c.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in his eye,
And she the fair flower of Northumberla

Fair lady, he said, take pity on me,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison die,
And you the fair flower of Northumberla

Fair sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland

Fair lady, I am no foe, he said,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
For thee the fair flower of Northumberla

ANCIENT SONGS.

171

Why should'st thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Having wife and children in thy country, 35
And I the fair flower of Northumberland ?

I swear by the Blessed Trinity,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
I have no wife nor children I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland. 40

If courteously you will set me free,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
So soon as I come in fair Scotland.

Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers, 45
Follow my love, come over the strand,
And fit like a queen in princely bowers,
When I am at home in fair Scotland.

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow my love, come over the strand, 50
And got her fathers ring away,
To help this knight into fair Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn knight, 55
To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two

Two gallant steeds both good and able,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 She likewise took out of the stable,
 To ride with the knight into fair Scotland. 6

And to the jaylor she sent this ring,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 The knight from prison forth did bring
 To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 Who straight went to this fair lady,
 To wend with her into fair Scotland. 65

A gallant steed he did bestride,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 And with the lady away did ride,
 And she the fair flower of Northumberland. 70

They rode till they came to a water clear,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 Good sir, how should I follow you here,
 And I the fair flower of Northumberland? 75

The water is rough and wonderful deep,
 Follow my love, come over the strand:
 And on my saddle I shall not keep,
 And I the fair flower of Northumberland. 80

Fear

Fear not the foard, fair lady, quoth he,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 For long I cannot stay for thee,
 And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

The lady prickt her wanton steed, 85
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 And over the river swom with speed,
 And she, &c.

From top to toe all wet was she,
 Follow my love, come over the strand, 90
 This have I done for love of thee,
 And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode she all one winters night,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 Till Edenborough they saw in fight, 95
 The fairest town in all Scotland.

Now chuse, quoth he, thou wanton flower,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 Where * thou wilt be my paramour,
 Or get thee home to Northumberland. 100

For I have wife and children five,
 Follow my love, come over the strand,
 In Edenborough they be alive,
 Then get thee home to fair England.

* i. e. Whether.

This favour thou shalt have to boot, 105

Follow my love, come over the strand,
I'll have 'thy' horse, go thou on foot,
Go get thee home to Northumberland.

O false and faithless knight, quoth she,
Follow my love, come over the strand, 110
And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

Dishonour not a ladies name,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword, and end my shame, 115
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extrem need,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland. 120

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
At length two knights came riding by,
Two gallant knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee, 125
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Saying, Courteous knight take pity on me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

ANCIENT SONGS. 175

I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, come over the strand, 130
And by a false knight that brought me here,
From the good earl of Northumberland.

They took her up behind them then,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again, 135
And he the good earl of Northumberland.

All you fair maidens, be warned by me,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
To lord, nor lady, nor fair England. 140

XIII.

THE WEAVERS SONG.

*From the same Work. "Then came his highness, where
"he saw a hundred looms standing in one room, and two
"men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this
"sort."*

When

WHEN Hercules did use to spin,
And Pallas wrought upon the loom,
Our trade to flourish did begin,
While conscience went not felling broom ;
Then love and friendship did agree, 5
To keep the bands of amity.

When princes sons kept sheep in field,
And queens made cakes of wheated flower,
The men to lucre did not yield,
Which brought good cheer in every bower ; 10
Then love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

But when the Gyants huge and high,
Did fight with spears like weavers beams,
Then they in iron beds did lye, 15
And brought poor men to hard extrems ;
Yet love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Then David took his sling and stone,
Not fearing great Goliahs strength, 20
He pierc't his brains, and broke the bone,
Though he were fifty foot of length :
For love and friendship, &c.

But

But while the Greeks besieged Troy,
 Penelope apace did spin : 25

And weavers wrought with mickle joy,
 Though little gains were coming in ;
 For love and friendship, &c.

Had Helen then fate carding wooll,
 (Whose beauteous face did breed such strife) 30
 She had not been fir Paris trull,
 Nor caused so many to lose their life ;
 Yet we by love did still agree,,
 To hold the bands of amity.

Or had king Priams wanton son, 35
 Been making quills with sweet content,
 He had not then his friends undone,
 When he to Greece a gadding went ;
 For love and friendship did agree, &c.

The cedar-trees endure more storms, 40
 Then little shrubs that sprout on high :
 The weavers live more void of harms,
 Then princes of great dignity ;
 While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

The shepherd sitting in the field, 45
 Doth tune his pipe with hearts delight :
 When princes watch with spear and shield,
 The poor man soundly sleeps all night.
 While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,
 For Gods good gifts we are ingrate,
 And no man through the world so wide,
 Lives well contented with his state;
 No love and friendship we can see,
 To hold the bands of amity.

XIII.

S O N G,

IN IMITATION OF MARLOW.

*From Englands Helicon, 1600. It is subscribed I
 MOTO, a term used in that book for ANONYMOUS, a
 not, as Mr. Warton has been pleased to assert, for the cu
 rant signature of Sir Walter Ralsigb.*

C O M E liue with mee, and be my deere,
 And we will reuel all the yeere,
 In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales;
 Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
 The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
 And all the woods to be a Skreene:
 Least Phæbus kisse my Sommers Queene.

ANCIENT SONGS. 179

The feate for your disport shall be
 Ouer some Riuer in a tree, 10
 Where filuer sands, and pebbles sing
 Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nimphs at play,
 And how the Satires spend the day ;
 The fishes gliding on the sands, 15
 Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throates,
 Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet roates,
 Which to your sences will impart,
 A musique to enflame the hart. 20

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
 The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
 A colder blood then you possesse,
 To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight, 25
 We will out-weare the silent night,
 While Flora busie is to spread.
 Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
 And all their sparkling lights shall spend, 30
 All to adorne and beeutifie
 Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
 Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
 Whose nice perfections in loutes play 35
 Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
 In sportfull pleasures and delight,
 The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
 Shall daunce and sing melodious sounds. 40

If these may serue for to entice
 Your presence to Loutes Paradice,
 Then come with me, and be my deare,
 And we will strait begin the yeare.

XIV.

THE SPRING TIME.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

—is sung by two pages in the comedy of As You Like It; of which play there is no earliyer edition than the folio in 1623; whence it is here giuen: but the stanzas being evidently misplaced (that which is now the last stanza being there the second), they are here transposed according to the regulation of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

As

ANCIENT SONGS. 181

Is You Like It appears to have been entered at Stairs-hall, Aug. 4, 1600.

[T was a lover, and his las,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the onely pretty 'ring' time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ; 5
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c. 10

The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, 15
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring time, &c.

V. 4. The folio reads, the onely pretty rang time; the modern alters the pretty rank time. Both readings are nonsense. Mr. Stearns suggested ring, which is evidently the true word; and, as he plains it, means the aptest season for marriage.

XV.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

From the History of King Henry VIII. in which it appears to have been originally sung to the lute by one of Queen Catharines female attendants. This play, though not printed before 1623, contains intrinsic evidence of having been finished before the death of Queen Elizabeth.

O RPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountaine tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselues, when he did sing;
 To his musicke, plants, and flowers,
 Ever sprung; as sunne, and showers, 5
 There had made a lasting spring.

Euery thing that heard him play,
 Euen the billowes of the sea,
 Hung their heads, & then lay by:
 In sweet musicke is such art; 10
 Killing care, & griefe of heart,
 Fall asleepe, or, hearing, dye,

XVI. HARK!

XVI.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

—is sung by Cloten's Musicians under Imogen's window, in Cymbeline, Act II. scene 3. We are entirely ignorant of the nature of the original music, but every one is acquainted with the beautiful Glee composed by Dr. Cooke.

HARK! hark! the lark at heavens gate sings,
 And Phœbus gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin, 5
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty 'bin':
 My lady sweet, arise.

V. 7. is.

XVII.

THE JOVIAL TINKER.

*" Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable
 " little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of
 " which could not be recovered. Many of these being of
 " the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was
 " tempted to select some of them, and with a few supple-
 " mental stanzas to connect them together, and form them
 " into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the
 " Readers candour.
 " 'Two or three' small 'fragments were' taken from
 " Beaumont and Fletcher."*

IT was a jovial tinker,
 All of the North Countrie,
 As he walkt forth along the way,
 He sung right merrily.

The oufel-cock, so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throble with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill:

5

The

ANCIENT SONGS.

185

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckow gray, 10
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

Now Christ thee save, thou jolly tinkèr,
Now Christ thee save and see ;
My true love hast thou chanc'd to meet ? 15
I pray thee tell to me.

And how should I know your true love,
From another one ?
O by his flouched hat, and staff,
And by his clouted shoone. 20

But chiefly by his comely nose,
Which is so fair to see ;
My bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,
And ever more shall be.

O Lady, your true love is false, 25
Lady, he is untrue ;
For he has got him another love,
And quite forsaken you.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey ; 30
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite a way.

And

And will he not come again ?
 And will he not come again ?—
 No, no, he is gone, and we'll cast away moan,
 For he never will come again. 36

But shall we go mourn for that, my dear ?
 The pale moon shines by night :
 And when we wander here and there,
 We then do go most right. 40

If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget,
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, 45
 And merrily hent the stile-a ;
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

For I the ballad will repeat,
 Which men full true shall find ; 50
 Your marriage comes by destiny,
 Your cuckow sings by kind.—

O heart, o heart, o heavy heart,
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?
 Because thou canst not ease thy smart, 55
 By friendship, nor by speaking.

With

ANCIENT SONGS. 187

With that she fighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.— 60

Lady, what wilt thou do, Lady ?
Lady, what would'st thou be ?
Tell me thy mind thy friend I'll prove,
As quickly thou shalt see.—

I would not be a serving-man,
To carry the cloak-bag still ;
Nor would I be a falconer,
The greedy hawks to fill : 65

But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too ; 70
And I would eat and drink the best,
And no work would I do.

But I will cut my pretty green coat,
A foot above my knee ;
And I will clip my yellow locks,
An inch below my eye. 75

And I will buy me a little white horse,
Thereon forth for to ride ;
And I'll go seek my own true love,
Throughout the world so wide.— 80

Yet

188. ANCIENT SONGS.

Yet stay thee, Lady, turn again,
 And dry those weeping tears,
 For see, beneath this tinkers garb,
 Thy own true love appears.—

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 85
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part:

XVIII.

THE LANCASHIRE SONG.

—Given from "*Wit and Drollery*." Lond. 1661. 12mo.
 Corrected by a copy preserved in Drydens *Miscellaneous Poems*, and in two or three places by a still more modern one. My lord Mounteagle, whose bears are mentioned in the 4th stanza, was probably Sir William Stanley the third and last baron of that name, who succeeded his father in the 2d of Elizabeth (1560), and dyed without male issue in 1.... His seat was at Hornby Castle in Lancashire.

IN Lancashire, where I was born,
 And many a cuckold bred ;
 I had not been marryed a quarter of a year,
 But the horns grew out of my head.
 With hey the toe bent, and hei the toe bent,
 Sir Percy is under the Line ; 6
 God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury,
 For he is a good friend of mine.

Doncaster mayor, he sits in a chair,
 His mills they merrily go, 10
 His nose doth shine, with drinking of wine,
 The Gout is in his great toe.

But he that will fish for a Lancashire Lasse,
 At any time or tyde,
 Must bait his hook with a good egge pie, 15
 And an apple with a red side.

He that gallops his horse on Blackstone-edge,*
 By chance may catch a fall ;
 My lord Mount Eagles bears be dead,
 His jackanapes and all. 20

' " I left Hallifax, and road over such wayes as are past
 comparison or amending, for when I went downe the lofty mountaine
 called BLACKSTONE EDGE, I thought my selfe with my boy and
 horses had been in the land of Breakneck, it was so steep and te-
 lions." *News from Hell, Hull, and Hallifax, &c. by John Taylor.*

At

At Skipton in Craven there's never a haven,
 Yet many a time foul weather ;
 He that will not lie a fair woman by,
 I wish he were hang'd in a teather.

My lady hath lost her left leg hose, 25
 So has she done bothe her shoone ;
 She'll earn her break-fast before she do rise,
 She'll lie else in bed till noon.

Joan Malton's crosse is of no force,
 Though many a cuckold go by ; 30
 Let many a man do all that he can,
 Yet a cuckold he shall die.

The good wife of the Swan hath a leg like a man,
 Full well it becomes her hose ;
 She jets it apace with a very good grace, 35
 But falleth back at the first close.

The prior of Courtree made a great pudding-pie,
 His monkes cryed meat for a king ;
 If the abbot of Chester do die before Easter,
 Then Banbury bells must ring. 40

V. 21. Skipton. *W. & D.* Shipton. *D. M.*

V. 24. leather. *W. & D. D. M.*

ANCIENT SONGS. 191

He that will a Welchman catch,
Must watch when the wind's in the South,
And put in a net a good piece of roast-cheefe,
And hang it close to his mouth.

And Lancashire, if thou be true, 49
As ever thou hast been ;
Go sell thy old whittol, and buy a new fiddle,
And sing God save the Queen.





ANCIENT SONGS.

C L A S S V.

Comprehending the Reigns of JAMES I.
CHARLES I. CHARLES II. and JAMES II.

I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR HUGH OF THE GRIME.

This ballad, which may possibly of right belong to the preceding class, the editor confessing himself entirely ignorant of the subject, is given from an old black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of the late Major Pearson, collated with another in the hands of John Baynes, esq.

Thus as they dealt their blows so free, 25
 And both so bloody at that time,
 Over the moss ten yeomen they see,
 Come for to take fir Hugh in the Grime.

Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,
 And then the men encompass him round, 30
 His mickle sword from his hand did see,
 & then they brought fir Hugh to the ground.

Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is,
 And brought back to Garland Town,
 The good wives all in Garland Town, 35
 Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'lt ne'r gang down.

The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,
 And on the Bench is set so high,
 And every man was taxt to his crime,
 At length he called fir Hugh in the Grime. 40

Here am I, thou false Bishop,
 Thy humours all to fulfill,
 I do not think my fact so great,
 But thou may'lt put it into thy own will.

The quest of jury-men was call'd, 45
 The best that was in Garland Town,
 Eleven of them spoke all in a breath,
 Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'lt ne'r gang down.

Then

ANCIENT SONGS. 195

Then other queſtry-men was call'd,
The beſt that was in Rumary, 50
Twelve of them ſpoke all in a breaſt,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'ſt now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord Boles,
Falling down upon his knee,
Five hundred pieces of gold would I give, 55
To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,
And of your ſpeeches ſet them by,
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,
Then by my own honour they all ſhould dye.

Then came down my good Lady Ward, 61
Falling low upon her knee,
Five hundred meaſures of gold i'll give,
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward, 65
None of your proffers ſhall him buy,
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,
By my own honour they all ſhould dye.

Sir Hugh of the Grime's condemn'd to dye,
And of his friends he had no lack, 70
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,
His hands bound faſt upon his back.

Then he lookt over his left shoulder,
To see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his father dear, 75
Came tearing his hair most pittifully.

"Peace, peace, my father dear,
And of your speeches set them by,
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,
They cannot bereave me of heaven so high."

He lookt over his right shoulder, 81
To see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his mother dear,
Came tearing her hair most pittifully.

"Pray have me remembred to Peggy my wife, 85
As she and I walkt over the moor,
She was the causer of my life,
And with the old Bishop she plays the whore.

Here Iohnny Armstrong take thou my sword
That is made of the mettle so fine : 90
And when thou com'st to the Border side,
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the Grime."

II.

LAY A GARLAND ON MY HEARSE.

This elegant little piece is found in The Maids Tragedy, Beaumont and Fletcher. first printed in 1619, where is sung by Aspatia, being introduced by a short dialogue between her and Evadne.

LAY a garland on my hearse,
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens, willow branches bear ;
 Say, I died true :
 My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth.
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth !

5

O ;

III. THE

III.

THE MOTHERS LULLABY.

From a MS. of James the 1st's time. Bib. Sloan. 1708.

MY little sweete derlinge, my comforte and ioye,
 Singe Lullyby Lully,
 In bewtie excellinge the princes of Troye,
 Singe Lulla by Lully.
 Nowe sucke childe, and sleepe child, thy mothers sweete
 boye, 5

 Singe Lulla by Lully ;
 The gods bleffe and keepe thee from cruell annoy,
 Singe Lully Lully Lully,
 Sweete baby, Lully Lully, sweete baby, Lully Lully.

Thy father, sweete Infant, from mother ys gone, 10
 Singe Lully Lully Lully,

And shee in the woodes heere w^t thee lefte alone,
 Singe Lully by Lully.

To thee, little Infant, why do J make mone ?
 Singe Lully Lully, 15

Sith thou canst not helpe mee to fighe nor to grone,
 Singe Lully Lully Lully,

Sweete Baby, Lully by, Sweete Baby, Lully Lully.

IV.

A LAMENTABLE BALLAD

—“ of a Combate lately Fought, near London, between
“ Sir James Steward, and Sir George Wharton, Knights;
“ who were both slain at that time. To the Tune of,
“ Down Plumpton-park, &c.”

The duel which gave occasion to the following ballad (here printed from an old black letter copy in Major Pearsons collection) happened in 1609. Sir George Wharton was the eldest son of Philip lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of John Manners earl of Rutland, but left no issue.

IT grieves my heart to tell the woe
That did near London late befall,
On Martlemas-eve, O woe is me,
I grieve the chance, and ever shall,

Of two right gallant Gentlemen, 5
Who very rashly fell at words,
But to their quarrel could not fall,
Till they fell both by their keen swords :

The one Sir George Wharton call'd,
 The good Lord Wharton's son and heir, 10
 The other Sir James, a Scottish Knight,
 A man that a valiant heart did bear :

Near to the court these Gallants stout,
 Fell out as they in gaming were ;
 And in their fury grew so hot, 15
 They hardly could from blows forbear.

Nay, kind intreaties could not stay
 Sir James from striking in that place,
 For in the height and heat of bloud,
 He struck young Wharton o'er the face ; 20

What dost thou mean, said Wharton then,
 To strike in such unmanly fort ?
 That I will take it at thy hands,
 The tongue of man shall ne'er report.

Why, do thy worst, then said Sir James, 25
 And mark me, Wharton, what I say,
 There's ne'r a Lord in England breathes,
 Shall make me give an inch of way.

This brag's too brave, stout Wharton said,
 Let our brave English Lords alone, 30
 And talk with me that am your foe,
 For you shall find enough of one.

V. 25. to. PC.

Alas,

ANCIENT SONGS. 201

Alas, Sir, said the Scottish Knight,
 Thy bloud and mind's too base for me,
 Thy oppositions are too bold, 35
 And will thy dire destruction be.

Nay, said young Wharton, you mistake,
 My courage and valour equals thine,
 To mak't apparent cast thy glove,
 To 'gage to try, as I do mine. 40

Ay, said Sir James, hast such spirit?
 I did not think within thy breaſte
 That ſuch a haughty daring heart
 As thou mak'ſt ſhew of e'er could reſt.

I enterchange my glove with thee, 45
 Take it, and point thy bed of death;
 The field, I mean, where we muſt fight,
 And one or both looſe life and breath.

We'll meet near Waltham, ſaid Sir George,
 To morrow that ſhall be the day, 50
 We'll either take a ſingle man,
 And try who bears the bell away.

This done, together hands they ſhook,
 And, without any envious ſign,
 They went to Ludgate where they ſtaid, 55
 And drank each man his pint of wine.

No kind of anger could be seen,
 No words of malice might bewray,
 But all was fair, as calm as cool
 As love within their bosoms lay. 60

Till parting time, and then indeed
 They shew'd some rancour of their heart;
 George, said Sir James, when next we meet,
 So sound I know we shall not part.

And so they parted, both resolv'd 65
 To have their valour fully try'd :
 The second Part shall briefly show,
 Both how they met, and how they dy'd.

THE SECOND PART.

Young Wharton was the first that came
 To the appointed place next day, 70
 Who presently spy'd Sir James coming
 As fast as he could post away ;

And being met in manly fort,
 The Scotch Knight did to Wharton say,
 I do not like thy doublet, George, 75
 It fits so well on thee to day :

Haft

ANCIENT SONGS. 203

Hast thou no privy armour on,
Nor yet no privy coat of steel ?
I ne'er saw Lord in all my life
Become a doublet half so well. 80

Now nay, now nay, stout Wharton said,
Sir James Steward that may not be,
I'll not an armed man come hither,
And thou a naked man truly.

Our men shall strip our doublets, George, 85
So shall we know whether of us lye,
And then we'll to our weapons sharp,
Ourselves true Gallants for to try.

Then they stript off their doublets fair,
Standing up in their shirts of lawn, 90
Follow my counsel, the Scotch-man said,
And Wharton to thee I'll make known :

Now follow my counsel, I'll follow thine,
And we'll fight in our shirts, said he :
Now nay, now nay, young Wharton said, 95
Sir James Steward that may not be,

Unless we were drunkards and quarrellers,
That had no care of our fell,
Not caring what we go about,
Or whether our souls go to heaven or hell. 100

We'll

We'll first to God bequeath our souls,
 Then next our corpse to dust and clay :
 With that stout Wharton was the first
 Took rapier and poniard there that day :

Seven thrusts in turns these Gallants had, 105
 Before one drop of blood was drawn,
 The Scottish Knight then spake valiantly,
 Stout Wharton still thou holdst thy own.

With the next thrust that Wharton thrust,
 He ran him through the shoulder bone, 110
 The next was through the thick o' th' thigh,
 Thinking he had the Scotch Knight slain :

Then Wharton said to the Scottish Knight,
 Are you a living man, tell me ?
 If there be a surgeon in England can, 115
 He shall cure your wounds right speedily.

Now nay, now nay, the Scottish Kt. said,
 Sir George Wharton that may not be,
 The one of us shall the other kill,
 E'er of this ground that we do flee. 120

Then in amaze sir George lookt back,
 To see what company was nigh,
 They both had dangerous marks of death,
 Yet neither would from th' other flee.

V. 106. own. PC.

V. 107. speak. PC.

But

ANCIENT SONGS. 205

But both through body wounded sore, 125
 With courage lusty strong and sound,
 They made a deadly desperate close,
 And both fell dead unto the ground ;

Our English Knight was the first that fell,
 The Scotch Knight fell immediately, 130
 Who cryed both to Jesus Christ,
 Receive our souls, O Lord, we dye.

God blefs our noble King and Queen,
 And all the noble progeny,
 That Britain still may live in one, 135
 In perfect love and unity.

Thus to conclude I make an end,
 Wishing that quarrels still may cease,
 And that we still may live in love,
 In prosperous state, in joy and peace. 140

V. 137. and. PC.

V.

A LOVE SONNET.

BY MASTER WITHER.

—Is given from a small miscellany in 12mo. intitled,
*A Description of Love. With certaine Epigrams. Ele-
 gies. and Sonnets. And also Maſt. Johnsons answers to*
“ master

"master Withers. With the cry of Ludgate, and the Song
 "of the Begger." 8th ed. Lond. 1636.—The third verse
 is quoted by Hearne in his notes and spicilege on William of
 Newbury, (p. 756.) from the 2d ed. 1620. and by him
 attributed to the above writer. In some editions of that
 humorous trifle, "The Companion to the Guide," one of the
 juvenile productions of the present laureat, may be found a
 similar song, which the ingenious author ascribes to Taylor
 the Water Poet, and supposes to be older than this of With-
 ers, being printed in 1618; a circumstance by no means
 conclusive; and whoever examines and compares the two
 pieces can scarcely hesitate a moment in deciding in fa-
 vour of the following ballad, both as to antiquity and
 merit. To cut the matter short, however, we shall attempt
 to ascertain the very year in which it was written. The
 author was admitted of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1604,
 and having pursued his studies for three years, left the Uni-
 versity for the Inns of Chancery. Now it will be evident
 that this song was written at college, as well from its being
 clearly a youthful composition, as from the mention he makes
 in it of his summer excursions to Medley, "a large house
 "between Godstow and Oxford, very pleasantly situated
 "just by the river, and a famous place for recreation in
 "summer time*." See also V. 60. If therefore we al-
 low the first year for his falling in love, the second for the
 favorable return he experienced, and the third for the loss
 of his mistress, this song must have been written in 1606,
 when the author was 18 years of age. John Taylor was
 on all occasions the professed antagonist of Withers, and there
 cannot be a doubt that the song printed by Mr. Warton is
 a direct parody of the following.

George Withers was born in 1588, and died in 1667.
 The reader will find some account of him in Percys Re-
 liques, Vol. III. p. 190. and a very long one in Wood's
 Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. II. p. 391.

* Hearne ubi supra. p. 755. 756.

I Lov'd a lasse, a faire one,
 As faire as ere was seene,
 She was indeed a rare one,
 Another Sheba Queene;
 But foole as then I was,
 I thought she lov'd me too,
 But now alas sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

5

Her haire like gold did glister,
 Each eye was like a starre,
 Shee did surpasse her sister,
 Which past all others farre;
 Shee would me hony call,
 She'd, ô she'd kisse me too,
 But now alasse sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

10

15

In summer time to Medley
 My love and I would goe,
 The boat-men there stood readie,
 My love and I to rowe;
 For creame there would we call,
 For cakes, and for prunes too,
 But now alasse sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

20

Many

Many a merry meeting 25
My love and I have had ;
She was my onely sweeting,
She made my heart full glad :
The teares flood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew, 30
But now alasse sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers fashon is,
Oft as we sweetly talked, 35
The sun would steale a kisse ;
The winde upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew,
But now alasse sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo. 40

Her cheekes were like the cherrie,
Her skin as white as snow,
When she was blyth and merrie,
She angel-like did shew :
Her wast exceeding small, 45
The fives did fit her shoo,
But now alasse sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

ANCIENT SONGS. 209

In summer time or winter,
She had her hearts desire, 50
I still did scorne to flint her,
From sugar, sacke, or fire :
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alasfe sh'as left me, 55
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight through the towne,
To keepe away the weather,
O're her I'de cast my gowne ; 60
No colde my love should feele,
What ere the heavens could doe,
But now alasfe sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing, 65
And clip and kisse so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kisse the last ;
They're Judas kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue, 70
For now alasfe sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

210 ANCIENT SONGS.

To maidens vowes and swearing
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing, 75
But never them beleeeve ;
They are as false as faire,
Vnconstant, fraile, untrue ;
For mine alasse hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo. 80

Twass I that paid for all things,
Twass other dranke the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a foole to pine :
Twass I that beat the bush, 85
The bird to others flew,
For she alasse hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo,

If ever that dame Nature,
For this false lovers sake, 90
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alasse hath left me, 95
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raife me,
 No want makes me despaire,
 No miserie amaze me,
 Nor yet for want I care : 100
 I have lost a world it selfe,
 My earthly heaven adue,
 Since she alas hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

VI.

URAGE CROWNED WITH CONQUEST :

*Or, A brief Relation, how that Valiant Knight,
 d Heroick Champion Sir Eglamore, bravely fought
 th, and manfully slew, a terrible, huge great mon-
 ous Dragon. To a pleasant new Tune."*

*in a black letter copy in Major Pearsons collection,
 1672. The ballad however is much older, being
 ed at length in a book intituled "The melancholy
 bt." Lond. 1615. 4to.*

IR Eglamore that valiant knight,
 With his fa, la, lanctre down dilie,
 fetcht his sword and he went to fight ;
 With his fa la lanctre, &c.

As he went over hill and dale. 5
 All cloathed in his Coat of Male,
With his fa la lançtre, &c.

A huge great Dragon leapt out of his Den,
With his fa la lançtre, &c.
 Which had killed the Lord knows how many men,
With his fa la lançtre, &c. 11
 But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
 Good lack had you seen how this Dragon did roare!
' With his fa la lançtre, &c.

This Dragon, he had a plaguy hide, 15
With his fa la lançtre, &c.
 Which could both sword and spear abide,
With his fa la lançtre, &c.
 He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
 Which vext the Knight to the very hearts blood and
 guts, 20
With his fa la lançtre, &c.

All the Trees in the wood did shake,
With his fa la lançtre, &c.
 Stars did tremble, and men did quake,
With his fa la lançtre, &c. 25
 But had you seen how the birds lay peeping,
 'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
With his fa la lançtre, &c.

But

ANCIENT SONGS. 213

But it was too late to fear,
With his fa la lanāre, &c. 30

For now it was come to fight Dog, fight Bare,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

And as a yawning he did fall,
 He thrust his sword in hilt and all,
With his fa la lanāre, &c. 35

But now as the Knight in choler did burn,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

He owed the Dragon a shrewd good turn,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

In at his mouth his sword he bent, 40
 The hilt appeared at his fundament,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

Then the Dragon like a coward began to fly,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

Unto his Den that was hard by, 45
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

And there he laid him down and roar'd,
 The Knight was vexed for his sword,
With a fa la lanāre, &c.

The Sword that was a right good blade, 50
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

As ever Turk or Spaniard made,
With his fa la lanāre, &c.

I for my part do forsake it,
 And he that will fetch it, let him take it, 55
With his fa la lanċtre, &c.

When all this was done, to the Ale-house he went,
With his fa la lanċtre, &c.
 And by and by his twopence he spent,
With his fa la lanċtre, &c. 60
 For he was so hot with tugging with the Dragon
 That nothing would quench him but a whole Flag-
 gon,
With his fa la lanċtre, &c.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
With his fa la lanċtre, &c. 65
 And eke in London may be seen,
With his fa la lanċtre, &c.
 As many Knights, and as many more,
 And all so good as Sir Eglamore,
With his fa la, langtre down dilly. 70

VII.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

*From one of the Sloan MSS. in the Museum (No 1489).
The writing of Charles the 1sts time.*

AL you that are assembled heere come listen to my
song,
but first a p^don J must crave for feare of further wrong ;
must entreat thes Good wyves al they wil not angrye
be,
And J will sing a merrye song, &~ if they thereto
agree.

ecause the song J meane to sing doth touch them most
of all, 5
And loth J were that any one wth me shold chide and
brawle ;
have enough of that at home, at boarde, & eake in
bed,
And once for singing of this fame song my wyfe did
breake my head.

216 ANCIENT SONGS.

But if thes Good wyves all be pleas'd, & pleas'd be the
men,

Jle venture one more broken pate, to sing it once
agayne; 10

But first Jle tell you what its cald, for feare you heare
no more,

Tis calde the Taming of a shrew, not often sung
before.

And if J then shall sing the rest, a signe J needs must
have,

Hold but yo^r finger up to me, or hem, thats al J crave;
Then wil J sing it wth a harte, & to it rōundelye goe,
You know my mynde, now let me see whether J shal
sing't or no. *Hem.* 16

Well then J see you willing are that J shall sing the
reste,

To pleasure all thes good wyves heire J meane to do
my best,

For J doe see even by their lookes no hurte to me they
thinke,

And th^o it chancte upon a tyme (but first give me a
drinke). 20

Not long agoe a lustye lad did woe a livelye lasse,
And long it was before he cold his purpose bring to
passe;

Yet

at the lenth it thus fell out she granted his petition,

at she wold be his wedded wyfe, but yet on this condicion,

at she shold weare the breeches on for one yeare & a day,

and not to be controld of him what so ere she did or fitt,

as she wold, shee raignd, she had hir wil, even as she wold require,

as she marke what fell out afterwards, Good wyves J you desyre.

as he made him weary of his lyfe, he wishte that death wold come,

and end his mysferye at once, ere that the yeare was run ;

as he thought it was the longest yeare, that was since he was borne,

as he cold not the mat^r mend for he was thereto sworne.

as he hath the longest day his date, for this we al do know,

as he hough the day be neer soe long to even soone wil it goe ;

So

So fell it out with hir at lenth, the yeare was now come
 cut, 35
 The sun, and moone, and all the starres, their race
 had run about.

Then he began to rouse himselfe, & to his wyfe he
 spake,
 Since that yo^r raigne is at an end, now know me for
 yo^r herde;
 But she that had borne fawys so long wold not be
 under brought,
 But fill hir tongue on pattens run the many blowes she
 caught. 40

He bet hir backe, he bet hir fyde, he bet hir blacke,
 and blew,
 But for all this she wold not mend, but worse and worse
 she grew;
 When that he saw she wolde not mend, an other way
 wrought hee,
 He mewde hir up as men mew hawkes where 'tis
 light she cold see.

And kept hir without mouthe, and without nose,
 and moore,
 Yet for all this

then that he saw she wold not mend, nor that she
 wold be quiet,
 either for frowkes, nor locking up, nor yet for want
 of dyet,

was almost at his wits end, he knew not what to doe,
 that wth gentlenes againe he gane his wyfe to woo;
 & she soone bad him holde his peace, & sware it was
 his best, 51
 then he thought him of a wyle, wth made him be
 at rest.

told a frend, or two of his what he had in his
 mynde,
 he went wth him into his house & when they all had
 dynde;

his wyfe (qth he) thes frends of myne, come hither
 for yo^r good, 55
 where lyes a vayne under yo^r tounge, must now be let-
 ten blood.

then she began to use hir tearmes, & rayled at them
 fast.

& bounde they hir for al hir strength unto a poast at
 last.

then she bled full
 & she raylde before.

Wel

Weld then to the faire Jone, he had it from
his mother. 61

It is not good to have two things, & it can be one other;
And since I now doe know the name, whatsoever is the
thing,

He plucke the weed out of his young, plucks his young
and all.

And with a payre of pincers strong, he plucke a great
weed out, 62

And for to plucke an other thence, he quicklie went
about,

But then she held up both her hands, & did for mercede
pray,

Prorising that ag his will she wold not doe nor saye.

Whereat his husband was right glad, that she had
change her mynde,

For from that tyme unto his death she pved both good
& kynde; 70

Then did he take hir from the poast, & did unbynde
hir then.

J wold al Shrews were served th^o, al good wyves say
Amen.

VIII.

BEAUTY INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHASTITY.

—Is printed by Dryden in the Third Part of his Miscellany Poems, where it is called “A new Ballad”: which certainly a mistake, the following copy being given from MS. in the Harleian collection (No 3889) as old as Charles the firsts time.

ALL the materialls are the same
Of beautie & desire,
In a faire womans goodly frame
No brightnesse is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.

5

Then tell me what those creatures are
That would be thought both chaste & faire.

If one her necke her haire be spread
In many a curious ringe,
Why halfe the heat that curls her head
Will make her madde to be a bed,
& do y^e tother thinge.
Then tell me, [&c.]

10

I

Though

Though modesty it selfe appeare
 With blushes in her face, 15
 Doeſt thinke y^e bloud that dances there
 Can revel it no other where,
 Nor warme another place?
 Then tell me [&c.]

Go aſke of thy phyloſophy, 20
 What giues her lipes the balme,
 What ſpiritt giues lightning to her ey,
 & makes her breſts to ſwell ſo high,
 & moyſneſſe to her palme.
 Then [&c.] 25

Then be not nice, for that alas
 Betrayes thy thoughtes & thee :
 I know thou loueſt, & not one grace
 Adornes thy body or thy face
 But pimpes within for mee. 30
 Then tell mee what thoſe creatures are
 That would be thought both chaſt & faire.

IX.

A BALLADE UPON A WEDDING.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

From the first edition of the authors poems, London, 1646. 8vo. He dyed in 1641, aged 28.

I Tell thee Dick where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen;
 Oh things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground, 5
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Crosse, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see comming down, 10
 Such folk as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck :
 And to say truth (for out it must) 40
 It lookt like the great collar (just)
 About our young colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light : 45
 But, oh ! she dances such a way,
 No fun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a fight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
 But she would not, she was so nice, 50
 She would not do 't in fight ;
 And then she lookt as who should say,
 I will do what I list to day,
 And you shall do 't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on, 55
 No dazy makes comparifon ;
 (Who sees them is undone :)
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherne pear,
 The side that 's next the sun. 60

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly) :
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Then on the sun in July.

65

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thon'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

70

If wishing should be any sin,
 The parson himself had guilty bin
 (She lookt that day so purely) :
 And did the youth so oft the feat
 At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him, surely.

75

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
 Ther's that that would be thought upon
 (I trow) besides the bride ;
 The business of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat ;
 Nor was it there deny'd. *

80

* This stanza is both misplaced and misprinted in the original edition.

ANCIENT SONGS.

227

Just in the nick the cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice

85

His summons did obey ;
Each serving man with dish in hand
Marcht boldly up, like our train-band,
Presented and away.

90

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ?

And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

95

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Healts first go round, and then the house ;

The brides came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth.
(And who could help it, Dick ?)

100

O' th' suddain up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :

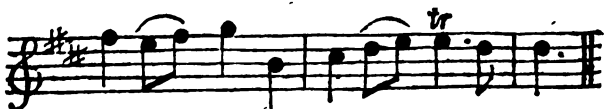
Then dance again and kisse :
Thus sev'ral waies the time did passe,
Whilst every woman wisht her place,
And ev'ry man wisht his.

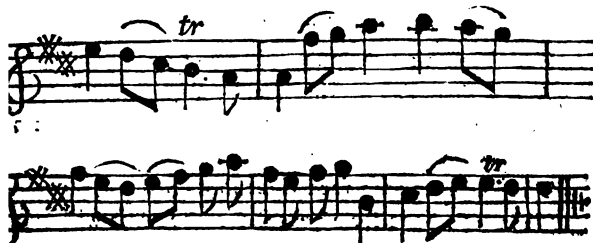
105

of our late unhappy Revolution." Lond. 1671. 12mo. Black letter. Corrected by another copy in "*A Collection of Loyal Songs.*" 1750. 12mo. The original title is "*Upon defeating of Whitehall.*"

In the year 1711 appeared a small pamphlet, intitled "*The Ballad of The King shall enjoy his own again: With a learned Comment thereupon, at the Request of Capt. Silk, dedicated to Jenny Man. By the Author of Tom Thumb*" (i. e. Dr. Wagstaff). From this pamphlet a few notes have been extracted, which will be given at the end of the Song. This Silk appears to have been an officer of the City Militia, and to have given great offence by having this tune played as a march "before his heroic company, in their perambulation to the Artillery Ground."

As the air itself is not every where to be met with, and is going very fast out of remembrance, it has been thought proper to give it a place here, in order to render the subject more complete.





WHAT Booker doth prognosticate
 Concerning Kings or Kingdoms 'fate,'
 I think my self to be as wise
 As 'he' that gazeth on the skyes:
 My skill goes beyond the depth of a POND, 5
 Or RIVERS in the greatest rain;
 Whereby I can tell, all things will be well
 When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither SWALLOW, DOVE, nor DAD, nor
 Can fore more high, or deeper wade; 10
 Nor shew a reason from the stars,
 What causeth peace or civil wars:
 The man in the moon may wear out his shoo'n,
 By running after Charls his wain:
 But all's to no end, for the times will not mend 15
 Till the King, &c.

But why should not he the pillory foresee,
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'ne?
And also foreknow to th' gallows he must go,
When the King enjoys, &c. 40

Then [fears] avaunt! upon 'the' hill
My Hope shall cast 'her' anchor still,
Untill I see some peaceful Dove
Bring home the Branch I dearly love;
Then will I wait till the waters abate, 45
Which 'now disturb' my troubled brain,
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again,

V. 41. *The Edinburgh copy reads—*

Till then upon *Ararat* hill;

N O T E S.

V. 1. "*This Booker was a great Fishing-tackle maker in King Charles the Firſt's time, and a very eminent profeſſient in that noble art and myſtery, by application to which he came to have ſkill in the Depth of Ponds and Rivers,* as is here wiſely obſerv'd. . . . He liv'd at the houſe in Tower-ſtreet, that is now the ſign of the Gun, and being us'd to this ſedentary diverſion . . . he grew mighty cogitabund, from whence a frenzy seiz'd on him, and he turn'd enthuſiaſt like one of our French prophets, and went about prognofſtivating the downfall of the King and Popery,*

* Pond and Rivers are printed as proper names in all the copies.

which

which were terms synonymous at that time of day. 'Tis true, Cornelius a Lapide, Anglice, Con. Stone, has given him the title of a Star-gazer; but I have it from some of his contemporaries, that he was nothing of a Conjuror, only one of the moderate men of these times, who were tooth and nail for the destruction of the King and Royal Family, which put him upon that sort of speculation."

V. 9. "Swallow, Dove, and Dade, were as excellent at this time of day in the knowledge of the astronomical science, as either Partridge, Parker, or . . . Dr. Case is now, and bred up to handicraft trades as all these were. The first was a Corn-cutter in Gutter-lane, who, from making a cure of Alderman Pennington's wife's great toe, was cry'd up for a great practitioner in physick, and from thence, as most of our modern quacks do, arriv'd at the name of a Cunning Man. . . . The Second was a Cobler in White-cross-street, who, when Sir William Waller passed by his stall in his way to attack the King's party in Cambridgeshire, told him, The Lord would fight his battles for him; and upon Sir William's success, was taken into the rebels pay, and made an Almanack maker of. The last was a good innocent Fiddle-string seller, . . . who being told by a neighbouring teacher that their musick was in the stars, set himself at work to find out their habitations, that he might be instrument maker to them; and having with much ado got knowledge of their place of abode, was judg'd by the Round heads fit for their purpose, and had a pension assign'd him to make the Stars speak their meaning, and justify the villainies they were putting in practice."

*V. 33. "Toby Walker (Note, I don't affirm that he was grandfather to the famous Dr. Walker, governor of Londonderry, who was kill'd at the battle of the Boyne, and happen'd to be overseer of the market at Ipswich in Suffolk, on account of giving false evidence at an assize held there) was a creature of Oliver Cromwell's, who, from a basket maker on Dowgate-hill, on account of his sufferings, as was pretended, in the cause of truth, was made colonel in the rebels army, and advanc'd afterwards to be one of the com-
mitter*

mittee of safety. He was the person that at the battle of Marston Moor, broke into the Kings head quarters, and seiz'd upon his Majesty's private papers, which afterwards were printed in order to render him odious to his subjects; and not without some reason, judg'd to be that abandon'd Regicide that sever'd the head of that Royal Martyr from his shoulders on a public stage before his own pallace gate."

F. 34. "Hammond the Almanack maker, was no manner of relation to colonel Hammond who had the King prisoner in the Isle of Wight, but one of that name, that always put down in a Chronological table when such and such a Royalist was executed, by way of reproach to them; by doing of which his almanack was said to be bloody. He was a butcher by trade, and for his zeal to the then prevailing party, made one of the inspectors of the victualling office."

XI.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

From *The Theatre of Compliments, or New Academy*. Lond. 1689. 12mo. It is mentioned by the milkwoman in *Waltons Compleat Angler*. Lond. 1653. 8vo.—"What Song was it, I pray? was it, Come Shepherds deck your heads: or, As at noon Dulcina rested: or, PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME?"—and is probably much older.

The answer is modern; by A. Bradley.

"Dulcina" is printed both by D'ursey and Percy. "Come Shepherds, &c." is not known.

OH!

O H! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it ;
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it ;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth ;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship faileth :
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainfay,
Alack, and well a day !
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
As she pass'd by me,
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her ;
Dick had her to the vine,
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she wou'd not glance ;
Oh ! thrice unhappy chance,
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid be not so coy,
Do not disdain me ;
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet entertain me,

ANCIENT SONGS.

237

I shall have, when she dies,
 All things that's fitting ; 30
 Her poultry and her bees,
 And her goose sitting ;
 A pair of mattress beds,
 A barrel full of shreds :
 And yet for all these goods, 35
 Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd posies ;
 In the last month of May
 I gave her roses ; 40
 Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet lilly,
 I got to deck the bowers
 Of my dear Philly :
 She did them all disdain, 45
 And threw them back again ;
 Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
 Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting, 50
 And drink the chrystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting ;
 Swigg whey until you burst,
 Eat bramble-berries ;
 Pye-lid, and pastry crust, 55
 Pears, plumbs, and cherries ;
 Thy

Thy garments shall be thin,
 Made of a weather's skin :
 Yet all's not worth a pin,
 Phillida flouts me.

60

Which way foe'er I go,
 She still torments me ;
 And whatfoe'er I do,
 Nothing contents me ;
 I fade and pine away
 With grief and sorrow ;
 I fall quite to decay,
 Like any shadow :
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year,
 And all because my dear
 Phillida flouts me.

65

70

Fair maiden have a care,
 And in time take me ;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me :
 There's Doll the dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton Winnifred
 Favours me greatly ;
 One throws milk on my cloaths,
 T'other plays with my nose ;
 What pretty toys are those !
 Phillida flouts me.

75

80

She

ANCIENT SONGS. 239

She has a cloth of mine, 85
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps as a sign
 Of my fidelity ;
 But if she frowns on me,
 She ne'er shall wear it ; 90
 I'll give it my maid Joan,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently ;
 Yet all the world may see 95
 Phillida flouts me.

XII.

JOHN AND IOAN: OR, A MAD COUPLE WELL MET.

TO THE TUNE OF THE PARATOUR.

From an old black letter copy in Major Pearsons collection. To this copy were subjoined the letters M. P. the initials, without doubt, of MARTIN PARKER, a Grub-street scribler and great Ballad monger of Charles the Firsts time.

YOU nine Castalian-Sisters
 That keep Parnassus hill,
 Come down to me,
 And let me bee
 Inspired with your skill; 5
 That well I may demonstrate,
 A piece of household stuffe:
 You that are wed
 Mark what is fedd,
 Beware of taking snuffe. 10

A mad phantastick couple,
 A yong man and a lasse,
 With their content,
 And friends consent,
 Resolu'd their times to passe 15
 As man and wife together,
 And so they marry'd were;
 Of this mad match
 I made this Catch,
 Which you that please may hear. 20

They both had imperfections,
 Which might haue caused strife
 The man would sweare,
 And domineere,
 So also would his wife. 25
 If

If Iohn went to one alehouse,
 Ioan ran vnto the next.
 Betwixt them both
 They made an oath,
 That neither would be vext. 30

What euer did the goodman
 His wife would doe the like,
 If he was pleas'd
 She was appeas'd,
 If he would kick, shee'd strike. 35
 If queane or slut he cal'd her,
 Shee call'd him rogue and knaue;
 If he would fight,
 Shee'd scratch and bite,
 He could no victory haue. 40

If Iohn his dog had beaten,
 Then Ioan would beat her cat.
 If Iohn in scorne
 His band would burn,
 Ioan would haue burnt her hat. 45
 If Iohn would breake a pipkin,
 Then Ioan would break a pot;
 Thus he and she
 Did both agree
 To waste all that they got. 50

If Iohn would eate no victuals,
 Then Ioan would be as crosse,
 They would not eat
 But sau'd their meat,
 In that there was no losse. 55

If Iohn were bent to feasting,
 Then Ioan was of his mind ;
 In right or wrong
 Both fung one song,
 As Fortune them assign'd. 60

In Tauerne or in Alehouse,
 If Iohn and Ioane did meet,
 Who ere was by
 In company,
 Might tast their humors sweet : 65
 What euer Iohn had cal'd for,
 Ioan would not be out-dar'd,
 Those that lack'd drink
 Through want of chink
 For them the better far'd. 70

Thus would they both sit drinking,
 As long as coine did last ;
 Nay more then this,
 Ere they would misse
 Good liquor for their taste 75

Iohn

ANCIENT SONGS. 243

John would haue damm'd his doublet,
 His cloak or any thing,
 And Ioan would pawne
 Her coife of lawne,
 Her bodkin or her ring. 80

If Iohn were drunk, and reeled,
 Then Ioan would fall i'th fire,
 If Iohn fell downe
 I'th midst o'th towne,
 Beewraid in dirt and mire, 85
 Ioan like a kind co-partner,
 Scorn'd to stand on her feet,
 But down shee'd fall
 Before them all,
 And role about the street. 90

If Iohn had cal'd his hofst knaue,
 Ioan cal'd her hofstis whore,
 For such like crimes
 They oftentimes
 Werè both thrust out of dore. 95
 If Iohn abus'd the constable,
 Ioan would haue beat the watch ;
 Thus man and wife,
 In peace or strife,
 Each other fought to match. 100

But mark now how it chanced.
 After a yeare or more,
 This couple mad
 All wasted had,
 And were grown very poore : 105
 Iohn could no more get liquor,
 Nor Ioan could purchase drink;
 Then both the man
 And wife began
 Upon their states to thinke. 110

Thus beat with their own wepons,
 Iohn thus to Ioan did say,
 Sweet heart I see
 We two agree
 The cleane contrary way ; 115
 Henceforth let's doe in goodnesse,
 As we haue done in ill,
 Ile doe my best,
 Doe thou the rest :
 A match, quoth Ioan, I will. 120

So leauing those mad humors
 Which them before posselt,
 Both man and wife
 Doe lead a life
 In plenty, peace, and rest : 125

ANCIENT SONGS. 245

Now Iohn and Joan both iointly,
Doe fet hands to the plough.
Let all doe foe,
In weale or woe,
And they'l do well enough. 130

XIII.

CORIDONS SONG,

IN

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMANS LIFE.

BY JOHN CHALKHILL, ESQUIRE.

*From Izack Waltons "Compleat Angler." Lond. 1653.
10. Mr. Chalkhill, better known as the author of The-
ma and Clearchus, was born and dyed*

O H the sweet contentment
The country man doth find !
high trolollie loliloe
high trolollie lee,
That quiet contemplation. 5
Possesseth all my mind :
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
 As hath too oft been tri'd ; 10
 high trolollie lollie loe
 high trolollie lee,
 The city full of wantonnefs,
 And both are full of pride :
 Then care away, 15
 And wend along with me.

But oh the honeft country man
 Speaks truly from his heart,
 high trolollie lollie loe
 high trolollie lee, 20
 His pride is in his tillage,
 His horfes and his cart :
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good ſheep ſkins, 25
 Gray ruſſet for our wives,
 high trolollie lollie loe
 high trolollie lee,
 'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
 That doth prolong our lives : 30
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

ANCIENT SONGS. 247

The ploughman, though he labor hard,
Yet on the holy-day,

high trolollie lollie loe 35
high trolollie lee,

No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away :

Then care away,
And wend along with me, 40

To recompence our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers ;

high trolollie lollie loe
high trolollie lee,

And for our sweet refreshments 45

The earth affords us bowers :

Then care away, &c.

The cuckoe and the nightingale

Full merrily do sing,

high trolollie lollie loe 50
high trolollie lee,

And with their pleasant roundelays,

Bid welcome to the spring :

Then care away,
And wend along with me. 55

This is not half the happiness
 The country man enjoys ;
 high trolollie loine loe
 high trolollie lee,
 Though others think they have as much, 60
 Yet he that says so lies :
 Then come away, turn
 Count[r]y man with me.

XIV.

 THE TWO CONSTANT LOVERS IN
 SCOTLAND;

O R,

A PATTERN OF TRUE LOVE:

—“ *expressed in this ensuing Dialogue, between an Earls
 daughter in Scotland, and a poor Serving-man ; she re-
 fusing to marry the Lord Fenix, which her Father
 would force her to take ; but gave to her first love
 Toney o'th Pots. To a pleasant new tune.*”

*From a large white letter sheet, published 29th May,
 1657 ; among the Kings pamphlets in the Museum. A
 different poem on the same story is well known to the curious
 in penny-histories.*

IN

IN Scotland there are Ladies fair,
 There's Ladies of honor & high degree,
 Hey down, down a down derry;
 But one excels above all the rest,
 And the Earl of Arundels daughter is she. 5
 With hey down, derry down
 Lang derry down derry.

Both Knights and Lords of great account
 Comes thither a wooing for this Ladies fake:
 It fell on a day that E. Arundell said, 10
 Daughter which of these lords will you take?

Or which of them now likes thee best?
 Speak truth to me, but do not lie;
 Speak truth to me, and do not jest,
 Who must heir my livings when as I die? 15

Lord Fenix is a lord of high degree,
 And hath both lands and livings free,
 I tell thee daughter thou shalt him have,
 If thou wilt take any counsell at me.

With that the young lady fell down of her knee,
 & trickling tears run down her eye: 21
 As you are my father, and loves me dear,
 My heart is set where it must be.

On

250 ANCIENT SONGS.

On a Serving-man which is so poor,
 For all he hath is but pounds three ; 25
 He was the first Lover that ere I had,
 And the last I mean him for to be.

With that her father was sore offended,
 And fast he rode at that same tide,
 Untill he to the Lord Fenix came, 30
 And said, take thee my daughter for thy bride.

The yong Ladie cal'd up Jack her foot-boy
 I dare trust no man alive but thee ;
 Thou must go my carand to Strawberry-castle,
 To the place where Tomy oth potts doth lye. 35

And carry this letter in parchment fair;
 That I have sealed with mine own hand ;
 And when Tomey looks this letter upon,
 Be sure his countenance thou understand.

And if he either laugh or smile, 40
 He is not sorry at his heart ;
 I must seek a new love where I will,
 For small of Tomey must be my part.

But if he wax red in the face,
 And tricling tears fall from his eyes, 45
 Then let my Father say what he will,
 For true to Tomey he be alwayes.

And

ANCIENT SONGS. 251

And thou must tell him by word of mouth,
If this letter cannot be read at that tyde,
That this day fennight & no longer hence, 50
I must be lord William Fenix bride.

The boy took leave of his lady gay,
And to Strawberry Castle he did him fast hie :
A Serving-man did guide him the way
To the place where Tomey oth Pots did lie. 55

O Christ thee fave good Tomey oth Pots,
And Christ thee fave as I thee see,
Come read this letter Tomey oth Potts,
As thy true love hath sent to thee.

Then Tomey he waxed red in the face, 60
And trickling tears ran down his eyes ;
But never a letter could he read,
If he should be hanged on th gallow-tree.

Shee bid me tell you by word of mouth,
If this letter could not be read at this tide, 65
That this day fennight & no longer hence
She must be Lord William Fenix bride.

Now in faith, said Tomey, she is mine own,
As all hereafter shall understand ;
Lord Fenix shall not marry her by night or day, 70
Unless he win her by his own hand.

For

For on Gilforth green I will her meet,
 And if she love me bid her for me pray;
 And there I will lose my life so sweet,
 Or else her wedding I will stay.

75

He cal'd this boy unto accounts,
 (Think whether he loved this lady gay)
 He gave him forty shilling for his message,
 And all he had was but pounds three.

The boy took his leave of Tomey oth Potts, 80
 Fearing that he had staid too late:
 The young lady did wait of his coming,
 And met him five miles out of the gate.

O boney boy thou art not of age,
 Therefore thou canst both mock & scorn; 85
 I will not beleve what my love hath said,
 Unless thou on this book be sworn.

Now in faith gay lady I will not lye,
 And kist the book full soon did he:
 One letter he could not read at that time, 90
 If he should have been hang'd at gallo-tree.

He said in faith you are his own,
 As all hereafter shall understand;
 Lord Fenix shall not marry you by night or day
 Unless he winn you with his own hand. 95

For

ANCIENT SONGS. 253

For on Gilforth green he will you meet,
 & if you love him you must for him pray;
And there he will lose his life so sweet,
 Or else your wedding he will stay.

Let us leave talking of the boy, 100
 That with his gay lady is turned home:
Now let us go talk of Tomey oth Potts,
 And how to his master he is gone.

When Tomey came his master before,
 He kneeled down upon his knee, 105
What tidings hast thou brought, my man,
 As that thou makes such courtesie.

O Christ you save, dear master, he said,
 And Christ you save as I you see,
For Gods love master come read me this letter, 110
 Which my true love hath sent to me.

His master took this letter in hand,
 And looked ore it with his eye,
In faith I am fain my man, he said,
 As thou hast a lady so true to thee. 115

I have a Lady true to me,
 And false to her Ile never be:
But ere this day fennight, and no longer hence,
 I must lose my love through povertie.

Lord

Lord Fenix he will her have,
 Because he hath more wealth then I.
 Now hold thy tongue my man, he said,
 For before that day many a one shall die.

O Tomey, said he, I love thee well,
And something for thee I will doo, 125
For Strawberry castle shall be thine own
So long as thou dost mean to woo.

One half of my lands Ile give thee a year,
The which will raife thee many a pound ;
Before that thou lose thy bonny sweet-heart, 130
Thou shalt drop angels with him to the ground.

I have thirty steeds in my stable strong,
Which any of them is good indeed,
And a bunch of spears hangs them among,
And a nag to carry thee swift with speed. 135

My sute of armour thou shalt put on,
So well it becomes thy fair body :
And when thou com'st to Gilford green
Thou'll look more like a Lord then he.

My men shall all rise and with thee go, **140**
And I myself with thee will ride :
And many a bloody wound will we make
Before that thou shalt lose thy bride.

Now

ANCIENT SONGS. 255

Now Christ reward you dear master, he said,
For the good will you bear to me: 145
But I trust to God in a little space,
With my own hands to set her free.

Ile none of your horses master, he said,
For they cannot well skill of their trade;
None but your gray nag that hath a cut tail, 150
For heell either stand or turn again.

One spear master and no more,
No more with me that I will take;
And if that spear it will not serve my turn,
Ile suffer death for my true loves sake. 155

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Early in the morning when day did spring,
On Gilforth green betime was he,
There did he espie Lord Fenix comming,
And with him a royall company.

Gold chains about their necks threescore, 160
Full well might seem fine Lords to ride;
The young lady followed far behind,
Sore against her will that she was a bride.

There

There Tomey passed this lady by,
 But never a word to her did say : 165
 Then frait to Lord Fenix he is gone,
 And gives him the right time of the day.

O Christ you save Lord Fenix, he said,
 And Christ you save as I you see :
 Thou art welcome Tomey oth Potts, he said, 170
 A serving man into our company.

O how doth thy master, Tomey oth Potts,
 Tell me the truth and do not lye.
 My master is well, then Tomey replide,
 I thank my lord and I thank not thee. 175

O Christ you save Lord Fenix, he said,
 And Christ you save as I you see ;
 You may have choice of ladies enough,
 And not take my true love from me.

With that lord Fenix was sore offended, 180
 And fast away he rode at that tide :
 God forbid, lord Fenix he said,
 A serving man should hold me from my bride.

But afterward Tomey did him meet,
 As one that came not thither to flye : 185
 And said lord Fenix take thou my love,
 For I will not lose her cowardly.

ANCIENT SONGS. 257

O meet me here to morrow, he said,
As thou art a man come but thy 'fell.'
And if that I come [with] any more, 190
The Divell fetch my soul to hell.

And so this wedding day was staid,
The lady and lords they turned home ;
The lady made merry her maidens among,
& said Tomey I wish thou may win thy own. 195

Early in the morning when day did spring,
On Gilforth green betime was he ;
He waited long for lord Fenix comming,
But lord William Fenix he could not see.

He waited long and very long, 200
Untill the sun waxed very high,
There was he ware of Lord Fenix coming,
And with him other men three.

Thou art a false thief lord Fenix, he said,
Because thou break'ft thy promise with me ; 205
Thou promisedst me to come by thy self,
And thou hast brought other men three.

But in regard I call thee thief,
Because thou hast broken promise with me ;
I vow and you were as many more, 210
Forfaken you should not be.

V. 189. self.

S

- These

These are my men, lord Fenix said,
That every day do wait on me ;
If any of them do strike a stroke,
In faith then hanged he shall be. 215

They fetcht a race and rode about,
And then they met full eagerly,
Lord Fenix away by Tomeys body glow'd,
And he ran him quite thorow the thigh.

Out of his saddle bore him he did, 220
And laid his body on the ground,
His spear he ran thorow Tomeys thigh,
In which he made a grievous wound.

But Tomey quickley start up again,
For as he was a phisitian good, 225
He laid his hand upon the wound,
And quickly he did stanch the blood.

Full lightly he leaped to his saddle again,
Forth of it long he did not stay :
For he weighed more of his ladies love, 230
Then of any life he had that day.

They fetched a race and rode about,
The blood in Tomeys body began to warm,
He away by lord Fenix body glowde,
And he ran him quite through the arm. 235

Out

Out of his saddle bore him he hath,
 Of from his steed that mounted so high ;
 Now rise and fight lord Fenix, he said,
 Or else yeeld the lady unto me.

I'll yeeld the lady unto thee, 240
 My arm no more my spear will guide ;
 It was never better likely to prove,
 To hold a poor servingman from his bride.

But if thou wilt thus deal then with me,
 Left of this matter should rise any voice, 245
 That I have gotten the victory, -
 Then thou shalt have another choice.

Yonder is a lane of two miles long,
 At either end then stand will we,
 Weel set the lady in the midst, 250
 And whether she come take her for me.

If thou wilt thus deal, said Fenix then,
 Thou'll save my credit and honour high,
 And whether I win her or go without her,
 Ile be as willing to give ten pounds to thee. 255

There was a lane of two miles long,
 The lady was set in the middle that tide,
 She laught & made merry her maids among,
 & said Tomey oth Pots now Ile be thy bride.

Now all you ladies of high degree, 260
 And maides that married yet would be,
 Marry no man for goods or lands,
 Unlesse you love him faithfully.

For I had a love of my own, she said,
 At Strawberry castle there lived he, 265
 He change his name from Tomey oth Pots,
 And the yong E. of Arundell now he shall be.

XV.

A WORSHIPPER OF CRUELTY.

From a MS. in the Harleian library, N^o 3511, written in the time of K. Charles the second.

YOU may vse common shepherds so,
 My sighs at last to stormes will grow,
 And blow such scornes upon thy pride
 Will blast all I have deified :
 You are not faire whe[n] love you lacke, 5
 Ingratitude makes all things blacke.

Oh

Oh doe not for a flocke of sheepe,
 A golden shower when as you ' sleepe,'
 Or for the tales ' ambition ' tells
 Forsake the house where honour dwells : 10
 In ' Damons ' Pallace you'le ne're shine
 So bright as in that bower of mine.

XVI.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

*It has been already observed, " that the English have
 " more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than
 " any of their neighbours." Dr. Percy, whose observation
 this is, out of a much larger quantity, has selected half
 a dozen. See Reliques, Vol. ii. p. 350. This and the
 following appear to have been written by way of burlesque
 on such sort of things. They are both given from an old
 miscellany, intitled " Le Prince d'amour, or the prince of
 " Love. With a collection of songs by the wits of the
 " age. London, 1660. 8vo." and ought, perhaps, to
 have had an earlier place in the present class.*

FROM the hag and hungry goblin,
That into rags would rend you,
And the spirits that stand by the naked man,
In the book of moons defend you :
That of your five sound fences
You never be forsaken,
Nor travel from your selves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon.
While I do sing any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or cloathing,
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

'Of' thirty bare years have I
 Twice twenty been intruded,
 And of forty been three times fifteen
 In durance soundly caged,
 On the lordly lofts of Bedlam,
 With stubble soft and dainty,
 Brave bracelets strong, and whips dingdong,
 And wholesome hunger plenty.
 Yet did I sing, &c.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruze of cockle pottage,
And a thing they call Skies blifs you all,
I fell into this doatage.

I slept not since the conquest,
Till then I never waked,
Till the rogueing boy of love, where I lay,
Me found, and stript stark naked.

Yet do I sing, &c. 30

When I shorn have shorn my sowce face,
And swigg'd my horny barrel,
I pawn'd my skin in an oaken inn
As a suit of gilt apparel :
The moons my constant mistress, 35
The lowly owl my marrow,
The flaming drake, and night-crow make
Me musick to my sorrow.

Yet do I sing, &c.

The palse plagues, these palsies, 40
When I plague your pigs or pullen,
Your 'culvers' take, or matchless make
Your chantyclear or fullen ;
If I want provant, with Humph[r]y *
I sup, and when benighted 45
I walk in Pauls with wandring souls,
And never am affrighted.

Yet do I sing, &c.

I know more than Apollo,
For oft, when he lies sleeping, 50
I behold the stars at mortal wars,
In the wounded welkin weeping ;

* i. e. Duke Humphry, falsely supposed to have had a monument
in St. Pauls church.

264 ANCIENT SONGS.

The moon embrace her shepherd,
 And the queen of love her 'warrior';
 While the first doth horn the star in the morn, 55
 And the next the heavenly farrior.
 Yet do I sing, &c.

The Jeepsie snap and Tedro
 Are none of Toms comrades,
 The baud I scorn, and cut purse sworn, 60
 And the roaring boyes bravadoes;
 The sober knight and gentle
 Me trace, and touch, and spare not,
 But those that cross poor Toms rynoross,
 Do what the panders dare not. 65
 Yet do I sing, &c.

With a hoste of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander,
 With a burning spear, and a horse of the ayr,
 To the wildernes I wander; 70
 With a knight of ghosts and shadows
 I summon'd am to Turny,
 Ten leagues beyond the wide worlds end,
 Methinks it is no journy.
 Yet do I sing any food, &c. 75

V. 54. Farrior.

XVII.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

FROM the top of high Caucasus,
 To Pauls wharf near the Tower,
 In no great haste I easily past
 In less than half an hour.
 The gates of old Bizantium 5
 I took upon my shoulders,
 And them I bore twelve leagues and more
 In spite of Turks and soldiers.
 Sigh, sing, and sob, sing, sigh, and be merry,
 Sighing, singing, and sobbing, 10
 Thus naked Tom away doth run,
 And fears no cold nor robbing.

From Monsieur Tillies army
 I took two hundred bannors,
 And brought them all to ' Leaden ' Hall, 15
 In sight of all the tannors.
 I past Parnassus Ferry,
 By the hill call'd ' Aganippe,'
 From thence on foot without shoos or boots
 I past to the Isle of ' Shippey.' 20
 Sigh, sing, &c.

V. 15. London.

V. 18. Aganip.

V. 20. Ship.

O're

O're the Pirenean valley
 Twixt Europe and St. Giles[es],
 I walk't one night by sun-shine light
 Which fifteen thousand miles is. 25
 I landed at White Chappel,
 Near to Saint Edmonds Berry,
 From thence I slept while Charon slept,
 And stole away his ferry.
 Sigh, sing, &c. 30

One Summers day at Shrovetide
 I met old January,
 Being male content, with him I went
 To weep o're old Canary.
 The man ith' moon at Pancrafts 35
 Doth yield us excellent Claret;
 Having steel'd my nose, I sung old Rose,
 Tush, greatness cannot carry it.
 Sigh, sing, &c.

I met the Turkish Sulton 40
 At Dover near St. Georges,
 His train and him did to Callis fwim
 Without ships, boats, or barges.
 I taught the King of Egypt
 A trick to save his cattle ; 45
 I'le plough with dogs, and harrow with hogs,
 You'd think it I do prattle.
 Sigh, sing, &c.

ANCIENT SONGS.

267

In a boat I went on dry land,
 From Carthage to St. Albons, 50
 I faild to Spain, and back again
 In a vessel made of whalebones.
 I met Diana hunting,
 With all her nymphs attending,
 In Turnball street,* with voices sweet 55
 That honest place commending.
 Sigh, sing, &c.

Diogenes the Belman
 Walkt with his lanthorn duely,
 Ith' term among the lawyers throng, 60
 To find one that speaks truly.
 The Sun and Moon eclipsed
 I very friendly parted,
 And made the Sun away to run
 For fear he should be carted. 65
 Sigh, sing, &c.

Long time have I been studying,
 My brains with fancies tearing,
 How I might get old Paula a hat,
 And a cross-cloth for old Charing. 70
 Thus to give men and women
 In cloaths full satisfaction,
 These fruitless toyes robb'd me of joyes,
 And keeps my brains in action.
 Sigh, sing, &c. 75

* A street in the city, inhabited formerly by thieves and prostitutes.

XVIII.

N E W E S.

*From the collection at the end of Le Prince d'amour.
1660.*

NOW gentlemen if you will hear
Strange news as I will tell to you,
Where ere you go both far and near,
You may boldly say that this is true.

When Charing-crofs was a pretty little boy, 5
He was sent to Romford to sell swine;
His mother made a cheefe, and he drank up the whey,
For he never lov'd strong beer, ale, nor wine.

When all the thieves in England died,
That very year fell fuch a chance, 10
That Salisbury plain would on horseback ride,
And Parish-garden * carry the news to France.

When all the lawyers they did plead
All for love, and not for gain,
Then 'twas a jovial world indeed, 15
The Blew Bore of Dover fetcht apples out of Spain.

* *Paris-Garden was a celebrated beargarden on the Bankside in the Borough.*

n landlords they did let their farms
p, because 'their' tenants paid dear,
weather-cock of Pauls turn['d] his tail to the wind,
tinkers they left strong ale and beer. 20

n misers all were griev'd in mind,
use that corn was grown so dear,
man in the moon made Christmas pyes,
bid the seven stars to eat good chear.

without a broker or cunny-catcher 25
s Church-yard was never free,
1 was my Lord Mayor become a house thatcher,
ch was a wondrous fight to see.

n Bazingstone did swim upon Thames,
swore all thieves to be just and true, 30
sumnors and bailiffs were honest men,
pease and bacon that year it fnew.

n every man had a quiet wife,
t never would once scold and chide,
1 tinker of Turvey to end all strife 35
sted a pig in a blew coves hide.

V. 18. his.

XIX.

O ANTHONY.

*From the collection at the end of Le Prince d'Amant.
This appears to have been at one time a popular song.
See The pleasant History of the Gentle Craft.*

O UR King he went to Dover,
And so he left the land,
And so his grace went over,
And so to Callice sand,
And so he went to Bullin
With soldiers strong enough,
Like the valiant King of Cullin,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

When he came to the city gate
Like a royal noble man,
He could not abide their prate,
But he call'd for the Lady Nan ;
He swore that he would have her
And her maiden-head, he did vow
Their strong walls should not save her,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

Tantarra

Tantarra went the trumps,
 And dub a dub went the guns,
 The Spaniards felt their thumps,
 And cry'd King Harry comes ; 20
 He batter'd their percullis,
 And made their bolts to bow,
 He beat their men to *Acculus*,
 O Anthony, &c.

King Harry laid about him 25
 With spear, and eke with sword,
 He car'd no more for a French man
 Than I do now for a t— ;
 He burst their pallafadoes,
 And bang'd them you know how, 30
 He strapt their canvassadoes,
 O Anthony, &c.

Up went the English colours,
 And all the bells did ring,
 We had both crowns and dollers, 35
 And drank healths to our King,
 And to the Lady Nan of Bullin, *
 And her heavenly angels brow ;
 The bonfires were seen to Flushin,
 O Anthony, &c. 40

Our lady of Boulogne was an image of the Blessed Virgin, in the church there, which the King ordered to be demolished ; what he with the image does not appear ; but it is pleasant enough to see familiarly our ballad maker converts it into Anne Boleyn.

And

271 ANCIENT SONGS.

And then he brought her over,
 And here the Queen was crown'd,
 And brought with joy to Dover,
 And all the trumps did sound ;
 And so he came to ' London,' 45
 Whereas his grace lives now :
 God morrow to our noble King, quoth I,
 God morrow, quoth he, to thou ;
 And then he said to Anthony,
 O Anthony now, now, now. 50

F. 45. Ludow.

XX.

AN OLD SONG ON THE SPANISH ARMADO.

*From " Westminster Drollery. Or, A Choice Collection
 " of the Newest Songs and Poems, both at Court and
 " Theatres. By a person of quality. With additions.
 " London, 1672." 12mo. It is probably very little older
 than the date of the book.*

SOME years of late in eighty eight,
 As I do well remember,
 It was some say, the nineteenth of May,
 And some say in September.
And some say in September. 5

Tue.

'The Spanish train, lanch'd forth amain,
 With many a fine bravado
 'Their (as they thought, but it prov'd not)
 Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado. 10

'There was a little man that dwelt in Spain,
 Who shot well in a gun a,
 Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
 As the Knight of the Sun a,*
As the Knight of the Sun a. 15

King Philip made him Admiral,
 And bid him not to stay a,
 But to destroy both man and boy,
 And so to come away a,
And so to come away a. 20

'Their navy was well victualled
 With bisket, pease, and bacon,
 They brought two ships, well fraught with whips,
 But I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken. 25

'Their men were young, munition strong,
 And to do us more harm a,
 They thought it meet to joyn their fleet,
 All with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma. 30

* The hero of an old romance translated from the Spanish, under the title of "The Mirrour of Knightbood," several vols. 1598, &c. 4to. black letter. The person meant by Don Pedro was Alonso Perez de Guzman Duks of Medina Sidonia, commander of the Spanish fleet.

They coasted round about our land,
 And so came in by Dover :
 But we had men set on 'um then,
 And threw the rascals over,
And threw the rascals over.

35

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
 What could we more desire a,
 And Sir Francis Drake for her sweet sake
 Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

40

Then frait they fled by sea and land,
 That one man kill'd threescore a ;
 And had not they all ran away,
 In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

45

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
 But if they come agen a,
 Let them take heed they do not speed
 As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

50

XXI.

THE NEW COURTIER.

The Tune is, Chloris since thou art fled away, &c.

From "The New Academy of Complements. Lond. 1671." 12mo. Compared with a black letter copy in one of Mr. Baynes's collections of Old Ballads.

UPON the Change where merchants meet,
 'Twixt Cornhil and Threadneedle-street,
 Where wits of ev'ry fize are hurl'd,
 To treat of all things in the world,
 I saw a folded paper fall, 5
 And upon it, these words were writ,
Have at all.

Thought I, if have at all it be,
 For ought I know 'tis have at me ;
 And (if the consequence be true) 10
 It may as well be have at you :
 Then listen pray to what I shall
 In brief declare, what's written there :
Have at all.

T 2

I am

ANCIENT SONGS. 277

When love doth for a cooler call, 40
My fancy drives at maids and wives,
Have at all.

My lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my diet,
I had of him in fifty-three, 45
Which I forget, so doth not he ;
I call him saucy fellow, firrah,
And draw my sword to run him thorough :
Have at all.

Yet once a friend that fav'd my life, 50
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a cuckold and a knight ;
Which makes him mount like tennis ball,
Whilst she and I together cry, 55
Have at all.

But those citts are subtil slaves,
Most of them wits, and knowing knaves ;
We get their children, and they do
From us get lands, and lordships too ; 60
And 'tis most fit, in these affairs,
The land should go to the right heirs :
Have at all.

A souldier I directly hate,
A cavalier once broke my pate,
With cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my mistress from me ;
For I confess I love a wench,
Though English, Irish, Dutch or French,
Have at all.

A soldiers life is not like mine,
I will be plump when he shall pine :
My projects carry stronger force
Than all his armed foot and horse ;
What though his mortar-pieces roar,
My chimney-pieces shall do more :
Have at all.

Thus have I given you in short,
A courtier of Utopia court;
I write not of religion,
For (to tell you truly) we have none.
If any me to question call,
With pen, or sword, hab nab's the word,
Have at all.

XXII.

THE PRODIGALS RESOLUTION;

O R,

MY FATHER WAS BORN BEFORE ME.

From Thomas Jordans London Triumphant. 1672. 4to. This Jordan was the professed pageant writer and poet laureat for the city, and is author of the following piece, seems to have possessed a greater share of poetical merit than usually fell to the lot of his profession. The title is prefixed, and the music added, from Dursseys Pills to purge Melancholy, Vol. i. ed. 1712.

I AM a lusty lively lad,
 Now come to one and twenty;
 My father left me all he had,
 Both gold and silver plenty;
 Now he's in grave, I will be brave,
 The ladies shall adore me,
 I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this?
 My dad did so before me.

5

My father was a thrifty fir,
 Till soul and body fundred;
 Some say he was a usurer,
 For thirty in the hundred;

10

T 4

He

He scrypt and scratcht, she pinch'd and patch'd
 That in her body bore me ;
 But I'll let lie, good reason why, 15
 My father was born before me,

My daddy has his duty done,
 In getting so much treasure ;
 I'll be as dutiful a son,
 For spending it at pleasure : 20
 Five pound a quart shall chear my heart,
 Such nectar will restore me ;
 When ladies call, I'll have at all,
 My father was born before me,

My grandam liv'd at Washington, 25
 My grandfir delv'd in ditches,
 The son of old John Thrashington,
 Whose lanthorn leathern breeches
 Cry'd, *Whether go ye, whether go ye?*
 Though men do now adore me, 30
 They ne're did see my pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me,

My grandfir striv'd, and wiv'd & thriv'd,
 Till he did riches gather,
 And when he had much wealth atchiev'd, 35
 O! then he got my father ;

ANCIENT SONGS.

281

Of happy memory cry I,
That e're his mother bore him,
I had not been worth one penny,
Had I been born before him,

40

To free-school, Cambridge and Grays Inn,
My gray-coat grandfir put him,
Till to forget he did begin
The leathern breech that got him ;
One dealt in straw, t'other in law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My father store of satin wore,
My grandfir beggars velvet.

45

So I get wealth, what care I if
My grandfir were a sawyer,
My father prov'd to be [a] chief,
Subtle and learned lawyer ;
By Cooks Reports, and tricks in court[s],
He did with treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens blefs the day,
My father was born before me.

50

55

Some say, of late, a merchant, that
Had gotten store of riches,
In's dining-room hung up his hat,
His staff and leathern breeches,

60

His

His stockings garter'd up with straws,
 E're providence did store him ;
 His son was sheriff of London, 'cause
 His father was born before him.

So many blades that rant in filk, 65
 And put on scarlet cloathing,
 At first did spring from butter milk,
 Their ancestors worth nothing :
 Old Adam and our grandam Eve,
 By digging and by spinning, 70
 Did to all kings and princes give
 A radical beginning.

My father to get my estate,
 Though selfish yet was slavish,
 I'll spend it another rate, 75
 And be as lewdly lavish :
 From madmen, fools and knaves he did
 Litigiously receive it,
 If so he did, Justice forbid
 But I to such should leave it. 80

At playhouses and tennis court,
 I'll prove a noble fellow,
 I'll court my doxies to the sport
 Of, O brave Punchinello :

I'll

ANCIENT SONGS. 283

I'll dice and drab, and drink and slab, 85
 No Hector shall out roar me ;
 If teachers tell me tales of hell,
 My father is gone before me.



XXIII.

THE TOWN GALLANT.

—appears to be a production of the merry reign of Charles the Second. There is a copy of it, with considerable variations, and some additional stanzas, in the valuable collection of Major Pearson.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and re-
 joice,
 With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice ;

The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
 All treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust ;
 In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence, 5
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free with Moll, Betty and Nelly,
 Have oysters and lobsters and maids by the belly ;
 Fish dinners will make a last spring like a flea,
 Dame Venus, loves goddess, was born of the sea ; 10
 With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bit, that hath all eyes upon her,
 That her honesty sells for a hogshead of honour,
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour, 15
 That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her,
 Though now she be pleasant, and sweet to the sense,
 Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence,

Your Chancery-lawyer, who by subtilty thrives,
 In spinning out suits to the length of three lives, 20
 Such suits which the clients do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtilty in the present tense,
 But *Non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

The usurer, that in the hundred takes twenty, 25
 Who wants in his wealth, and doth pine in his plenty,
 Lays

ANCIENT SONGS. 285

Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three;
His wit and his wealth, his learning and sense,
Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence. 30

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquility to sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play, till the worms do corrupt
us,

'Tis certain that *Post mortem nulla voluptas*:
Let's deal with our damsels, that we may from thence
Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence. 36



XXIV.

THE DEAD MANS SONG,

—"whose dwelling was neere unto Bassings Hall in
" London. To the tune of Flying Fame."

The following ballad, given from an old black letter copy, is inserted chiefly upon the recommendation of that accomplished scholar and acute critic the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, poet laureat, who has pronounced it worthy of his friend Dr. Percys excellent collection. Another motive, which will not, it is believed, have less weight with the pious, than the former will have with the learned reader, and which doubtless in some measure influenced the above reverend and ingenious gentleman in his favorable opinion of the performance, is, that it contains (no offence to Mr. Swedenborg, or any other who may have handled the same subject) the most authentic and particular account of the celestial and infernal regions hitherto made public. The editor once flattered himself that the introduction of such an awful monitor, where it was so little expected, might have had a proper effect on the thoughtless and infidel part of his readers; but as it does not appear that the original publication was productive of any such salutary consequences, he has entirely given up every hope of that nature, being fully convinced, that "if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one 'rise' from the dead."

ANCIENT SONGS.

27

SORE sick, deare friends, long time I was,
 And weakely laid in bed ;
 And for five houres in all mens fight,
 At length I lay as dead :

The bel rung out, my friends came in, 5
 And I key cold was found ;
 Then was my carkasse brought from bed,
 And cast upon the ground.

My loving wife did weepe full fore,
 And children loud did cry, 10
 My friends did mourne, yet thus they said,
 All flesh is borne to dye.

My winding sheet prepared was,
 My grave was also made,
 And five long houres by just report, 15
 In this same case I laid :

During which time my soule did see
 Such strange and fearefull fights,
 That for to heare the same disclos'd,
 Would banish all delights. 20

Yet fith the Lord restor'd my life,
 Which from my body fled,
 I will declare what fights I saw,
 That time that I was dead.

Methought

288 ANCIENT SONGS.

Methought along a gallant greene, 25
 Where pleasant flowers sprung,
 I took my way, whereas I thought
 The Muses sweetely sung.

The grasse was sweet, the trees ful fair, 30
 And lovely to behold,
 And full of fruit was every twig,
 Which shin'd like glistering gold.

My cheereful heart desired much
 To taste the fruit so faire :
 But as I reacht, a faire young man 35
 To me did fast repaire.

Touch not (qd. he) that's none of thine,
 But wend and walke with me,
 And see thou marke each severall thing
 Which I shall show to thee. 40

I wondred greatly at his words,
 Yet went with him away ;
 Till on a goodly pleasant banke,
 With him he bad me stay.

With branches then of lillies white 45
 Mine eyes there wiped he ;
 When this was done he bad me look
 What I farre off could see.

I looked

ANCIENT SONGS. 289

I looked up, and loe at last
I did a city see, 50

So faire a thing did never man
Behold with mortall eye.

Of diamonds, pearles and precious stones,
It seem'd the walls were made;
The houses all with beaten gold 55
Were til'd and overlaid.

More brighter than the morning sun
The light thereof did shew,
And every creature in the same
Like crowned kings did goe. 60

The fields about this city faire
Were all with roses set,
Gilly-flowers and 'carnations' faire,
Which canker could not fret.

And from these fields there did proceed 65
The sweet'st and pleasant'st smell
That ever living creature felt,
The scent did so excell.

Besides, such sweet triumphant mirth
Did from the city sound, 70
That I therewith was ravished,
My ioy did so abound.

V. 63. Carnation.

U

With

With musick, mirth, and melody,
 Princes did there embrace,
 And in my heart I long'd to be 75
 Within that ioyfull place.

The more I gaz'd, the more I might,
 The sight pleas'd me so well:
 For what I saw in every thing,
 My tongue can no way tell. 80

Then of the man I did demand,
 What place the same might be,
 Whereas so many kings do dwell
 In ioy and melody?

Quoth he, that blessed place is heaven, 85
 Where yet thou must not rest,
 And those that do like princes walke,
 Are men whom God hath blest.

Then did he turne me round about,
 And on the other side, 90
 He bad me view and marke as much,
 What things are to be spide.

With that I saw a cole-blacke den,
 All tand with foot and smoake,
 Where stinking brimstone burning was, 95
 Which made me like to choke.

As

ANCIENT SONGS.

291

An ugly creature there I saw,
Whose face with knives was flisht,
And in a caldron of poyson'd filth,
His ugly corps were washt. 100

About his necke were fiery ruffes,
That flam'd on every side;
I askt, and lo the young man said,
That he was damn'd for pride.

Another sort then did I see, 105
Whose bowels vipers tore,
And grievously with gaping mouth
They did both yell and rore.

A spotted person by each one
Stood knowing on their hearts, 110
And this was Conscience I was told,
That plagu'd their envious parts.

These were no sooner out of sight,
But straight came in their place,
A sort still throwing burning fire, 115
Which fell against their face.

And ladles full of melted gold,
Were poured down their throats,
And these were set (it seem'd to me)
In midst of burning boats. 120

The formost of this company
 Was Indas, I was told,
 Who had for filthy lucre sake,
 His lord and master sold.

For covetousnesse these were condemn'd, 125
 So it was told to me :
 And then methought another rout
 Of Hel-hounds I did see :

Their faces they seem'd fat in sight,
 Yet all their bones were bare, 130
 And dishes full of crawling toades
 Was made their finest fare :

From armes, from hands, from thighs and feete,
 With red hot pincers then,
 The flesh was pluckt even from the bone 135
 Of those vile gluttonous men.

On cole-black beds another sort
 In grievous sort did lye,
 And underneath them burning brands
 Their flesh did burne and fry. 140

With brimstone fierce their pillows eke,
 Whereon their heads were laid,
 And fiends, with whips of glowing fire,
 Their lecherous skins off said.

Then

ANCIENT SONGS. 143

Then did I see another come,
 Stab'd in with daggers thicke;
 And filthy fiends, with fiery darts,
 Their hearts did wound and prick;

145

And mighty bowles of corrupt blood,
 Was brought for them to drink;
 And these men were for murder plagu'd,
 From which they could not shrink.

150

I saw when these were gone away,
 The swearer and the liar,
 And these were hung up by the tongues,
 Right o'er a flaming fire.

155

From eyes, from eares, from navell & nose,
 And from the lower parts,
 The blood me thought did gushing runne,
 And clodded like mens hearts.

160

I asked why that punishment
 Was upon swearers laid;
 Because, quoth one, wounds, blood & heart,
 Was still the oath they made.

And therewithall from ugly Hell
 Such shriekes and cryes I heard,
 As though some greater griefe and plague
 Had vext them afterward.

165

So that my soul was sore afraid,
Such terrour on me fell : 170
Away then went the young man quite,
And bad me not farewell.

Wherefore unto my body fraight,
My spirit return'd againe,
And lively blood did afterwards 175
Stretch forth in every veine.

My closed eyes I opened,
And raised from my fbound,
I wondred much to see myself
Laid so upon the ground. 180

Which when my neighbours did behold,
Great feare upon them fell,
To whom soone after I did tell
The newes from heaven and hell.

XXV.

THE WINCHESTER WEDDING:

—"Or, Ralph of Reading and Black Bess of the Green.
"To a new Country Dance: or, The Kings Jigg."

In the old black letter copy (in the Museum) from which this ballad is given is a supplemental stanza, which being of inferior merit, not to be found in many copies, and only added, as it should seem, according to an ordinary practice of ballad printers, to fill up the sheet, was not transcribed.

AT Winchester was a wedding,
The like was never seen,
'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,
And bonny black Bess of the Green;
The fiddlers were crowding* before, 5
Each lass was as fine as a queen,
There was an hundred and more,
For all the whole country came in.

* i. e. playing upon their crowds or fiddles,

Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,
 She look'd like a lilly o' th' vale; 10
 And ruddy fac'd Harry led Mary,
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,
 He help['d] her over the stile,
 And swore there was none so pritty 15
 In forty and forty long mile.
 Kit gave a green gown to Betty,
 And lent her his hand to rise;
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty
 For looking blew under the eyes. 20
 Thus merrily chatting all day,
 They past to the bride-house along,
 With Johnny and prityfac'd Nanny,
 The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em, 25
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
 With bak'd, and roast, and boyl'd;
 The lads were frolick and jolly,
 For each had a lass by his side; 30
 But Willy was melancholly,
 For he had a mind to the bride:

ANCIENT SONGS. 297

Then Phillip began her health,
And turn'd a beer-glass on his thumb;
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking 35
The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the hall,
The fiddlers struck up for dancing,
And Jeremy led up the brawl; 40
But Margery kept a quarter,
A lass that is proud of her pelf,
Cause Arthur had stolen her garter,
And swore he would tie it himself;
She struggled, she blush'd, and frown'd, 45
And ready with anger to cry,
Cause Arthur with tying her garter
Had flipt up his hands too high.

And now for throwing the stocking,
The bride away was led, 50
The bridegroom, got drunk, was knocking
For candles to light him to bed;
But Robin, that found him filly,
Most kindly took him aside,
While that his wife with Willy 55
Was playing a[t] whooper's hide.

And

And now the warm game begins,
 The critical minute was come,
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing
 Went merrily round the room.

60

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
 As blith as a birde in the spring;
 And Tommy was so to Katy,
 And wedded her with a rush-ring; *
 Sukey that danc'd with the cushion,
 An hour from the room had been gone,
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing
 That some other dance had been done:
 And thus of fifty fair maids
 That went to the wedding with men,
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.

65

70

* See this passage fully illustrated by Sir John Hawkins, in a note upon "All's well that ends well," *Act II. sc. 2.* (Johnson and Stevens's *Shakspeare*, 1778, Vol. IV. p. 50.) in which he is very learned, very ingenious, and in short every thing but very right.

XXVI.

SHROWSBURY FOR ME:

B R I N G

A Song in praise of that Famous Town,
Which hath throughout all England gain'd renown,
In praise thereof, let every one agree,
And fay with one accord, Shrowsbury for me.

To a Delightful New Tune : or, *Shrowsbury for me.*

From an old black letter copy in the Pepysian collection.

C O M E listen you gallants
Of Shrowsbury fair Town,
For that is the place
That hath gained renown ;

To

To set forth its praises, 5
We all will agree ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowbury for me.

The merry Town of Shrowbury,
God blefs it still, 10
For it stands most gallantly
Upon a high hill ;
It standeth most bravely,
For all men to see ;
Then every man to his mind, 15
Shrowbury for me.

There's fix parish churches
All in that fair town,
And fix gallant ministers,
In their black gowns : 20
There's twice a week market,
For all men to see ;
And every man to his mind,
Shrowbury for me.

O the brave bells of Shrowbury, 25
Merrily doth ring,
And the gallant young men & maid[s],
Sweetly they sing :

There

ANCIENT SONGS. 301

There runs a fair river,
For all men to see ; 30
And every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

O the pinnacle of Shrowsbury,
Shews itself still,
For it's mounted gallantly 35
On a high hill ;
It standeth most bravely
In view for to see ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me. 40

The tradef-men of Shrowsbury
Drive a fine trade,
Their wives go most gallant,
And bravely arayd,
And like loving couples 45
They always agree ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

The sea-men went to Maid-stone,
The jayl for to see, 50
And from thence to London,
That noble city ;

Then

Then home they returned,
By one, two, and three ;
And every man to his mind,
Shrowbury for me. 55

The young-men of Shrowbury,
Are jovial blades,
When they are in company
With pretty maids, 60
They court them compleatly,
With complements free ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowbury for me.

There's fishing and fowling 65
At Shrowbury 'Town,
There's shooting and bowling,
Both up hill and down :
With brave recreations
For every degree ; 70
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowbury for me.

There is no man in Shrowbury
Needs for to want,
For all things are plenty, 75
And nothing is scant ;

Whate're

ANCIENT SONGS. 303

What e're you can wish for,
For all men is free ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowfbury for me. 80

Then who would not gladly,
Live in this brave town,
Which flourishes gallantly,
With high renown ?
The like of it is not 85
In England to see ;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowfbury for me.

Then brave lads of Shrowfbury,
Let us be merry, 90
Carrouse it most freely,
In white-wine and sherry :
Cast up your caps bravely,
For all men to see,
And still cry with one accord, 95
Shrowfbury for me.

XXVII.

A CARROL FOR A WASSEL-BOWL, TO BE
SUNG UPON TWELFTH-DAY AT NIGHT.*To the Tune of, Gallants come away.*

*From a collection intituled, "New Christmas Carrols:
"Being fit also to be sung at Easter, Whitfontide, and
"other Festival days in the year." no date. 12mo. black
letter; in the curious study of that ever to be respected
antiquary Mr. Anthony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Mu-
seum.*

A Jolly wassel-bowl,
A wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's foul,
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly wassel.

5

Good dame here at your door
Our wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our wassel.

10

Our

ANCIENT SONGS. 305

Our wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To tast here once or twice,
Of our good wassel. 15

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse,
Of our wassel. 20

But here they let us stand,
All freezing in the cold,
Good master give command,
To enter and be bold,
With our wassel. 25

Much joy into this hall
With us is entred in,
Our master, first of all,
We hope will now begin,
Of our wassel. 30

And after his good wife
Our spiced bowl will try,
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we espy,
For our wassel. 35

Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassel to maintain,
We'l buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain,
With our wassel. 40

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight,
That something may be seen,
In our wassel. 45

It is a noble part,
To bear a liberal mind,
God blefs our masters heart,
For here we comfort find,
With our wassel. 50

And now we must be gone,
To seek out more good cheer ;
Where bounty will be shown,
As we have found it here,
With our wassel. 55

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope and ever shall,
For this your great good will,
To our wassel. 60

XXVIII.

THE BELGICK BOAR.

To the Old Tune of Chevy-Chase.

As this collection is brought down to and closed by the Revolution, it was thought not improper to conclude it with a relation of that celebrated event by some minstrel or ballad-maker of the time. The following Song (though not printed, it should seem, till some years after, the white-letter sheet from which it is given being dated at London 1695) has been judged as curious and interesting as any; and, as it is apparently written with all the fidelity and candour with which a party matter could be well represented, will doubtless meet the readers approbation.

*It will be in vain for the public to expect a faithful narrative of this equally intricate and important affair, so long as the historian may, by speaking the truth, subject himself to fine and imprisonment, at the arbitrary will of a prejudiced and unfeeling judge *. That the most opposite sentiments are entertained of it is evident from its being extolled by one party as the most exalted effort of human action, or rather the operation of Almighty power; while it is classed by an eminent writer, who unquestionably spoke the sense of another, among "the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, malice, and ambition could produce."*

After all, it cannot be denied that the ballad now reprinted has been treated as a libel, and a person indicted and punished for barely having it in his custody. See the case of the King versus Beare, Carthews Reports, p. 407. See also "Another letter to Mr. Almon in matter of libel;" a subject upon which there is no difference between a Holt and a Scroggs.

* Refer to the sentence of the two Woodfalls, a few years since, for inadvertently publishing a paper signed "A South Briton."

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our hopes and wishes all ;
 A fatal landing late there did,
 In Devonshire befall.

To drive our monarch from his throne, 5
 Prince NASO took his way :
 The babe may rue that's newly born,
 The landing at Torbay.

The stubborn TARQUIN void of grace,
 A vow to hell does make, 10
 To force his father abdicate,
 And then his crown to take ;

And eke the royal infant prince,
 To seize or drive away.
 These tidings to our sov'reign came, 15
 In Whitehall where he lay.

Who unconcern'd at the report,
 At first would not believe,
 That any of his royal race
 Such mischiefs could conceive. 20

Till time, which ripens all things, did
 The villainy disclose;
 And of a nephew and a son
 Forg'd out the worst of foes.

Who

ANCIENT SONGS. 309

Who by infernal instinct led, 25
 A mighty fleet prepares,
 His father's kingdom to invade,
 And fill his heart with cares.

Our gracious king desires to know,
 What his pretensions were, 30
 And how without his leave, he durst
 Presume on landing here.

Declaring what was deem'd amiss,
 Should soon amended be,
 And whatsoe're should be desir'd, 35
 He would thereto agree.

And for a speedy parl'ament,
 He doth forthwith declare;
 The SURLY BRUTE not minding this,
 Does to our coast repair. 40

With several thousand BELGICK BOARS,
 All chosen rogues for spight,
 Join'd with some rebels, who from hence
 And justice had ta'ne flight.

Who, arm'd with malice & with hopes, 45
 Soon threw themselves on shoar;
 Crying, our religion and our laws
 They came for to restore.

Then declarations flew about
As thick as any hail, 50
Which, tho no word was e're made good,
Did mightily prevail.

We must be PAPISTS or be SLAVES,
Was then the gen'ral cry ;
But we'll do any thing to save
Our darling liberty.

We'll all join with a foreign prince,
Against our lawful king ;
For he from all our fancy'd fears
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares proves true,
As who knows but it may,
Were he the devil of a prince,
We'll rather him obey.

Then our allegiance let's cast off,
 JAMES shall no longer guide us ;
 And tho' the FRENCH would bridle us,
 None but the DUTCH shall ride us.

And those who will not join with us,
In this design so brave, 70
Their houses we'll pull down or burn,
And seize on what they have.

These

ANCIENT SONGS.

311

These growing evils to prevent,
 Our king his force does bend ;
 But amongst those he most did trust, 75
 He scarce had left one friend.

O how my very heart does bleed,
 To think how basely they
 Who long had eaten royal bread
 Their master did betray. 80

And those to whom he'd been most kind
 And greatest favours shown,
 Appear'd to be the very first
 Who fought him to dethrone.

O COMPTON ! LANGSTON ! * and the rest 85
 Who basely from him ran,
 Your names for ever be accurs'd
 By ev'ry English man !

Proud TARQUIN he pursues his game,
 And quickly makes it plain, 90
 He came not to redress our wrongs,
 But ENGLAND's crown to gain.

* Lieut. Col. Langston was the first officer that deserted, with his regiment, from the king's army at Salisbury; Lieut. Col. Sir Francis Compton, with his regiment, was of the same party, but had not the courage to go forward; it should seem, however, that he soon afterwards made a more successful attempt.

And o're his father's mangled fame,
 His chariot proudly drives,
 Whilst he, good man, altho' in vain, 95
 To pacific him strives.

But he ingrateful ! wou'd not hear
 His offers tho' so kind,
 But caus'd the noble messenger *
 Forthwith to be confin'd. 100

He brings his nasty croaking crew
 Unto his father's gate,
 Dismiss his own, makes them his guard,
 Oh dismal turn of fate !

And so at midnight drives him thence, 105
 O horrid impious thing !
 Were such affronts e're offer'd to
 A FATHER and a KING !

A king so GREAT ! so GOOD ! so JUST !
 So MERCIFUL to all ! 110
 His vertue was his only fault,
 And that which caus'd his fall.

Who now is forc'd his life to save
 To fly his native land,
 And leave his scepter to be grasp'd 115
 By an ungracious hand.

Earl of Feversham.

Hells

ANCIENT SONGS. 313

Hells journey-men are streight conven'd
Who rob God of his pow'r,
Set up themselves a stork-like king,
The subjects to devour. 120

And to secure his lawless throne,
Now give him all we have,
And make each free-born ENGLISH heart
Become a BELGICK slave.

The bar, the pulpit, and the press,
Nefariously combine,
To cry up an usurped pow'r,
And stamp it right divine. 125

Our loyalty we must melt down,
And have it coin'd anew, 130
For what was current heretofore,
Will now no longer do.

Our fetters we our selves put on,
Our selves, our selves do bubble;
Our conscience a meer pack-horse make, 135
Which now must carry double.

O ENGLAND ! when to future times
Thy story shall be known,
How will they blush to think what crimes
Their ancestors have done ! 140

But

But after all, what have we got
 By this our dear-bought king ?
 Why that our scandal and reproach
 Throughout the world does ring.

That our religion, liberties, 145
 And laws we held so dear,
 Are more invaded since this change
 Than ever yet they were.

Our coffers drain'd, our coin impair'd,
 That little that remains ; 150
 Our PERSONS SEIZ'D, nay THOUGHTS AR-
 RAIGN'D,
 Our freedom now is chains.

Our traffick ruin'd, shipping lost,
 Our traders most undone ;
 Our bravest heroes sacrific'd, 155
 Our ancient glory gone.

A fatal costly war entail'd,
 On this unhappy isle ;
 Unless above what we deserve,
 Kind heaven at last does smile ; 160

And bring our injur'd monarch home,
 And place him on his throne ;
 And to confusion bring his foes,
 WHICH GOD GRANT MAY BE SOON !

G L O S S A R Y.

A'. p. 40. *and.*

A. p. 67. *ab.*

Abatede. p. 9. *ceased, did not attempt.* 2.

Aboht. p. 7. *bought.*

Abugge. p. 8. *aby, suffer for it.*

Aby. p. 65. *suffer for.*

Adrenche. p. 9. *drown, be drowned.*

A ferre. p. 77. *afearcd, afraid.*

Agynneþ. p. 20. *begin.*

Alaft. p. 9. *at last, lately.*

Algate. p. 41.

Alles. Alles cunnes res. p. 7

Allinge p. 7.

Ane. p. 23. *a.*

An onen. p. 19. *anon, forthwith.*

Ant. p. 6. *and.*

Apan. p. 39. *upon.*

Aplyht. Y telle yt on [r. ou] aplyht. p. 10. *I tell it you rightly, perfectly, just as it was.*

Aquelleden. p. 21. *killed.*

Arewe. p. 19. *rue, be vexed at.*

Asad. Neuer nes asad. p. 5. *was never sad, never repented him.*

A say. p. 103. *essay, trial, proof.* Dele the first semicolon

Ase. p. 9. *as.*

Afelkepe. p. 13. *V. Selkepe.*

Affay. p. 91. *essay, try, prove.*

Affoygne. p. 21. *essoign, excuse, delay.*

A vent. p. 101.

Aueril. p. 24. *April.*

Auowerie. p. 19. *protection.*

Avutrie. p. 69. *adultery.*

Ay. p. 101. *ab.*

Awe. p. 3. *ewe.*

Azeyn. p. 7. *against.* þer nis non azeyn star. p. 10. *there is no opposing destiny.* 2.

B.

Bale. p. 28. *wretchedness, misery.*

Ban. p. . *curse.*

Bandoun. In hire bandoun. p. 24. *at her command.*

Bayly.

- Bayly. *p.* 37.
 Be. *p.* 12. *been*.
 Beakce. *p.* 28. *beauty*.
 Beh. *p.* 29.
 Bernen. To bernen. *p.* 20.
 to be burned.
 B'nes. *p.* 44. *firs, or mas-*
 ters.
 Bep. *p.* 5. *A mistake per-*
 haps for best, beasts.
 Bep. *p.* 6. *be*.
 Bide. *p.* 23. *pray*.
 Bigynne. *p.* 5. *begin*.
 Biheueded. *p.* 6. *bebeaded*.
 Bip. *p.* 8. *beeth, is*.
 Blake. *p.* 25. *black*.
 Bleo. *p.* 27. *colour, com-*
 plexion.
 Blossmen. *p.* 31. *blossoms*.
 Blowe. *p.* 79. *breathe*.
 Blýkyep. *p.* 27. *shineth*.
 Blynne. *p.* 5. *properly, stop,*
 cease; and hence, in this
 place, change, mend, grow
 better.
 Blyue. *p.* 21. *quickly, in-*
 stantly.
 Bobaunce. *p.* 19. *boasting*.
 Bocher. *p.* 21. *butcher*.
 Bohren. *p.* 18. *bought*.
 Bord. *p.* 29. *the table*.
 Bero. *p.* 97. *pledge, sure-*
 ty.
 Boc forke. *p.* 35. *It has*
 been suggested to the editor,
 that Bot torke may signify
 the fork on which the te-
 nant carried home his fire
 bote, or customary allow-
 ance of wood for firing.
 Bote. *p.* 23. *but*.
 Bote. Do bote. *p.* 24. *do*
 better.
 Boure. *p.* 22. *a lady's cham-*
 ber.
 Bowndy. *p.* 49.
 p. 83. *bound, obliged*.
 Bowne. Busk and Bowne.
 p. 144. *make ready and go*.
 Brayd. At abrayd. *p.* 79.
 at once, on a sudden, in
 the instant.
 Brede. breadth. O brede
 and o leynthe. *p.* 9. *far*
 and wide.
 Brede. *p.* 83.
 Breme. *p.* 27. 32.
 Brēne. *p.* 45. *burn*. Brē-
 nyng. *p.* 46. *burning*.
 Briddes. *p.* 31. *birds*. See
 Roune.
 Brotyll. *p.* 98. *brittle*.
 Browen. *p.* 27. *brows*.
 Brugge. *p.* 6. *bridge*.
 Bryd. *p.* 22. *bird*.
 Bryk. *p.* 51. *breeches*.
 Bue. *p.* 36. *be*. Buen. *p.* 6.
 been. Buep. *p.* 6. *be*.
 Buird⁹. *p.* 44. *birds, a term*
 of endearment or politeness
 in addressing the fair sex.
 Burde. *p.* 27. *bird, maiden,*
 young woman.
 Burel. *p.* 13. *coarse cloth of*
 a brown colour.
 Byd. *p.* 36. *abides, suffers*.
 Bydeno.

Býdene. *p. 34. presently, by and by.*

Byddý. *p. 77. ask, invite.*

Bý hec. *p. 9. promised.*

Býreued. þæt him wes býreued. *p. 11. that he was bereaved or deprived of, that was taken away from him.*

Bysoht. *p. 13.*

Býpenche. *p. 10. bethink.*

C.

Calue. *p. 4. calf.*

Carke. *p. 29.*

Carpyng. *p. 49. talking, speech, composition recited or repeated.*

Cawthe. *p. 81.*

Caým is kinne. *p. 43. Cains kind.*

Caýnard. *p. 36. old knave, scoundrel, &c. Sire olde kaynard. Wife of Baths Prologue.*

Certyl. *p. 51. kirt'e, waist-coat.*

Cherld. *p. 37. churl.*

Cheunteýn. *p. 19. chieftain, captain.*

Chylderī. *p. 49. (children) brave men.*

Clepý. *p. 50. called.*

Clerk. *p. 49. scholar.*

Con. *p. 6. can.*

Continaunce. *p. 9. countenance, behaviour.*

Cos. *p. 30. kifs.*

Cothe. *p. 80. quoth, saith.*

Coupe. *p. 8. could.*

Coýnte. *p. 20. quaint or cunning.*

Croup. *p. 28. crowd, a sort of fidale.*

Cu. *p. 3. cow.*

Cuccu. *p. 3. cuckow.*

Curtel. *p. 13. kirtle, a short garment; it frequently means a waistcoat, but here perhaps a sort of frock.*

D.

Dabbep. *p. 22. knock.*

Dare. *p. 29.*

Dasse. *p. 133.*

Dawe. *p. 37. dawn.*

Dayes eyes. *p. 31. days eyes, or, as now vulgarly and corruptly written, daisies.*

De. *p. 20. Dec. p. 9. (Dieu, F.) God.*

Deawes. *p. 32. daws.*

Deddeth. *p. 22. did.*

Dede. *p. 15. death.*

Del. *p. 37. devil.*

Deme. *p. 8. judge, rule, govern? p. 32.*

Deores. *p. 32.*

Dereworþe. *p. 28.*

Dereworþliche. *p. 29.*

Derne. *p. 32. secret.*

Deftaunce. *p. 19.*

Dome.

Dome. p. 58 *judgement, sentence.*

Domes. p. 32.

Donkeh. p. 32. *maisten.*

Doren. p. 36. *scars?*

Dounes. p. 32. *downs.*

Douise pers. p. 20. *louis or barons, nobility in general, any indefinite number; originally, the twelve peers of Charlemagne.*

Douze. p. 6. *searab.*

Drawe. To drawe. p. 6. *to be drawn.*

Dreynte. p. 9. *drowned.*

Droupne. p. 29. *drop.*

Drowe. p. 13. *drawn, drawn.*

Drue. p. 22. *dry.*

Duere. p. 7. *dear.*

Dunt. p. 7. *dint, stroke.*

Dutzen. p. 36. *but, fasten?*

Dwer. p. 76. *fear, doubt.*

Dych. p. 84. *dish.*

Dýhte. p. 15.

E.

Eche. p. 30.

Enchesonn. For enchesoun. p. 17. *by reason.*

Ere. p. 141. *heir, inherit, possess.*

Ernde. p. 36. *errand.*

Kueruche. p. 8. *every.* Eueruchon. p. 20. *every one.*

Eze. p. 25. *eye.*

F.

Facche. Facchep. p. 21. *fetch.*

Fale. p. 41. *many.* Of fale. p. 43. *many other.*

Falewe. p. 34. *faderb, grows yellow or brown, i. e. withers.*

Falyf der. p. 50. *failow der.*

Fande. p. 126. *found.*

Fare. Fare so hit fare. p. 22

Faste by. p. 14. *close by.*

Fij. p. 7. *faith, fealty.*

Fayn. p. 69. *eager, desirous.*

Felle. p. 23. *fall from?*

Felle. p. 39. *skin.*

Fen of fote. p. 29.

Fenvi. p. 32.

Ferdail. p. 41. *fear.*

Feren. p. 9. *brothers, companions.*

Ferly fele. p. 32. *wonderfully many, in astonishing numbers.*

Feye. p. 25. *faith.*

Ficle. p. 28. *fiddle.*

Fille, p. 32.

Fleme. Ant wyht in wode be fleme. p. 33. *and quite into the wood be banished; and banish myself wholly into the woods.* 2. p. 46. *banish, drive.*

Fleych. p. 49. *flesh, venison.* So in one of K. Henry the

8ths letters to *Ann Boleyn* :
And seeing my darling is
absent, I can no less do
than send her some flesh,
representing my name,
which is *Hart's* flesh for
Henry, prognosticating,
that hereafter, God will-
ing, you must enjoy some
of mine, &c. *Appendix*
to Robert of Avesbury, p.
354.

Flo. p. 21. *flea*.

Flo. p. 50. *arrow*.

Fode. p. 101.

Fon. p. 8. *foes*.

Föd. p. 41. *attempt, endea-
vour*.

Fonde. p. 26.

Fondement. p. 64. *funda-
mentally*.

Fong. p. 69. *take, receive*.
Nou ichulle fonge þer ich
er let. p. 9. *now I will
take up where I before left
off*. 2.

For thi. p. 25. *for this, on
this account*. p. 46. *for this,
therefor*.

Fore. p. 31.

Fore. 'To fore. p. 46. *be-
fore*.

Foreward. p. 7. *promise, co-
venant*.

Forfare. p. 46. *forfeit, lose,
destroy*.

Forlore. p. 8. *lost, undone*.

Forst. p. 7. *frost*.

Fort. p. 8. *for to*. *To be
pronounced as a dissylla-
ble*.

For wake. p. 25. *weak, -
strenght's*.

Foul. p. 24. *bird*.

Fourspe. p. 13. *four times*.

Fray. p. 85.

Frele. p. 68. *frail?*

Fuger. p. 115. *figure*.

Fullaris. p. 19. *fullers*.

Fÿn. p. 20. *end*.

G.

Garste. p. 15.

Gedere. p. 19. *gather, as-
semble*.

G'ep. p. 6. Gep. p. 33. *go-
eth*.

Gyneft. p. 26.

God. p. 8. *good*.

G^ome. p. 11. (*grame*) *grief,
sorrow*.

Gomen. p. 14. *games, sports*.

Gop. p. 21. *go*.

Goule. p. la goule de. p.
21. *by Gods blood*. F.

Gramercy. p. 90. *thanks*.
From

Graüt mící. p. 47. *many
thanks*. F.

Grede. p. 91. *weep, mourn,
lament*.

Greue. p. 45. *grief*.

Grom. p. 10. *grooms, men*.

Gÿn. p. 20. *device or con-
trivance*.

Gÿnne.

Gynne. *p. 5. snares.*

Gyft. *p. 5c. getteft.*

H.

Habbeþ. *p. 9. have.*

Hafac. *p. 75. have ay, ever have.*

Halewen. Gode halewen. *p. 23. Gods faints.*

Halt. *p. 14.*

Halue. *p. 9. half, fide.*

Hä. *p. 40 them.*

Han. *p. 6. have.*

Har. *p. 41. their.*

Hardilyche. *p. 19. bardy, resolutely, boldly.*

Haftliche. *p. 21. basily.*

Hattren. *p. 36. attire, ba-bit, clothes*

Hayward. *p. 36. an inferior officer of a manor or township, who had the care of the hedges.*

He. *p. 6. they.*

He. *p. 24. þe.*

Heden. *p. 24. had.*

Hee. *p. 8. they.*

Hegge. *p. 36. hedge, thorns.*

Hem. *p. 6. they. p. 18. them.*

Hemfelue. *p. 9. themselves.*

Hende. *p. 49. Hendy. p. 12. gentle, civil, courteous.*

Þis hende. *p. 28. this kind one. An hendý hap ich-abbe ýhent. p. 25. I have*

caught or gotten a good fortune.

Hēnes. *p. 69. hence.*

Hent. *p. 28. taken.*

Heo. *p. 27. þe.*

Her. *p. 25.*

Her. *p. 64. Here. p. 7. their.*

Herkne. *p. 26. bearken.*

Heste. *p. 27.*

Het. Het bare. *p. 22. bare bead.*

Heuedes. *p. 6. beads.*

Heýe. *p. 6. bigb.*

Heýse. *p. 36. ease.*

Heze. *p. 10. bigb.*

Hii. *p. 7. they.*

Him. *p. 5. they.*

Hire. *p. 24. her.*

Ho. *p. 46. Hoo. p. 50. who.*

Hol. *p. 14. whole.*

Hold. *p. 7.*

Honde. *p. 11. Honden. p. 22. hands.*

Honge. An honge. *p. 6. banged. To honge. p. 6. to bang, or be bung.*

Hord. *p. 29.*

Hue. *p. 7. they.*

Hue. *p. 27. þs.*

Huem. *p. 22. them.*

Huere. *p. 6. their.*

Huerte. *p. 12. heart.*

Hulles. *p. 21. bills.*

Hý. *p. 23. they.*

Hyre. *p. 24. her.*

I. J.

I bore. *p. 14. born.*
 Ich. *p. 5. I.*
 Ichabbe. *p. 25. I have.*
 Icham. *p. 25. I am.*
 Ichot. *p. 8. I wot. p. 26.*
 Ichulle. *p. 5. I shall or will.*

Icumen. *p. 3. come.*
 I fere. *p. 45. Infere. p. 78. together, at once.*

Int'fecto's. His int'fecto's. *p. 56. those who killed him.*

Ipocrasie. *p. 66. hypocrisify.*

Iolyf. *p. 28. jolly.*

Is. *p. 21. his.*

J fayne. *p. 77. seen.*

Jugge. *p. 26. adjudge, sentence.*

Iwernd. Noȝt on iwernd nas. *p. 43. not one was unwarned or uninvited.*

K.

Kenne. *p. 11. see.*

Keperin. *p. 43. kindred, relations.*

Keuerest. *p. 23. recoverset.*

Kiht. *p. 46. caught, taken away.*

Knanc. Knawe, *p. 51. boy, servant.*

Knulled. *p. 24.*

Kreye. *p. 75. cries.*

Kyn. *p. 63.*

Kýneriche. *p. 8. sovereignty.*

Kynezerde. *p. 8. scepter.*

Kyft. *p. 83. cast.*

L.

Laht, *p. 22. taken.*

Lasse. *p. 10. less.*

Lasteles. *p. 27.*

Lauht. *p. 46. taken.*

Lealte. *p. 28. Leaute. p. 22. loyalty, truth, honesty.*

Leche. *p. 30. physician.*

Lede. Londe and lede. *p. 23. land and people, kingdom and subjects.*

Lef. *p. 44. loving.*

Leff worke. *p. 103. leave off, be quiet.*

Lefliche. Leflych. *p. 27. lovely.*

Lēmon. *p. 30. mistress, sweet-heart.*

Lent. *p. 25.*

Lenten. *p. 31. Lent, Spring.*

Leof. Mý fuetze leof. *p. 30. my sweet love.*

Lerrum. *p. 21.*

Les. *p. 7. lying?*

Lete. *p. 85. forbear, stop, cease.*

Leue. *p. 46. believe.*

Leue. *p. 47. l. 62. dear, agreeable.*

Y

Leuedi.

- Leuedi. p. 25. Leuedy. p. 12. *lady*.
 Leu. p. 63.
 Leyzen. p. 20. *lay*.
 Lhouh. p. 4. *loweth*.
 Lhude. p. 3. *loud*.
 Libbe. p. 6. *lived*.
 Loh. p. 25. *laughed*.
 Lokkes. p. 27. *locks (of hair)*.
 Lomb. p. 4. *lamb*.
 Lome. For lome. p. 23. *lame of their feet; unable to make use of their legs for want of their heads*.
 Lome. p. 40.
 Lordynges. p. 5. *firs, masters*.
 Lordfwyk. p. 12. *a noble traitor*.
 Lore. p. 23. Loren. p. 20. *lost*.
 Lose. p. 66. *praise*.
 Loffom. p. 27. Loffum. p. 25. *lovesome, lovely*.
 Lofflase. p. 37.
 Lud. On hyre lud. p. 24. *In her own language*.
 Lumes. p. 27. *beams*.
 Lurcas ende. p. 30.
 Lure. p. 27. *lyre, complexion*.
 Luffomore. p. 26. *lovesomer, loveyer*.
 Luffum. p. 27. *lovesome, lovely*.
 Luzel. p. 6. *little*.
 Lustnep. p. 18. *listen*.
 Lybe. p. 75.
 Lyht. p. 25. *alighted*.
 Lyver. p. 132. *livery*.
 Lyues man. p. 21.
 Lyftnep. p. 5. *listen*.

M.

- Maistry. p. 29. *power*.
 Make. p. 25. *mate, husband*.
 Makes. p. 32. *mates*.
 Mandep. p. 32. *mendeth, improve*.
 Mankled. p. 11. *manacled*.
 Marfled. p. 37.
 Mawmentrie. p. 67. *Mabometanism, idolatry*.
 May. p. 25. *maid, virgin, young woman*.
 Maystry. p. 36. p. 74. *pre-eminence, superiority*.
 Me. p. 11. *men*.
 Med. p. 3. *mead, meadow*.
 Mede. p. 63. *reward*.
 Melle of. p. 63. *meddle, or have concern with*.
 Mene. p. 7. *moan, grieve, lament*.
 Menep. p. 32. *moan, complain*.
 Menskful. p. 26. *graceful, delicate*.
 Merth. p. 24. *March*.
 Meue. p. 45. *move, go, depart*.
 Mhtes. p. 30. *mightest*.
 Miles. p. 32.
 Mo. p. 12. *more*.
 Modi. p. 12.

Mody.

p. 32. *the moody, or melancholy.*

p. 5. *men.*

p. 32. *moon.*

p. 6. *Monye.* p. 9. *y.*

non. p. 13. *many men.*

on. *Oper monyon.* p. *many an other one.*

p. 24. *may.*

de. *Wip swiþe gret*

inde. p. 20. *with a great company, with numbers of people.*

p. 14. *Mowen.* p. *may.*

mar^o. p. 96. *mourn-*

e. p. 21. *monk.*

ele. p. 20. *much.*

e. p. 63. *dirt.*

p. 8. *moors, high-*

ts.

þp. p. 32.

est. p. 28. *merryest.*

p. 4. *merry.*

s. p. 28. *mirth.*

p. 36. *with.*

p. 37.

üt. p. 50. *misadven-*

, mischance.

rent. p. 64.

N.

p. 35. *no.* Na down
does not slide down.

Nahz. p. 7. *naught, no-*
thing.

Ne. p. 4. *not.*

Nelle. p. 103. *will not.*

Nete. p. 91. *horned cattle.*

Nes. p. 5. *was not.*

Nis. p. 7. *is not.*

Nolden. p. 6. *would not.*

Nome. p. 11. *name.*

Nomen. p. 19. *took.*

Noneskunnes. p. 23.

Noud. p. 22. *not.*

Nout. p. 7. *not.* p. 8. *no-*
thing.

Nu. p. 3. *now.*

Nule. p. 5. *will not.* Nulle

y. p. 30. *will I not.*

N^o. p. 21. *there is not.*

Nys. p. 33. *is not.*

Nype. p. 5. *strife, malice,*
wickedness.

O.

O. p. 6. *on.*

O. p. 41. *a.*

Oht. p. 9. *oath.*

Onde. p. 5. *contention, fury,*
wickedness, malice. The
precise difference between
nype and onde cannot be
well ascertained.

Onethe. p. 79. *scarcely.*

Oo. p. 32.

Or. p. 103. *before, ere that.*

Ore. p. 30. *pity, compassion,*
grace, favour.

Y 2

Oper.

Oper. p. 10. *or.*

Ou. p. 9. Ow. p. 44. *you.*

P,

Paruenke. p. 28. *See* Peruenke.

Pas pur pas. p. 20. *step by step.*

Pelletp. p. 142. *balls.*

Pelot. p. 66.

pfit. p. 64. *perfect.*

Peruenke. p. 11. *the flower now vulgarly called periwinkle.*

pink. p. 40. *pink, flower; as used in the following instances from Shakspeare: "I am the very pink of "courtesy."—"The "flower of Europe for "his chivalry."—See Peruenke.*

Pes. p. 7. *peace.*

Pestilett. p. 141. *pistol. See Percys Reliques, i. 120.*

Piete. p. 6. *pity, compassion, clemency.*

Piggenye. p. 101. *sweet-heart.*

Pode. p. 101.

Poppynguy. p. 75. *Popagay. p. 101. popingay or popenjay, a parrot.*

Pourraille. p. 15. *peasantry, common people, poor.*

Pseyn. p. 68. *press.*

Preue. p. 46. *prove.*

P's. p. 7.

p. 12. *praise. P'le. p. 39. praise, fame.*

P'lone. p. 22. *prison.*

P'ecie. p. 64. *prophecy.—But Q if not a mistake Polecie.*

Prude. p. 20. *pride.*

Prye. p. 14. *look earnestly for.*

Put falle. p. 23. *pitfall.*

Pycchynde stake. p. 36. *picking sticks or thorns.*

Q.

Q'c. p. 6. *quick, alive.*

Quite. p. 12. *acquit. p. 145. quit, free, unharmed.*

Quytt. *Quytt my mede. p. 72. returned my reward?*

R.

Rauzt. p. 45. *stretched.*

Ray. p. 103.

Raylep. p. 32.

Rechlesse. p. 153. *reckless, heedless, inattentive.*

Rede. *Token hem to rede. p. 15. took advice with each other, consulted together.*

Rede. p. 63. *advice.*

Relesse. p. 111. *relief.*

Remny [*r. Remuy*]. p. 15. *removq.*

Repreue.

- Repreue.** *p. 46. reprove.*
Reuth. *p. 65. rearth, set-
terb up.*
Reperes hude. *p. 12.*
Reue. *Reue me my make.
p. 25. bereave me of my
mistress, take her away
from me.*
Reve. *p. 64. steal (but more
properly rob).*
Rewp^e. *p. 85. pity, compas-
sion.*
Rode. *p. 32. colour, com-
plexion.*
Rode. *p. 101. riding.*
Roun. *p. 26. song.*
Rouncyn. *p. 20. Rouncyns.
p. 19. horses of an inferior
size or quality, common la-
bouring horses.*
Roune. *p. 31. song. Briddes
roune. the song of birds.*
Rounes. *p. 32.*
Rourh. *Whare rourh. a
mistake perhaps for whare
pouh or prouh. by reason
whereof.*
Route. *p. 79. about, round.*
Rybaus. *p. 21. ribalds, ras-
cals.*
Ryhte. *p. 7. right.*
- S.
- Sacryng.** *p. 58. elevation of
the host, when a little bell
is rung, called the Sacring
bell.*
Saht. *p. 7.*
Sample. *p. 64. example.*
Sächopis. *p. 51.*
Sauf. *p. 64. save.*
Sauntz. *p. 8. (sans, F.)
without.*
Sawe. *p. 6. speech, discourse.*
Seiden *so in sawe. made a
common saying of it.*
Schent. *We shall be schent
eury one. p. 80. there will
be the devil to pay; we
shall all be murdered.*
Schul. Schulle. *p. 45. shall.*
Schyttē. *p. 104. sbut.*
Scime. *p. 193.*
Scwyer. *p. 11. squire.*
Seche. *p. 18. seek.*
Sed. *p. 3. seed.*
See. *Set in fee. p. 8. set in
seat; set upon a throne;
thus we still say the see of
Rome.*
See. *p. 9. regard, keep in
his sight.*
Segge. *p. 12. say.*
Seiden. *p. 6. said.*
Seker. *p. 64. sure.*
Sekyrly. *p. 77. certainly.*
Selde. *p. 5. seldom.*
Seli. *Alas pou seli. p. 23.
O thou simpleton!*
Selkepe. *A selkepe wyfe. p.
13. of a strange shape of
fashion.*
- Y 3** **Semlokest.**

Semlokeft. *p. 24. seemlyest.*

Send. Sende. *p. 6. sent.*

Serewe. *p. 29. sorrow.*

Seloyne. *p. 21. Saxony.*

Seþpe. *p. 6. afterwards.*

Shende. Recke 3e not to
make us shende? *p. 103.*
have you no care what mis-
chief you make a body?

Shent. Thus to be shent.
p. 88. to be thus disgraced,
to be brought to this shame-
ful end.

Shereþ. *p. 35.*

Shope. *p. 91. made.*

Shonkes. Whil him lasteþ
þe lyf wiþ þe long shonkes.
p. 16. so long as he with
the long shanks liues; i. e.
K. Edward I. so called
from the length of his legs.

Shule. *p. 21. shall.*

Shome. *p. 23. shame.*

Shonde. *p. 14.*

Sigge. *p. 39. say.*

Sike. *p. 33. figbed. Siked.*
p. 30. figbed.

Sice. *p. 14. city.*

Siwed. *p. 29.*

Slo. *p. 29. slay. To slon.*
p. 20. to be slain. Slowen.
p. 21. flew.

Slyt. *p. 35. slide.*

Smyte. Of smyte. *p. 12.*
smitten off.

So. So lht so. *p. 22. as*
light as.

Solfecle. *p. 28. sunflower,*
solsequium.

Soht. *p. 8. soth, truth.*

Sonde. Godes sonde. *p.*
15.

Spence. *p. 103. buttery.*

Spene. *p. 22. spend. Spene*
bred. consume viſuals; i.
e. keeping thee in priſm
would be expenſive to us.

Spray. *p. 24. sprigs.*

Sud. *p. 40. place.*

Stont. *p. 14. stands.*

Stounde. þ^r him wes by-
soht In stounde. *p. 13.*
that was set out or ap-
pointed for him in a ſhort
time, that was to befall
him ſo ſoon. p. 31. a ſhort
ſpace, a little while,

St't. *p. 35.*

Stude. *p. 6. place.*

Suereþ. *p. 23. ſwear.*

Sugge. *p. 8. say.*

Suiþe. *p. 23. very.*

Sunne. *p. 13. ſun.*

Suyre. *p. 27. neck.*

Suyþe. *p. 12. very, full.*

Svmer. *p. 3. ſummer.*

Sweyn, *p. 19. man.*

Swik. *p. 4.*

Swiþe. *p. 20. very.*

Swon. *p. 25. ſwan.*

Swyers. *p. 21. eſquires.*

Swýkedom. *p. 13. deceit,*
treachery.

Swýre. *p. 25. neck.*

Syk.

Syk. p. 30. *figb.*
 Sykýng. p. 28. *fighing.*

T. þ.

Teh. p. 37.
 Temed. p. 7.
 Tene. p. 19. *ten.*
 Tene. p. 30. *grieve.*
 Teone. p. 37.
 þah. p. 14. *though.*
 þe. p. 14. l. 190. *thrive.*
 þenche. p. 6. *think.*
 þer. p. 9. *where.*
 þeynes. p. 9.
 þezes. p. 27. *thigs.*
 þideward. p. 13. *thitherward.*
 þis. p. 32. *these.*
 þo. p. 7. *then.* p. 13. *when.*
 þo. p. 28. *those.*
 þolien. Betere is þolien whyle fore þen mournen euermore. p. 26. *it is better to suffer a temporary evil than to mourn for ever.*
 þonke. p. 15. *thank.*
 þonkes. p. 15.
 þraz. p. 29. *threatens.*
 þrestelcoc. p. 32. *throstle, thrush.*
 þrete. p. 32.
 þrowe. p. 46. *thrown.*
 þrumme. p. 50. *a thrum is the fringed end of a weavers web.*

þrye. p. 7.
 þunche. p. 23. *think.*
 þurh. p. 27. *through.*
 Token. p. 8. *took, gave.*
 Tome. p. 23.
 Totowe. p. 139. *too too.* See p. 152. l. 11.
 Trous. p. 36.
 Tubrugge. p. 14.
 T'nement. p. 68. *torment, martyrdom.*
 Twedgp. p. 249. *twigs.*
 Twýbyl. p. 36. *bill, badge-bill.*

U. V.

Vch. p. 15. Uch. p. 31. *each.*
 Uertep. p. 4. *goeth to harbour in the vert or fern.* Sir J. Hawkins.
 Villiche. p. 14. *wilely.*
 Undergore. p. 26.
 Vr. p. 45. *our.*
 Vre. p. 21.
 Vyhce. p. 15.
 Vylce. p. 22. *ill usage.*

W.

Waíour. p. 11. *wager.*
 Ware. p. 22.
 Warný. p. 6. *warn, give warning or notice to.*
 Waxe. p. 29. Waxen. p. 32. Waxep. p. 33. *grow.*
 Wde.

- Wde. p. 3. *wood*.
 Webbes. p. 19. *websters, weavers*.
 Wed. p. 36. *weed, clothes*.
 Wedde. p. 41. *gage, pledge, pason*.
 Wel. p. 20. *very*.
 Wele. p. 32.
 Wende. p. 21. *go*.
 Wende. p. 11. *wened, thought*.
 Wende. p. 25.
 Wenden. p. 6. Went. p. 88. *wened, thought*.
 Weole. p. 33.
 Wet. p. 14. *what*.
 West. p. 90. *waxed, grown*.
 Whitore. p. 25. *whiter*.
 Whose. p. 6. *whofo; a dissyllable*.
 Whyle fore. p. 26. *Seeholen*.
 Willerdome. p. 68. *wilfulness?*
 Witte. p. 77. *know*.
 Wlytep. p. 32.
 Woderoue. p. 32.
 Wollep. p. 8. *will*.
 Wolt. Chryft wolt. p. 115. *would to Christ*.
 Won. p. 25. p. 26. *habitation*. p. 29. *wan*.
 Won. p. 88. *wont, practice, custom*.
 Wonges. p. 25.
 Worche. p. 23. *work, all*.
 Wore. p. 25.
 Worhliche. p. 28.
 Wormes. p. 33. *serpents*.
 Wowe. p. 46.
 Woves. p. 32. *wow*.
 Woves. p. 64.
 Woweþ. p. 33. *wow*.
 Wunne. p. 33.
 Wurhliche. In al þis wurhliche won. p. 26.
 Wýht. p. 11. *man, person*.
 Wýht. p. 33. *quite, wholly, altogether*. 2.
 Wyife. p. 78. *wife*.
 Wysloker. p. 23. *wiser, more wisely*.
 Wyte. p. 15. *guard*.
 Wyte. p. 12. *know*.
 Wyter. p. 25. *wise, knowing*.
- X.
- Xal. p. 50. *shall*. Xalt. p. 50. *shalt*.
 Xul. p. 50. *shall*.
- Y.
- Y. p. 22. *in*.
 Ybate. p. 11.
 Ybe. p. 6. *been*.
 Ybunde. As y go fore ybunde. p. 31.
 Ybrēd. p. 6. *burned*.
 Ycaht. p. 7. *caught*.
 Ychalbe. p. 25. *I shall be*.
 Ychot. p. 7. *I wot*.
 Ycore. p. 8. *chosen*.
 Ycud.

- Ycud. p. 6.
 Ydemed. p. 12. *judged, sentenced.*
 Ydÿht. p. 10. *dight, dressed, set, placed, put.*
 Yewe. p. 71. *give.*
 Yhent. p. 25. *caught or gotten.*
 Yherden. p. 20. *heard.*
 Yherÿed. p. 27.
 Yknaue. p. 6. *know.*
 Ylahz. p. 7. *taken, as in a net or snare.*
 Ylent. p. 25.
 Yloren. p. 36. *loft.*
 Ymak. p. 25. *made.*
 Yn. p. 20. *run.*
 Ynemned. p. 8. *named.*
 Ynoh. p. 25. *enough.*
 Ynuſte. p. 26. *I wiſt not.*
 Youen. p. 70. *given.*
 Yoye. p. 115. *joy.*
 Yp̄eȝe. Yp̄reȝe. p. 31. *I pray.*
 Yrn. p. 10. Yrnene. p. 15. *iron.*
 Ys. p. 6. *bis.*
 Yſlake. p. 29.
 Yſtyked. p. 20. *ſticked.*
 Yſugge. p. 6. *I ſay.*
 Ytuht. p. 12.
 Ywraht. p. 27. *wrought, formed.*
 Yÿrned. p. 25.
 ȝ.
 ȝarked ȝare. p. 45. *prepared ready.*
 ȝeſe. p. 8. *if.*
 ȝelpe. p. 51. *yelp, boaſt.*
 ȝeme. p. 8. *exercise?*
 ȝer. p. 38. ȝere. p. 7. *year.*
 ȝeris. p. 38. *years.*
 ȝere. p. 26. *ere, before.*
 ȝeue. ȝewe. p. 50. *give.*
 ȝeynes. To ȝeynes. p. 21. *againſt.*
 ȝev. p. 104. *you.*
 ȝeȝe. p. 37.
 ȝol. p. 81. *Yule, Chriſtmas.*
 ȝone. p. 49. *you.*
 ȝongeȝ. p. 8. *ſingeth?*
 ȝore. p. 25, 30.
 ȝouȝ. p. 51. *given. The word yoven is ſtill retained in the leaſes granted by the Dean and Chapter of Weſtminſter.*

*. * The power of the letter ȝ, at the beginning of a ſyllable, is the ſame as that of Y; in the middle of one, it has frequently the power of GH.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 12.

V. 148. *fre Rauf of fondwych.*] *He was one of the justices of the Kings Bench in 1289. 17th Ed. I.*

V. 149. *fre Johⁿ Abel.*] *He was made a Baron of the Exchequer, 5th Ed. II. 1312.*

Page 38.

—seem to have no other record—] *The editor was led into this opinion by the mistaken date of 1288, at which year he concluded his examination of "the Annals of Ireland." Since the sheet was printed off, however, he has again consulted them, and finds "Sir Peter Bermingham," or "Bymgibam," or "Piers Brymegham," frequently mentioned subsequent to that period. And*

"MCCCVIII, On the second of the ides of April [*i. e.* the 14th day of that month] died the Lord Peter de Bermingham, a noble champion against the Irish."

The editor confesses his inability to reconcile this date with the second stanza in the ballad.

Page 46.

Loke p^t pi laūpe beo breŋyngre brīht:] *An allusion to S. Matthew, c. 25.*

Page 54.

That the duke of Exeter was actually interred at Pleſhy, will appear from Weaver, who, speaking of the collegiate church there, says, "Upon one of the parts of a dismembered monument, carelessly cast here and there in the body of the church, I found these words:

"Here lyeth John Holland, Erie of Exceter, Erie of Huntington, and Chamberleyne of England. Who dyed"

Ancient Funerall Monuments. p. 637.

Page 55.

See the Officium Defunctorum in the Roman Breviary. Skelton, in his "Boke of Philip Sparrow," makes a similar use of it.

* * After all, since the book was printed off, the editor has satisfied himself, that this ballad was written, NOT on the conspiracy against Henry IV. but on the death of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, who was taken and beheaded by the captain of a ship called the NICHOLAS OF THE TOWER, in MAY 1450, when it appears to have been composed, and is consequently to be regarded as a satire upon the ministers or court party of that time. As the mistake could not be properly rectified even by canceling the sheet, it must remain till a future edition.

Page 62, note.

The reference for these couplets, which Mr. Barrington has quoted from memory, should have been either to Hearnes edition of *Walter Hemingford*, Vol. ii. pp. 487, 488, or to *Woods Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis*, p. 222; where they are thus given:

Wit hath wonder that reason cannot skan
How a moder is mayd, and God is man.
Leve reason, beleve the wonder;
Belef hath mastery, & reason is under.

The champion of the orthodox was Dr. Thomas Gascoigne, of Oxford. Reginald Pecock, the heretical bishop of Chester, had such a high opinion of the original couplet, as to carry it about him, and shew it in his confinement to all visitors. This right reverend prelate was in the most promising way imaginable to be converted into a saggot, but he had the prudence to recant his errors in good time; which his biographer is pleased to call "an unhappie instance of human weakness and frailty." (See his Life by Lewis, pp. 231, 241.) Had this daring genius, who would have a man consent to be burnt alive for a conundrum, ever snuffed a candle with his fingers?

Page 107.

In the Hyndford collection, a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, compiled by one Bannatyne in 1568, follows a poem or ballad (by ane Inglisma) of a wenche wt chylde, which may serve to elucidate the meaning of littill finger.—The first stanza is as follows:

Be chance bot evin this vy' [utber-] day,
As J did walk allon,
J hard a maid in grit effray
Makind a rewtfull mon,
Quhat grief on hir did linger:
Off greif and pane scho did complane,
For icho certane cryid and maid mane,
O lord my littill finger!

That

332 ADDITIONAL NOTES.

That "pinching by the little finger" was formerly "a piece of amorous dalliance" appears from a note in *Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare*, edit. 1785. vol. v. p. 330.

Page 163.

Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, London, 1602. 4to. fol. 135. speaking of the town and inhabitants of Fowey, has the following words: "Moreover the prouesse of one Nicholas, sonne to a widdow, neere Foy, is defkanted upon, in an old thre mans 'song,' namely, how he fought bravely at sea, with Iohn Dory (a Genowey, as I coniecture) set forth by Iohn the French king, and (after much bloodshed on both sides) tooke, and slew him, in reuenge of the great raniue, and crueltie, which he had fore committed, upon the Englishmens goods and bodies."

It is scarcely worth mentioning that the only king of France of the name of John was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, and died in the Savoy, anno 1364.

Page 176.

This song, with some trifling variations, is to be found in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for May 1784, p. 335, in an account of a "Droll Custom of electing a Mayor of Randwic," near Stroud in Gloucestershire. Should the present collection ever have the good fortune to fall into the hands of "the clerk of the parish," he will find he was mistaken when he informed the gentleman to whom he gave a copy of the song, that "it had never been written before." The tune is probably that of *Queen Dido or Troy Town*.

Page 192.

In the editors collection is a somewhat different ballad upon the same subject, intitled "Sir Hugh in the Grimes downfall, or a new song made on Sir Hugh in the Grime, who was hang'd for stealing the Bishops mare:" it begins,

Good lord John is a hunting gone.

Page 245.

Mr. Chalkhill was the contemporary and friend of Spenser; "Coridon's song," therefore, belongs to the preceding class.

Dissertation, p. lii.

The passage here cited from Barclay has no particular reference to the manners of England, being a close translation of his Latin original.

T H E E N D.



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